

Whittier

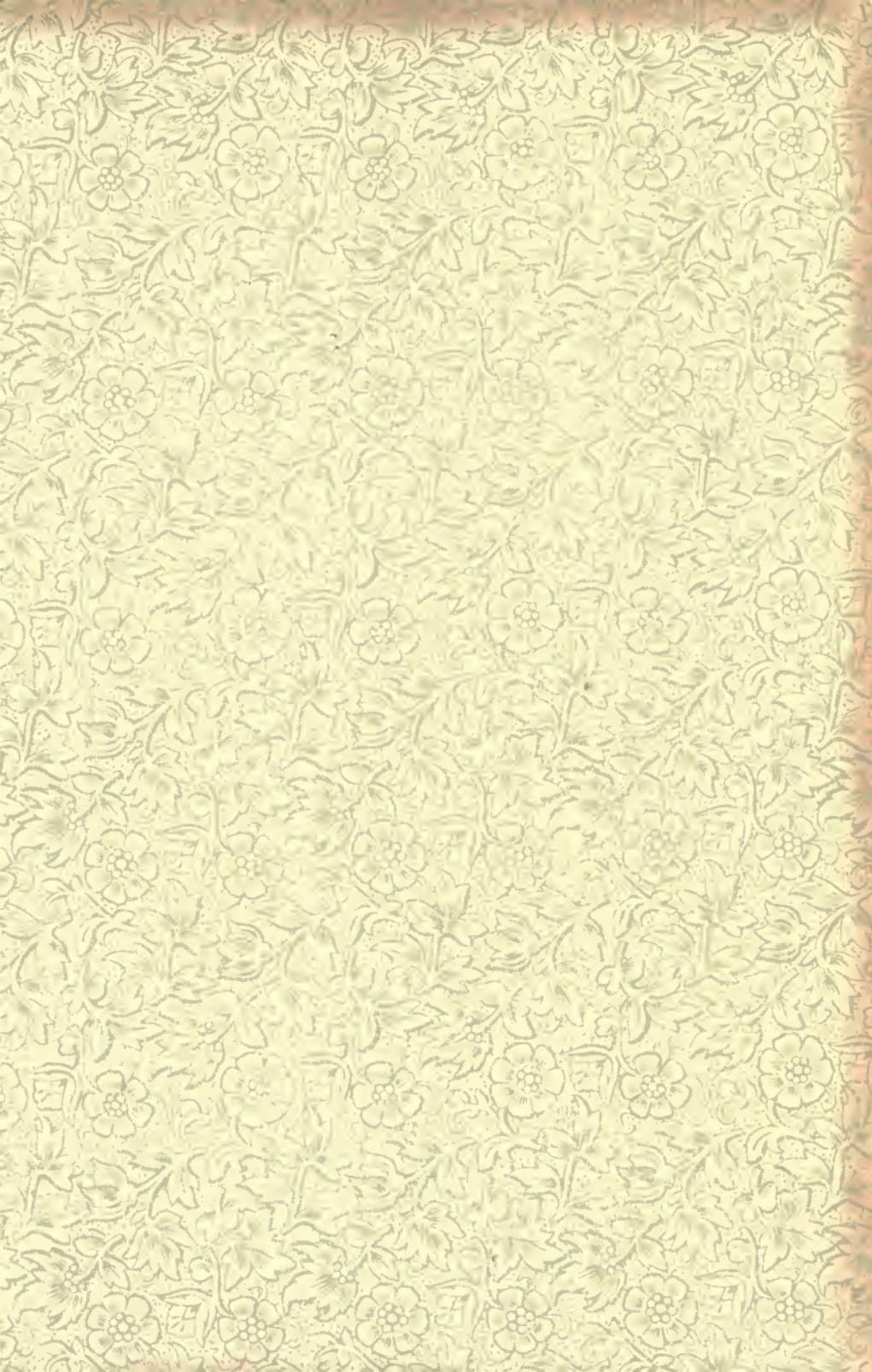


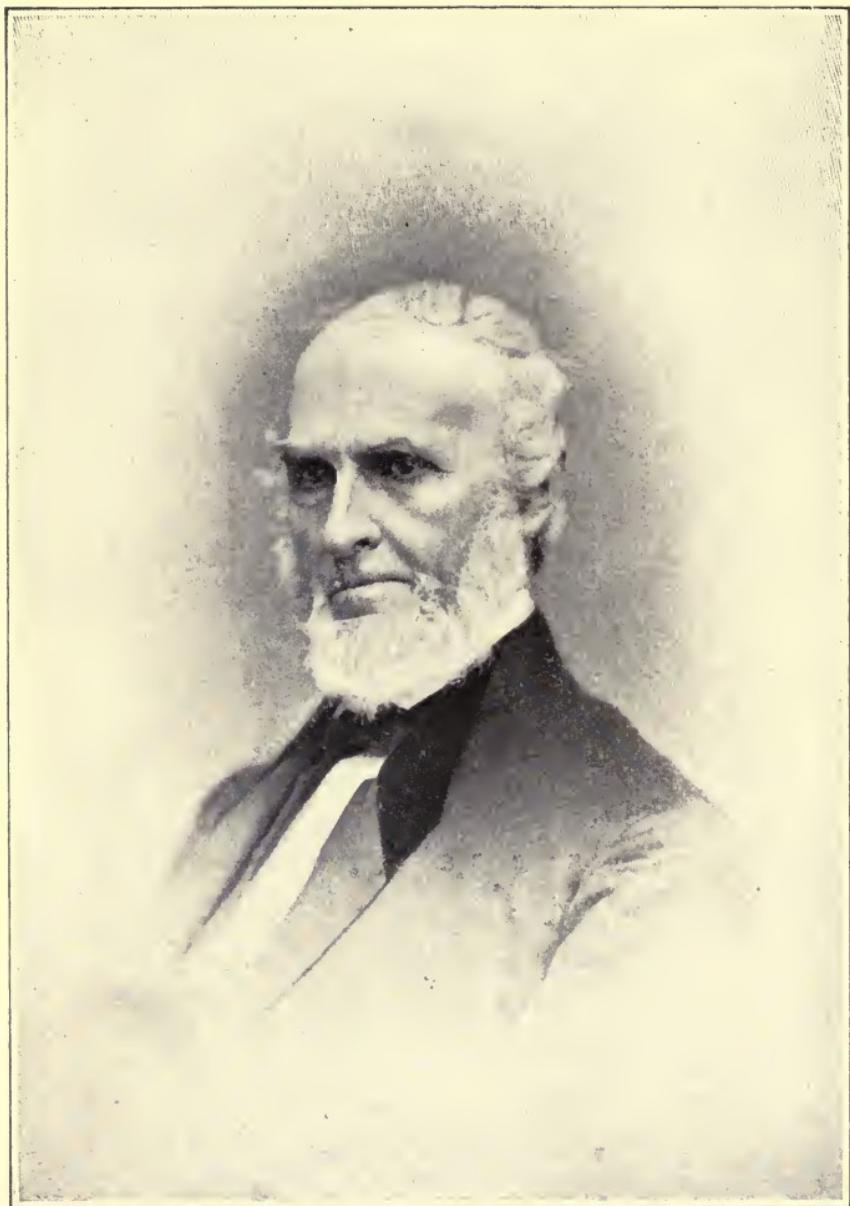


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John Greenleaf Whittier

JOHN GREENLEAF
WHITTIER'S POET-
ICAL WORKS . . .



NEW YORK, THOMAS Y.
CROWELL & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS



Poems

of

John Greenleaf Whittier,
"

1807 - 1892.

With Biographical Sketch

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

NEW YORK
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY
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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CIRCUMSTANCES determine the poet ; inheritance determines who the poet shall be. It somehow seems to be a marvellous thing that a thrifty, plain Quaker stock should come to such a flowering as was seen in John Greenleaf Whittier. That iridescent colors should play over the Quaker drab ! That from the insignificant chrysalis should emerge the brilliant butterfly ! From Keltic origin one might expect any surprises. Boyle O'Reilly, who had also something of the prophetic spirit, who also threw himself generously into conflict with powers that did their best to crush him and make a martyr of him, is explained by the fact that he was Keltic. But one scarcely expects a singer from the ranks of sober Friends. That is an anomaly; and to explain the phenomenon one must look into Whittier's ancestry.

Four steps bring us back to the days of the Puritans. Whittier's father, John, born in 1760, was the tenth child of Joseph, born in 1716, the ninth and youngest son of Joseph, born in 1669, who was in turn the tenth and youngest child of Thomas, who was born in Southampton, England, in 1620, and sailed for America in the good ship "Confidence" a little more than two and a half centuries ago. Thomas Whittier was no common man. He settled on the Merrimack River, first in Salisbury, then in old Newbury, then in Haverhill, where he built the house in which his famous descendant was born. He is said to have brought the first hive of bees to Haverhill. In those days Indians frequently scalped and murdered defenceless families of white settlers; but Thomas Whittier made them his friends and disdained to protect his house with flint-lock or stockade.

Thomas Whittier's son, Joseph, married the daughter of the Quaker, Joseph Peasley, and thus the strain which in those days was regarded as a disgrace, but which in time became a mark of distinction, was grafted upon the Whittier stock. The poet's grandfather married Sarah Greenleaf, a descendant of a French exile, whose name, instead of being perverted like the *Lummeydews* (L'Hommedieu) and the *Desizzles* (Des Isles), was simply translated into English. What part this Gallic blood played in Whittier's mental make-up, it would be no less difficult than interesting to determine.

Whittier's mother, Abigail Hussey, was descended from the Rev. Stephen Bachelor or Batchelder of Hampton, N.H., a man who was famed for his "splendid eye." This feature, which is generally associated with genius, seemed to have been inherited by Whittier, and Daniel Webster, and William Pitt Fessenden, and Caleb Cushing.

Dark, expressive, penetrating eyes, full of soul and flashing with sudden lightning glances, were characteristic of the "Batchelder eye," common to so many families in New Hampshire.

Whittier's father married at the age of forty-four and had only four children, Mary, John Greenleaf, who was born September 17, 1807, Matthew Franklin, and Elizabeth Hussey.

The old Whittier farmhouse, with its huge central chimney, faces the south; the front lower rooms are square, with fifteen-inch oaken beams supporting the low ceilings. The poet was born in the west front room, the two small-paned windows of which look down to a little brook, which in those early days, says Whittier, "foamed, rippled, and laughed" behind its natural fringe of bushes. Across the way was the big unpainted barn. The scenery was the typical landscape of New England—a smooth, grassy knoll (known as Job's Hill), woodland composed of oaks, walnuts, pines, firs, and spruces, with sumachs, which in the autumn, and in the spring as well, are gorgeous with many colors. Whittier, however, was color-blind, and all that splendid display counted as naught to him.

Behind the house was the orchard, and behind the orchard a clump of oaks, near which the Whittier graveyard used to be.

In 1798 the farm was rated as worth \$200. The year before the poet was born his father bought one of three shares in it for \$600 of borrowed money, and the debt was not cleared for a quarter of a century. Money was scarce in those days. And yet John Whittier was honored by his townspeople, was frequently in the public service, and entertained men of note at his humble fireside.

When Whittier was seven years old, he went to school. His first teacher, who was his lifelong friend, was Joshua Coffin of old Newbury.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescos on its wall;
The door's worn sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

It stood about half a mile from Whittier's home, but the fount of knowledge flowed during only about three months in the year.

At home the library was scanty. Only twenty books or so, mostly journals and memoirs of pious Quakers, furnished the boy home reading. He would walk miles

to borrow a volume of biography or travel. Naturally, the precepts of the Bible, which was daily read, became a part of his mental and moral fibre. His poems are full of references to Bible events and characters. "In my boyhood," he says, "in our lonely farmhouse, we had scanty sources of information, few books, and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the Almanac. Under such circumstances story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings."

When Nature sets about to make a poet, she has her own college. These apparent deprivations are enrichments. They concentrate genius. The few hours of regular schooling were counterbalanced with lessons from Dame Nature herself.

Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
How the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks.

He goes on autobiographically: —

I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,

Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!

There was scanty time for play, however; that perpetual interest was eating up the meagre products of the farm; boys had to put their hands to the plough. "At an early age," he says, "I was set at work on the farm and doing errands for my mother, who, in addition to her ordinary house duties, was busy in spinning and weaving the linen and woollen cloth needed for the family."

The family was large, consisting, says Whittier, of "my father, mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried." In addition there was the district school-master, who boarded with them.

For graphic pen-pictures of this group, one must go to "Snow-Bound." There we shall see Uncle Moses, with whom the boys delighted to go fishing in the dancing brook.

His aunt, Miss Hussey, had the reputation of making the best squash pies that were ever baked. The influence of pie in developing character must not be overlooked. What oatmeal was to Carlyle, what the haggis was to Burns, the pie was to the true New Englander. It will not be forgotten how fond Emerson was of pie. Indigestion and poetry have a certain strange alliance; did not Byron purposely exacerbate his stomach in order to coin "Don Juan" into guineas?

Each member of that delightful household stands forth in living lines. "Snow-Bound" now needs no praise. It has been accepted as the typical idyl of a New England winter, the sweetest flower of New England home life.

It is greater than "The Cotter's Saturday Night" because it was written more from the heart. It stands with "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and, though, quite unlike, may have been inspired by Burns's immortal poem. To Burns, Whittier owed his first inspiration, and he himself tells how he learned first to know the Scotch poet. A wandering Scotchman came one day to the Whittier farmhouse. "After eating his bread and cheese and drinking his mug of cider, he gave us 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Highland Mary,' and 'Auld Lang Syne.' He had a full rich voice and entered heartily into the spirit of his lyrics." When he was fourteen, Joshua Coffin brought a volume of Burns's poems, and read some of them, greatly to his delight. Says Whittier: "I begged him to leave the book with me, and set myself at once to the task of mastering the glossary of the Scottish dialect to its close. This was about the first poetry I had ever read (with the exception of that of the Bible, of which I had been a close student), and it had a lasting influence upon me. I began to make rhymes myself, and to imagine stories and adventure." When pen and ink failed him, he resorted to chalk or charcoal, and he hid away his effusions with the care with which a cat hides her young kittens.

It is interesting to know that recently one or two of Whittier's first attempts in rhyme, in Scotch dialect and in the manner of Burns, have been discovered.

When Whittier was in his eighteenth year, that is, in 1825, he wrote several poems which found their way the following year to the Newburyport *Free Press*, then just established by William Lloyd Garrison. The Whittiers subscribed for it, and in the "Poets' Corner" appeared in print the first of the young man's published verses, entitled "The Exile's Departure," written in the metre of "The Old Oaken Bucket." It is noticeable that the Exile sings: —

Farewell, shores of Erin, green land of my fathers,
Once more and forever, a mournful adieu.

It would seem that Thomas Moore's Irish melodies must have fallen into his hands. The trace of Whittier's reading is often to be found in his poems. "Mogg Megone" also shows the insidious influence of "Lalla Rookh." "The Bridal of Pennacook" is Wordsworth, pure and simple, the praise of whom betrays its origin; but not as yet, and not until long afterwards, did he succeed in attaining felicity in epithet. It was also the day of the Scott and of the Byron fever, and Whittier did not escape it.

It is said that Whittier was mending fences when the carrier brought the paper that contained his first printed lines and the editorial notice: "If W. at Haverhill will continue to favor us with pieces beautiful as the one inserted in our poetical department of to-day, we shall esteem it a favor." Whittier could hardly believe his eyes. He accepted the invitation. The second of his *Free Press* poems was in blank verse and entitled "Deity." He confided the secret to his sister. She informed Garrison that it was her brother who wrote them. One day when the young poet was hoeing in the cornfield, clad only in shirt, trousers, and straw hat, he was summoned into the house to see a visitor. It proved to be Garrison, who had driven over from Newburyport to make the acquaintance of his contributor. He insisted that Whittier showed such talent that he ought to have further education.

Whittier's father remonstrated against putting notions into the lad's head. "Sir," he said, "poetry will not give him bread." Besides, there was no money and no prospect of money. Suddenly a way opened. A young hired man knew how to make ladies' shoes and slippers. He offered to teach the art to his employer's son. Mr. Moses Emerson, one of Whittier's early teachers, used to relate how Whittier worked at his shoemaking in a little shop which stood in the yard, and how he sat on a bench amid tanned hides, pincers, bristles, paste pots, and rosin, stitching for dear life.

During the following winter he earned by it enough money to buy a suit of clothes and pay for six months' schooling at the new Academy in Haverhill. Whittier wrote the ode that was sung at the dedication of the new building. He boarded at the house of Mr. A. W. Thayer, editor and publisher of the Haverhill *Gazette*. Naturally the young poet contributed also to this paper some of his verses. He was now nineteen, and was long remembered as "a very handsome, distinguished-looking

young man" with remarkably handsome eyes; tall, slight, and very erect, bashful but never awkward.

Whittier used to like to relate the story of his first visit to Boston. He was dressed in a new suit of homespun, which for the first time were adorned with "boughten buttons." He expected to spend a week with the Greenes, who were family connections. Shortly after his arrival he sallied forth to see the sights. He described how he wandered up and down the streets, but somehow found it different from what he expected. The crowd was worse on Washington Street, and he soon got tired of being jostled and thought he would step aside into an alley-way and wait till "the folks" got by. But there was no cessation of the "terrible stream of people," some of whom stared at him with curious or mocking eyes. He stayed there a long time and began to be "lonesome."

At last, however, he mustered courage to leave his "coign of vantage," and safely reached Mrs. Greene's in time for tea. She had guests, among them a gay young woman whose beauty and vivacity especially interested him. But she began to talk about the theatre, and finally asked him to be present that evening. She was the leading lady! Whittier had promised his mother that he would never enter a playhouse. He was terribly shocked at the danger which he had run. He could not sleep that night, and next morning he took the early stage-coach for his country home. In after years he told this story with great zest, but he never broke the promise which he made to his mother.

At the close of the term, Whittier taught the district school at West Amesbury, thus enabling him to return for another six months at the Academy. Garrison had meantime gone to Boston, and through his influence Whittier secured a place there at a salary of nine dollars a week on the *American Manufacturer*. But this engagement was of short duration. In 1830 he was editing the *Haverhill Gazette*. He was beginning to be widely known as a poet. Next he became editor of the *New England Weekly Review* of Hartford, Conn., to which he also contributed upwards of forty poems, besides sketches and tales in prose. He boarded at the Exchange Coffee House, and lived a solitary, sedentary life. His health even then was delicate. At this time, if ever, occurred the hinted romance of his life. Writing of a visit to his home, he said: "I can say that I have clasped more than one fair hand, and read my welcome in more than one bright eye." More than one love-poem dated from this time. Long afterwards he touched upon these episodes in "Memories" and in "A Sea-dream." But Whittier never married.

He published his first volume in 1831,—"Legends of New England," a collection of his prose and verse. This was afterwards suppressed, as well as his first narrative poem, "Moll Pitcher," published the following year. So far, with much promise, he had as yet shown little originality. He bade fair to be simply a poet. But two years later he took part in an event which was destined to change the face of all things, not for him alone, but for his country. In 1833 he helped to organize the American Anti-slavery Society. Henceforth, during a whole generation, his life was to be a warfare:—

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
 Their strife is past, their triumph won;
 But sterner trials wait the race
 Which rises in their honored place,—
 A moral warfare with the crime
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
 We gird us for the coming fight,
 And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
 In conflict with unholy powers,
 We grasp the weapons He has given,—
 The Light and Truth and Love of Heaven.

Side by side with William Lloyd Garrison stood Whittier. The manifesto of the one was the inspiration of the other: "I will be harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!"

Whittier in the same spirit sang: —

If we have whispered truth, whisper no longer;
 Speak as the tempest does, sterner and stronger;
 Still be the tones of truth louder and firmer,
 Startling the haughty South with the deep murmur;
 God and our charter's right, Freedom forever,
 Truce with oppression, never, oh, never !

Nor would he allow the charms of mere literature to beguile him into pleasant paths. Putting aside melancholy, sentimental yearnings, he resisted the temptation, as he pathetically sings in the poem entitled "Ego."

The question of slavery began to be borne in upon him even before he settled in Hartford. On his return home he made a thorough study of the subject and wrote a twenty-three page pamphlet entitled "Justice and Expediency; or, Slavery Considered with a View to its Rightful and Effectual Remedy,—Abolition." It was printed at Haverhill at his own expense. Its argument was never answered. It concluded with this eloquent peroration: —

"And when the stain on our own escutcheon shall be seen no more; when the Declaration of Independence and the practice of our people shall agree; when Truth shall be exalted among us; when Love shall take the place of Wrong; when all the baneful pride and prejudice of caste and color shall fall forever; when under one common sun of political Liberty the slave-holding portions of our Republic shall

no longer sit like Egyptians of old, themselves mantled in thick darkness while all around them is glowing with the blessed light of freedom and equality—then and not till then shall it GO WELL FOR AMERICA."

This preceded and led to his appointment as one of the delegates of the great Anti-slavery Convention at Philadelphia. Next to Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, the Declaration of Principles then formulated, and signed by Whittier, is a document of which the generations unborn will be most proud. A copy of it framed in wood from Pennsylvania Hall, destroyed by a pro-slavery mob, was one of Whittier's most precious possessions.

In spite of his stand on an unpopular side, Whittier's character was appreciated by his fellow-citizens. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts State legislature in 1835. He held only one other public office—that of presidential elector. But the people of his own communion looked askance upon his political, reformatory, and literary achievements. He was even brought into danger of discipline, and it is said that in his later days he used to remark jokingly that not until he was old would the Quakers of his society show any willingness to put upon him the little dignities from which his position as a reformer had in his youth excluded him.

The very year that he was a member of the Massachusetts legislature, he had his first experience of a mob. George Thompson, the famous English abolitionist and member of Parliament, came to this country to preach abolition. It was noised abroad that he was brought over to disseminate dissension between North and South, so as to destroy American trade, to the advantage of British. This noble reformer had narrowly escaped a mob in Salem. Whittier invited him to his East Haverhill home, that he might have perfect rest and quiet. The two men enjoyed making hay together and were entirely unmolested. At last they started to drive to Plymouth, N. H., to visit a prominent abolitionist there. On their way they stopped at Concord, where Thompson was invited to speak on reform.

After the lecture they found it impossible to leave the hall, which was surrounded by a mob of several hundred persons. On their way back, they were assailed with stones. Whittier declared that he understood how St. Paul felt when the Jews attacked him. Fortunately, their heads were not broken, but they were severely lamed. The mob surrounded the house and demanded that the Quaker and his guest should be handed over to them. His host opened the door and exclaimed: "Whoever comes in here must come in over my dead body." Decoyed away, the rabble returned with muskets and a cannon. Their lives were in danger. They managed to harness a horse, and then, when the gate was suddenly opened, they drove off at a furious gallop and escaped from the hooting mob, which one of themselves afterwards declared was like a throng of demons. At Plymouth they narrowly escaped another mobbing. Not long after, when Whittier was attending an extra session of the legislature, the female anti-slavery society meeting was broken up by a mob. The police rescued Garrison, just as they were going to hang him to a lamp-post. Whittier's sister was one of the delegates, and the two were stopping at the

same house. Whittier managed to remove her to a place of safety; he and Samuel J. May sat up all night watching developments. Those were exciting times.

Most of the year Whittier, like Cincinnatus, worked his farm. His father had died, and the brunt of the burden of supporting the family rested on him. He was often seen in the fall of the year at the head of tide-water in the Merrimack, exchanging apples and vegetables for the salt fish brought by coasting vessels. In the spring of March, 1838, he went to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which had its offices in a large building built by the anti-slavery people, and named Pennsylvania Hall. It was publicly opened on the fifteenth of May with speeches, and a long poem by Whittier. That evening a stone was flung through one of the windows of the hall. This was the preliminary symptom of impending trouble. The next day a mob collected and disturbed the meetings with their jeers and yells. On the third day, in spite of the association's formal demand for protection, and the mayor's promise, the building was given into the hands of the mob, which sacked it and then set it on fire. The firemen refused to quench the flames and were complimented by the Southern press on their *noble conduct*. One paper printed a boasting letter from a participant saying: "Not a drop of water did they pour on that accursed Moloch until it was a heap of ruins."

A charitable shelter for colored orphans was also burned, and a colored church was attacked and wrecked. The members of the Pennsylvania Anti-slavery Society met the next morning after the outrage, beside the smoking ruins of their hall, and calmly elected their officers while a vast mob was still howling around them. Whittier's investment in the paper was lost, but he stayed in Philadelphia for about a year, when his failing health compelled him to return to Massachusetts. The East Haverhill farm was sold in 1840, and he removed with his mother, sister, and aunt to Amesbury, which was his *legal* residence through the rest of his life. Within ten or twelve minutes' walk of Whittier's house rises Pow-wow Hill, so often celebrated in his verse. The surrounding region which is visible from it has been well called his Ayrshire: far to the north the White Mountains are dimly visible,—his beloved Ossipee and Bearcamp. To the south, Agamenticus—Adamaticus, as the natives call it—stands in its purple isolation. The Isles of Shoals are visible, like rough stones in a turquoise arch, the lone line of beaches which he often called by name, and the rock-ribbed coast of Cape Ann. Scarcely a point which had not a legend, scarcely a legend which he did not put into verse.

After the death of his sister and the marriage of his niece, he resided during the most of the year with his cousins, at their beautiful country-seat at Oak Knoll, Danvers.

The storm and stress were past. Henceforth, for the most part, he devoted his genius to song. His watchword was:—

Our country, and Liberty and God for the Right.

He was not afraid to lift the whip of scorpion stings: he called the pro-slavery congressmen:—

A passive herd of Northern mules,
Just braying from their purchased throats
Whate'er their owner rules.

The Northern author of the congressional rule against receiving the petitions of the people in regard to slavery was thus held up to execration :—

. . . the basest of the base,
The vilest of the vile,— . . .

* * * * *

A mark for every passing blast
Of scorn to whistle through.

When he felt that Daniel Webster, whom he had so much admired, was recreant, he wrote against him that tremendous accusation entitled "Ichabod." He never ceased, however, to regret the severity of those awful lines, which make Browning's "Lost Leader" sound flat and insipid in comparison.

Whittier was never despondent. In the darkest hours he saw the rainbow promise bent on high.

He cried in 1844 to the men of Massachusetts :—

Shrink not from strife unequal!
With the best is always hope;
And ever in the sequel
God holds the right side up!

Thus, while he knew how to apply the lash, he also could cheer, and encourage, and advise. His practical common sense, his clear vision, saw far ahead.

It would be impossible to write the history of Emancipation and not recognize the influence of Whittier's lyrics. Lacking in imagination, in grace, in what is commonly called poetic charm, often clumsy, ill-rhymed, and unrhythymical, they yet have an awakening power like that of a trumpet. Plain and unadorned, they appealed to a plain and simple people. They won their way by these very homely qualities.

Whittier learned from his parents the art of story-telling. Naturally, the Indians first appealed to him, and many of his earliest poems have the Red-skins as their heroes; speaking of "Mogg Megone" many years after it was written, he says :—

"Looking at it at the present time, it suggests the idea of a big Indian in his war-paint strutting about in Sir Walter Scott's plaid."

But the early history of New England was full of folk-lore, and Whittier had the ballad-maker's instinct. As he grew older, his sureness of touch increased. The homely names conferred on his native brooks and ponds fitted into his verse. Thus :—

The dark pines sing on Ramoth Hill
The slow song of the sea.

The sweetbriar blooms on Kittery-side
And green are Eliot's bowers.

And he talks about the "nuts of Wenham woods."

One could quote hundreds of such felicitous touches, which endear a poet to his neighbors and then to his nation. Catching hold of the New England legends and turning them into homely rhymes, as a ballad-singer would have done in the early days, he becomes not only the poet, but the creator of the legends. The very meaning of the word "poet" is the maker. A friend sends him the rough prose outline of a story connected with some old house, and Whittier easily remodels it and makes it his own. Thus he is the Poet of New England, and as New England has colonized the West, his fame spreads over the whole land. He gets hearers for himself by this double capacity. He is the ballad-maker; and in this view he stands far higher as a poet than in his nobler but less poetic capacity of Laureate of Freedom and Faith. The word "Liberty" has a hundred rhymes; the word "slave" its dozens. How the poet is put to it when he wants to find a rhyme for "love"! "Dove" and "above" and "glove" are about all the words that are left to him. Whittier, with his ease of rhyming, put little poetry but immense feeling into his anti-slavery poems. Not by them will he be judged as a poet.

He has still another claim on us. He was the descendant of godly men and women. No American poet of his rank was so distinctively religious, and yet his verse is absolutely

undimmed

By dust of theologic strife or breath
Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore.

He could not be kept within the narrow limits of a sect. His religion was a vital principle with him. Like his own "Quaker of the Olden Time," he made his daily life a prayer. Faith in God was supreme. Read any of his hymns, his addresses to friends, his memorials to the dead; there are more than seventy of them gathered in the second volume of his collected works. How they speak of immortality and the Eternal Goodness! In one of his last poems, while he speaks almost mournfully of sitting alone and watching the

warm, sweet day
Lapse tenderly away,

he calms his troubled thought with these words:—

Wait, while these few swift-passing days fulfil
The wise-disposing Will,
And, in the evening as at morning, trust
The All-merciful and Just.

The solemn joy that soul-communion feels
 Immortal life reveals;
 And human love, its prophecy and sign,
 Interprets love divine.

One of his letters was written in favor of a union of the numerous sects in the one vital centre — the Christ. After this, it seems almost ungracious to speak critically of Whittier's work. He himself often wished that at least half of it were sunk in the Red Sea. A good deal of his early work had indeed

The simple air and rustic dress
 And sign of haste and carelessness

which he attributes to it, but also it was

More than the specious counterfeit
 Of sentiment or studied wit.

He calls his verse "simple lays of homely toil."

He may have written commonplaces, but he declared that he could *not* trace the *cold* and *heartless* commonplace.

Whittier was utterly color-blind; he also declared that he did not know anything of music, "not one tune from another." "The gods made him most unmusical," he whimsically remarked. Lack of musical ear is not uncommon in poets. Burns was behind all his schoolmates in that respect. Bryant had no music in his soul; Byron also lacked it. The rhythmic sense atones for the lack. Whittier, unlike Lowell, did not try to write in the Yankee dialect, but his origin betrayed itself. The long-suffering "r" was absolutely ignored. We have such rhymes as "gone — worn — horn"; "war — squaw"; "accurst — lust" (as though he pronounced it *accust*); "water — escort her"; "honor and scorner"; "off — serf"; "sisters — vistas"; "reward and God" (such infelicities did not offend his taste); "farmer — hammer"; "thus — curse"; "ever — leave her — Eva"; "favors — save us"; "tellers — Cinderellas"; "treasures — maize-ears"; "woody — sturdy"; "Katahdin's — gardens." He, like Byron (who pronounced "camelopard" "camel-leopard"), often put the wrong accents on words: "strong-hold," "an-cestral," "pol-troons," "grape-vine," "moon-shine," "ro-mance," "vio-lin" as though in two syllables. True to his Quaker origin, he rarely makes reference to music. Once he speaks of "The light viol and the mellow flute." He rarely indulges in comparisons. In that respect he is like the author of the Iliad. As a general thing his lines flow rather monotonously in the four-line ballad metre; he was neither bold nor very happy in more complicated structures of verse. His few sonnets were not successful. Sometimes he allowed the exigencies of rhyme to force him into showing the Indian's birchen boat propelled by glancing oars. He once in a while wrote such lines as these:—

The faded coloring of Time's tapestry
 Let Fancy with her dream-dipt brush supply.

Whittier, in conversation with his intimates, possessed a remarkable vein of humor; his letters are full of drolleries, but he seemed to have little sense of the ludicrous, else he could not have written such a line as

Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea,

or

From the rude board of Bonython
Venison and succotash have gone.

He rarely indulged in alliteration, yet we find "greenly growing grain" and "Summer's shade and sunshine warm." In one place he boldly indulges for rhyme's sake in such bad grammar as this: —

When Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I.

And again: "twixt thou and I." In spite of these faults, we would not willingly let a line of Whittier's verse perish. Even the fugitive pieces of his youth, which he himself came to detest, the crudities of "Mogg Megone," are interesting and valuable. When his verse is studied chronologically, it is easy to see what constant progress he made. It was the noble growth of a New England pine, which, while the branches near the ground are dead and broken, still towers up higher and higher, with ever abundant foliage toward the sun-kissed top. And what pictures he painted!

Whittier, without the advantages, or so-called advantages, of college training, without ever travelling abroad, a hermit, almost, in his later years, keeping aloof from the people, painfully suffering from constant ill-health, unable to work half an hour at a time, ranks with the greatest of American men of letters. His prose is simple and pure; his verse goes right to the heart. It is free from the sentimentality and turbidity of Lowell, from the artificiality that we sometimes feel in Longfellow, from the classic coldness of Bryant. He was the poet of the people, and yet the cultured find no less to love and admire in him. To have written "Snow-Bound" alone would have been to achieve immortality. But Whittier wrote so many popular poems, which have become household words, that I have not even attempted to enumerate them or the date of their appearing.

He lived to see the crown of immortality unanimously conferred upon him. He lived to a grand old age, and yet he has said that for many years not merely the exertion of writing but even the mere thought of taking his pen into his hand brought on a terrible headache. Neither could he read with comfort. He therefore had to sit patiently and wait for Friend Death to come and lead him into that world where he believed the loved ones were waiting to welcome him. He died on the seventh of September, 1892, not at his favorite abiding-place at Oak Knoll, Danvers, but at Hampton Falls, N. H., where he was visiting the daughter of an old friend. Pure, simple, humble, unspoiled, full of love to God and man, triumphing in his faith,

Whittier went forward into the unknown. Such a death is not to be deplored. He was willing, nay, anxious to go.

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win !

The airs of heaven blow o'er me,
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples !
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own !

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITION OF 1857.

IN these volumes, for the first time, a complete collection of my poetical writings has been made. While it is satisfactory to know that these scattered children of my brain have found a home, I cannot but regret that I have been unable, by reason of illness, to give that attention to their revision and arrangement, which respect for the opinions of others and my own afterthought and experience demand.

That there are pieces in this collection which I would "willingly let die," I am free to confess. But it is now too late to disown them, and I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical as well as other sins. There are others, intimately connected with the author's life and times, which owe their tenacity of vitality to the circumstances under which they were written, and the events by which they were suggested.

The long poem of Mogg Megone was, in a great measure, composed in early life; and it is scarcely necessary to say that its subject is not such as the writer would have chosen at any subsequent period.

J. G. W.

AMESBURY, 18th 3d mo., 1857.

PROEM.

I LOVE the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
 The songs of Spenser's golden days,
 Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try ;
 I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
 In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
 The jarring words of one whose rhyme
 Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies ;
 Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
 Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind ;
 To drop the plummet-line below
 Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown ;
 A hate of tyranny intense,
 And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom ! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
 Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
 Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine !

POEMS OF WHITTIER.

MOGG MEGONE, 1835.

[THE story of MOGG MEGONE has been considered by the author only as a framework for sketches of the scenery of New England, and of its early inhabitants. In portraying the Indian character, he has followed, as closely as his story would admit, the rough but natural delineations of Church, Mayhew, Charlevoix, and Roger Williams; and in so doing he has necessarily discarded much of the romance which poets and novelists have thrown around the ill-fated red man.]

PART I.

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure
of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of
the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract
sparkles on high,
Lonely and sternly, save Mogg Me-
gone?
Close to the verge of the rock is he,
While beneath him the Saco its
work is doing,
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,
And slow through the rock its path-
way hewing!
Far down, through the mist of the fall-
ing river,
Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are
seen,
With water howling and vexed be-
tween,
While the scooping whirl of the pool
beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite
teeth!

But Mogg Megone never trembled yet
Wherever his eye or his foot was set.
He is watchful: each form in the
moonlight dim,
Of rock or of tree, is seen of him:

He listens; each sound from afar is
caught,
The faintest shiver of leaf and limb:
But he sees not the waters, which
foam and fret,
Whose moonlit spray has his moccasin
wet,—
And the roar of their rushing, he
hears it not.

The moonlight, through the open
bough
Of the gnarl'd beech, whose naked
root
Coils like a serpent at his foot,
Falls, checkered, on the Indian's
brow.
His head is bare, save only where
Waves in the wind one lock of hair,
Reserved for him, whoe'er he be,
More mighty than Megone in strife,
When, breast to breast and knee to
knee,
Above the fallen warrior's life
Gleams, quick and keen, the scalping-
knife.

Megone hath his knife and hatchet
and gun,
And his gaudy and tasselled blanket
on:
His knife hath a handle with gold
inlaid,

And magic words on its polished
blade,—

'T was the gift of Castine to Mogg
Megone,

For a scalp or twain from the Yengees
torn :

His gun was the gift of the Tarrantine,
And Modocawando's wives had
strung

The brass and the beads, which tinkle
and shine

On the polished breech, and broad
bright line

Of beaded wampum around it hung.

What seeks Megone? His foes are
near,—

Gray Jocelyn's eye is never sleeping,
And the garrison lights are burning
clear,

Where Phillips' men their watch
are keeping.

Let him hie him away through the
dank river fog,

Never rustling the boughs nor dis-
placing the rocks,

For the eyes and the ears which are
watching for Mogg,

Are keener than those of the wolf
or the fox.

He starts,—there's a rustle among
the leaves :

Another,—the click of his gun is
heard!

A footstep—is it the step of Cleaves,
With Indian blood on his English
sword?

Steals Harmon down from the sands
of York,

With hand of iron and foot of cork?
Has Scamman, versed in Indian
wile,

For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?
Hark! at that whistle, soft and low,

How lights the eye of Mogg Me-
gone!

A smile gleams o'er his dusky brow,—
“Boon welcome, Johnny Bony-
thon!”

Out steps, with cautious foot and slow,
And quick, keen glances to and fro,
The hunted outlaw, Bonython!

A low, lean, swarthy man is he,
With blanket-garb and busked knee,

And naught of English fashion on ;
For he hates the race from whence

he sprung,

And he couches his words in the
Indian tongue.

“Hush,—let the Sachem's voice be
weak ;

The water-rat shall hear him speak,—
The owl shall whoop in the white
man's ear,

That Mogg Megone, with his scalps,
is here!”

He pauses,—dark, over cheek and
brow,

A flush, as of shame, is stealing now :
“Sachem!” he says, “let me have
the land,

Which stretches away upon either
hand,

As far about as my feet can stray
In the half of a gentle summer's day ;
From the leaping brook to the Saco
river,—

And the fair-haired girl, thou hast
sought of me,
Shall sit in the Sachem's wigwam,
and be

The wife of Mogg Megone forever.”

There's a sudden light in the Indian's
glance,

A moment's trace of powerful feeling,
Of love or triumph, or both perchance,
Over his proud, calm features steal-
ing.

“The words of my father are very good ;
He shall have the land, and water,
and wood ;

And he who harms the Sagamore John,
Shall feel the knife of Mogg Megone ;

But the fawn of the Yengees shall
sleep on my breast,

And the bird of the clearing shall
sing in my nest.”

"But, father!"—and the Indian's hand

Falls gently on the white man's arm,
And with a smile as shrewdly bland

As the deep voice is slow and calm,—
"Where is my father's singing-bird,—

The sunny eye, and sunset hair?

I know I have my father's word,

And that his word is good and fair;

But will my father tell me where

Megone shall go and look for his
bride?"—

For he sees her not by her father's
side."

The dark, stern eye of Bonython

Flashes over the features of Mogg
Megone,

In one of those glances which search
within;

But the stolid calm of the Indian alone
Remains where the trace of emotion
has been.

"Does the Sachem doubt? Let him
go with me,

And the eyes of the Sachem his bride
shall see."

Cautious and slow, with pauses oft,
And watchful eyes and whispers soft,
The twain are stealing through the
wood,

Leaving the downward-rushing flood,
Whose deep and solemn roar behind
Grows fainter on the evening wind.

Hark!—is that the angry howl
Of the wolf, the hills among?—

Or the hooting of the owl,
On his leafy cradle swung?—

Quickly glancing, to and fro,
Listening to each sound they go

Round the columns of the pine,
Indistinct, in shadow, seeming

Like some old and pillared shrine;
With the soft and white moonshine,

Round the foliage-tracery shed
Of each column's branching head,

For its lamps of worship gleaming!
And the sounds awakened there,

In the pine-leaves fine and small,
Soft and sweetly musical,

By the fingers of the air,
For the anthem's dying fall

Lingering round some temple's wall!

Niche and cornice round and round
Wailing like the ghost of sound!

Is not Nature's worship thus,
Ceaseless ever, going on?

Hath it not a voice for us

In the thunder, or the tone
Of the leaf-harp faint and small,

Speaking to the unsealed ear
Words of blended love and fear,

Of the mighty Soul of all?

Naught had the twain of thoughts
like these

As they wound along through the
crowded trees,

Where never had rung the axeman's
stroke

On the gnarled trunk of the rough-
barked oak;—

Climbing the dead tree's mossy log,
Breaking the mesh of the bramble
fine.

Turning aside the wild grape vine,
And lightly crossing the quaking bog
Whose surface shakes at the leap of
the frog,

And out of whose pools the ghostly fog
Creeps into the chill moonshine!

Yet, even that Indian's ear had heard
The preaching of the Holy Word:

Sanchekantacket's isle of sand
Was once his father's hunting land,

Where zealous Hiacoomes stood,—
The wild apostle of the wood,

Shook from his soul the fear of harm,
And trampled on the Powwaw's charm;

Until the wizard's curses hung
Suspended on his palsying tongue,

And the fierce warrior, grim and tall,
Trembled before the forest Paul!

A cottage hidden in the wood,—
Red through its seams a light is
glowing,

On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude,

A narrow lustre throwing.

"Who's there?" a clear, firm voice demands;

"Hold, Ruth,—'t is I, the Sagamore!"

Quick, at the summons, hasty hands Unclose the bolted door;

And on the outlaw's daughter shine The flashes of the kindled pine.

Tall and erect the maiden stands, Like some young priestess of the wood,

The freeborn child of Solitude, And bearing still the wild and rude.

Yet noble trace of Nature's hands. Her dark brown cheek has caught its stain

More from the sunshine than the rain; Yet, where her long fair hair is parting, A pure white brow into light is starting;

And, where the folds of her blanket sever,

Are a neck and bosom as white as ever The foam-wreaths rise on the leaping river.

But in the convulsive quiver and grip Of the muscles around her bloodless lip,

There is something painful and sad to see;

And her eye has a glance more sternly wild

Than even that of a forest child In its fearless and untamed freedom should be.

Yet, seldom in hall or court are seen So queenly a form and so noble a mien, As freely and smiling she welcomes them there,—

Her outlawed sire and Mogg Megone: "Pray, father, how does thy hunting fare?

And, Sachem, say,—does Scamman wear,

In spite of thy promise, a scalp of his own?"

Hurried and light is the maiden's tone; But a fearful meaning lurks within Her glance, as it questions the eye of Megone,—

An awful meaning of guilt and sin!— The Indian hath opened his blanket, and there

Hangs a human scalp by its long damp hair!

With hand upraised, with quick-drawn breath,

She meets that ghastly sign of death. In one long, glassy, spectral stare The enlarging eye is fastened there, As if that mesh of pale brown hair

Had power to change at sight alone, Even as the fearful locks which wound Medusa's fatal forehead round,

The gazer into stone.

With such a look Herodias read The features of the bleeding head, So looked the mad Moor on his dead, Or the young Cenci as she stood, O'er-dabbled with a father's blood!

Look! — feeling melts that frozen glance,

It moves that marble countenance, As if at once within her strove Pity with shame, and hate with love. The Past recalls its joy and pain, Old memories rise before her brain.— The lips which love's embraces met, The hand her tears of parting wet, The voice whose pleading tones beguiled

The pleased ear of the forest-child,— And tears she may no more repress Reveal her lingering tenderness.

O, woman wronged, can cherish hate

More deep and dark than manhood may;

But when the mockery of Fate Hath left Revenge its chosen way, And the fell curse, which years have nursed,

Full on the spoiler's head hath burst,—
When all her wrong, and shame, and
 pain,

Burns fiercely on his heart and brain,—
Still lingers something of the spell
 Which bound her to the traitor's
 bosom,—

Still, midst the vengeful fires of hell:
 Some flowers of old affection blos-
 som.

John Bonython's eyebrows together
 are drawn

With a fierce expression of wrath and
 scorn.—

He hoarsely whispers, "Ruth, beware!
 Is this the time to be playing the
 fool,—

Crying over a paltry lock of hair,

 Like a love-sick girl at school?—
Curse on it!—an Indian can see and
 hear:

Away,—and prepare our evening
 cheer!"

How keenly the Indian is watching
 now

Her tearful eye and her varying brow.—
 With a serpent eye, which kindles
 and burns,

 Like a fiery star in the upper air:
On sire and daughter his fierce glance
 turns:—

 "Has my old white father a scalp
 to spare?

 For his young one loves the pale
 brown hair

Of the scalp of an English dog, far
 more

Than Mogg Megone, or his wigwam
 floor:

 Go,—Mogg is wise: he will keep
 his land,—

 And Sagamore John, when he feels
 with his hand,

Shall miss his scalp where it grew
 before."

The moment's gust of grief is
 gone,—

The lip is clenched,—the tears are
 still,—

God pity thee, Ruth Bonython!

 With what a strength of will
Are nature's feelings in thy breast,
As with an iron hand, repressed!
And how, upon that nameless woe,
Quick as the pulse can come and go,
While shakes the unsteadfast knee,
 and yet

The bosom heaves,—the eye is wet,—
Has thy dark spirit power to stay
The heart's wild current on its way?

 And whence that baleful strength
 of guile,

Which over that still working brow
And tearful eye and cheek, can
 throw

 The mockery of a smile?
Warned by her father's blackening
 frown,

With one strong effort crushing down
Grief, hate, remorse, she meets again

 The savage murderer's sullen gaze,
And scarcely look or tone betrays
How the heart strives beneath its
 chain.

"Is the Sachem angry,—angry with
 Ruth,

Because she cries with an ache in her
 tooth,

Which would make a Sagamore jump
 and cry,

And look about with a woman's eye?
No,—Ruth will sit in the Sachem's
 door

And braid the mats for his wigwam
 floor,

And broil his fish and tender fawn,
And weave his wampum, and grind
 his corn,—

For she loves the brave and the wise,
 and none

Are braver and wiser than Mogg Me-
 gone!"

The Indian's brow is clear once more:
 With grave, calm face, and half-shut
 eye,

He sits upon the wigwam floor,
And watches Ruth go by,
Intent upon her household care ;
And ever and anon, the while,
Or on the maiden, or her fare,
Which smokes in grateful promise
there,
Bestows his quiet smile.

Ah, Mogg Megone!—what dreams
are thine,

But those which love's own fancies
dress,—

The sum of Indian happiness!—
A wigwam, where the warm sunshine
Looks in among the groves of pine,—
A stream, where, round thy light
canoe,
The trout and salmon dart in view,
And the fair girl, before thee now,
Spreading thy mat with hand of snow,
Or plying, in the dews of morn,
Her hoe amidst thy patch of corn,
Or offering up, at eve, to thee,
Thy birchen dish of hominy!

From the rude board of Bonython,
Venison and succatash have gone,—
For long these dwellers of the wood
Have felt the gnawing want of food.
But untasted of Ruth is the frugal
cheer,—

With head averted, yet ready ear,
She stands by the side of her austere
sire,

Feeding, at times, the unequal fire
With the yellow knots of the pitch-
pine tree,

Whose flaring light, as they kindle,
falls

On the cottage-roof, and its black log
walls,

And over its inmates three.

From Sagamore Bonython's hunting
flask

The fire-water burns at the lip of
Megone :

“ Will the Sachem hear what his father
shall ask?

Will he make his mark, that it may
be known,
On the speaking-leaf, that he gives the
land,
From the Sachem's own, to his father's
hand? ”

The fire-water shines in the Indian's
eyes,

As he rises, the white man's bidding
to do :

“ Wuttamuttata — weekan! Mogg is
wise,—

For the water he drinks is strong
and new,—

Mogg's heart is great! — will he shut
his hand,

When his father asks for a little
land? ” —

With unsteady fingers, the Indian has
drawn

On the parchment the shape of a
hunter's bow,

“ Boon water, — boon water, — Sagamore John!

Wuttamuttata,—weekan! our hearts
will grow! ”

He drinks yet deeper, — he mutters
low, —

He reels on his bear-skin to and
fro, —

His head falls down on his naked
breast, —

He struggles, and sinks to a drunken
rest.

“ Humph — drunk as a beast! ” — and
Bonython's brow

Is darker than ever with evil
thought —

“ The fool has signed his warrant;
but how

And when shall the deed be
wrought?

Speak, Ruth! why, what the devil is
there,

To fix thy gaze in that empty air? —
Speak, Ruth! by my soul, if I thought
that tear,

Which shames thyself and our pur-
pose here,

Were shed for that cursed and pale-faced dog,
 Whose green scalp hangs from the belt of Mogg,
 And whose beastly soul is in Satan's keeping,—
 This—this!"—he dashes his hand upon
 The rattling stock of his loaded gun,—
 "Should send thee with him to do thy weeping!"

"Father!"—the eye of Bonython Sinks at that low, sepulchral tone, Hollow and deep, as it were spoken By the unmoving tongue of death,— Or from some statue's lips had broken,— A sound without a breath! "Father!—my life I value less Than yonder fool his gaudy dress; And how it ends it matters not, By heart-break or by rifle-shot; But spare awhile the scoff and threat,— Our business is not finished yet."

"True, true, my girl,—I only meant To draw up again the bow unbent. Harm thee, my Ruth! I only sought To frighten off thy gloomy thought;— Come,—let's be friends!" He seeks to clasp His daughter's cold, damp hand in his. Ruth startles from her father's grasp, As if each nerve and muscle felt, Instinctively, the touch of guilt, Through all their subtle sympathies.

He points her to the sleeping Mogg: "What shall be done with yonder dog? Scamman is dead, and revenge is thine,— The deed is signed and the land is mine; And this drunken fool is of use no more, Save as thy hopeful bridegroom, and sooth,

'T were Christian mercy to finish him, Ruth, Now, while he lies like a beast on our floor,— If not for thine, at least for his sake, Rather than let the poor dog awake To drain my flask, and claim as his bride Such a forest devil to run by his side,— Such a Wetuomanit as thou wouldst make!"

He laughs at his jest. Hush—what is there?— The sleeping Indian is striving to rise, With his knife in his hand, and glaring eyes!—"Wagh!—Mogg will have the pale-face's hair, For his knife is sharp, and his fingers can help The hair to pull and the skin to peel,— Let him cry like a woman and twist like an eel, The great Captain Scamman must loose his scalp! And Ruth, when she sees it, shall dance with Mogg." His eyes are fixed,—but his lips draw in,— With a low, hoarse chuckle, and fiendish grin,— And he sinks again, like a senseless log.

Ruth does not speak,—she does not stir; But she gazes down on the murderer, Whose broken and dreamful slumbers tell Too much for her ear of that deed of hell. She sees the knife, with its slaughter red, And the dark fingers clutching the bear-skin bed! What thoughts of horror and madness whirl

Through the burning brain of that fallen girl!

John Bonython lifts his gun to his eye,

Its muzzle is close to the Indian's ear,—

But he drops it again. "Some one may be nigh,

And I would not that even the wolves should hear."

He draws his knife from its deer-skin belt,—

Its edge with his fingers is slowly felt;—

Kneeling down on one knee, by the Indian's side,

From his throat he opens the blanket wide;

And twice or thrice he feebly essays A trembling hand with the knife to raise.

"I cannot,"—he mutters,—“did he not save

My life from a cold and wintry grave,
When the storm came down from Agioochook,

And the north-wind howled, and the tree-tops shook,—

And I strove, in the drifts of the rushing snow,

Till my knees grew weak and I could not go,

And I felt the cold to my vitals creep,
And my heart's blood stiffen, and pulses sleep!

I cannot strike him—Ruth Bonython!
In the Devil's name, tell me—what's to be done?"

O, when the soul, once pure and high,

Is stricken down from Virtue's sky,
As, with the downcast star of morn,
Some gems of light are with it drawn,—

And, through its night of darkness,
play

Some tokens of its primal day,—
Some lofty feelings linger still,—

The strength to dare, the nerve to meet

Whatever threatens with defeat
Its all-indomitable will!—

But lacks the mean of mind and heart,

Though eager for the gains of crime,
Oft, at his chosen place and time,
The strength to bear his evil part;
And, shielded by his very Vice,
Escapes from Crime by Cowardice.

Ruth starts erect,—with bloodshot eye,
And lips drawn tight across her teeth,

Showing their locked embrace beneath,
In the red fire-light:—"Mogg must die!"

Give me the knife!"—The outlaw turns,

Shuddering in heart and limb,
away,—

But, fitfully there, the hearth-fire burns,

And he sees on the wall strange shadows play.

A lifted arm, a tremulous blade,
Are dimly pictured in light and shade,
Plunging down in the darkness.

Hark, that cry
Again—and again—he sees it fall.—
That shadowy arm down the lighted wall!

He hears quick footsteps—a shape flits by—

The door on its rusted hinges creaks:—

"Ruth—daughter Ruth!" the outlaw shrieks.

But no sound comes back,—he is standing alone

By the mangled corse of Mogg Megone!

PART II.

'T is morning over Norridgewock,—
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine,
stirred

At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,

That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel
forms

On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencil dipped in sunbeams
there,—

And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests gladdened, on the calm blue
sky,—

Slumbers the mighty wilderness!
The oak, upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward
heaves—

The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,

Against the birch's graceful stem,
And the rough walnut-bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,

Each colored like a topaz gem;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal which autumn gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,

The hectic of a dying year!

The hermit priest, who lingers now
On the Bald Mountain's shrubless
brow,

The gray and thunder-smitten pile
Which marks afar the Desert Isle,
While gazing on the scene below,

May half forget the dreams of home,
That nightly with his slumbers
come,—

The tranquil skies of sunny France,
The peasant's harvest song and dance,
The vines around the hillsides wreath-

ing
The soft airs midst their clusters
breathing,

The wings which dipped, the stars
which shone

Within thy bosom, blue Garonne!
And round the Abbey's shadowed
wall,

At morning spring and even-fall,
Sweet voices in the still air sing-
ing,—

The chant of many a holy hymn,—
The solemn bell of vespers ring-
ing,—

And hallowed torch-light falling dim
On pictured saint and seraphim!
For here beneath him lies unrolled,
Bathed deep in morning's flood of
gold,

A vision gorgeous as the dream
Of the beatified may seem,
When, as his Church's legends say,

Borne upward in ecstatic bliss,
The rapt enthusiast soars away
Unto a brighter world than this:
A mortal's glimpse beyond the pale,—
A moment's lifting of the veil !

Far eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;
And gently from that Indian town
The verdant hillside slopes adown,
To where the sparkling waters play

Upon the yellow sands below;
And shooting round the winding
shores

Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—
With birchen boat and glancing oars,
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting ground is
borne

The treasure of the golden corn,
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes
glow

Wild through the locks which o'er
them flow.

The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is
done,
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,
Watching the huskers, with a smile

For each full ear which swells the
pile;

And the old chief, who nevermore
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or slowly shapes, with axe of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie,—
Gems of the waters!—with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees

Touched by the pencil of the frost,
And, with the motion of each breeze,
A moment seen,—a moment
lost,—

Changing and blent, confused and
tossed,
The brighter with the darker
crossed,

Their thousand tints of beauty glow
Down in the restless waves below,
And tremble in the sunny skies,
As if, from waving bough to bough,
Flitted the birds of paradise.

There sleep Placentia's group,—and
there

Père Breteaux marks the hour of
prayer;

And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is
seen,

The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs be-
tween,

Half trembling, as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.
There, gloomily against the sky

The Dark Isles rear their summits
high;

And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,—
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old;
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and
thin,

Swells in the north vast Katahdin :
And, wandering from its marshy feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with his own bright
bay.

Slow sweep his dark and gathering
floods,

Arched over by the ancient woods,
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,
Alone hath ever shorn away.

Not thus, within the woods which hide
The beauty of thy azure tide,
And with their falling timbers
block

Thy broken currents, Kennebec !
Gazes the white man on the wreck
Of the down-trodden Norridge-
wock,—

In one lone village hemmed at length,
In battle shorn of half their strength,
Turned, like the panther in his lair,
With his fast-flowing life-blood
wet,

For one last struggle of despair,
Wounded and faint, but tameless
yet!

Unreaped, upon the planting lands,
The scant, neglected harvest stands :
No shout is there,—no dance,—
no song :

The aspect of the very child
Scowls with a meaning sad and wild
Of bitterness and wrong.

The almost infant Norridgewock
Essays to lift the tomahawk ;
And plucks his father's knife away,
To mimic, in his frightful play,

The scalping of an English foe :
Wreathes on his lip a horrid smile,
Burns, like a snake's, his small eye,
while

Some bough or sapling meets his
blow.

The fisher, as he drops his line,
Starts, when he sees the hazels quiver
Along the margin of the river,
Looks up and down the rippling tide,
And grasps the firelock at his side.

For Bomazeen from Taconock
Has sent his runners to Norridge-
wock,

With tidings that Moulton and Har-
mon of York

Far up the river have come :
They have left their boats,—they
have entered the wood,
And filled the depths of the soli-
tude

With the sound of the ranger's
drum.

On the brow of a hill, which slopes to meet
 The flowing river, and bathe its feet,—
 The bare-washed rock, and the drooping grass,
 And the creeping vine, as the waters pass,—
 A rude and unshapely chapel stands,
 Built up in that wild by unskilled hands ;
 Yet the traveller knows it a place of prayer,
 For the holy sign of the cross is there :
 And should he chance at that place to be,
 Of a Sabbath morn, or some hallowed day,
 When prayers are made and masses are said,
 Some for the living and some for the dead,
 Well might that traveller start to see
 The tall dark forms, that take their way
 From the birch canoe, on the river-shore,
 And the forest paths, to that chapel door ;
 And marvel to mark the naked knees
 And the dusky foreheads bending there,
 While, in coarse white vesture, over these
 In blessing or in prayer,
 Stretching abroad his thin pale hands,
 Like a shrouded ghost, the Jesuit stands.

Two forms are now in that chapel dim,
 The Jesuit, silent and sad and pale,
 Anxiously heeding some fearful tale,
 Which a stranger is telling him.
 That stranger's garb is soiled and torn,
 And wet with dew and loosely worn ;

Her fair neglected hair falls down
 O'er cheeks with wind and sunshine brown ;
 Yet still, in that disordered face,
 The Jesuit's cautious eye can trace
 Those elements of former grace
 Which, half effaced, seem scarcely less,
 Even now, than perfect loveliness.

With drooping head, and voice so low,
 That scarce it meets the Jesuit's ears,—
 While through her clasped fingers flow,
 From the heart's fountain, hot and slow,
 Her penitential tears,—
 She tells the story of the woe
 And evil of her years.

“O father, bear with me ; my heart
 Is sick and death-like, and my brain
 Seems girdled with a fiery chain,
 Whose scorching links will never part,
 And never cool again.
 Bear with me while I speak, — but turn
 Away that gentle eye, the while,—
 The fires of guilt more fiercely burn
 Beneath its holy smile ;
 For half I fancy I can see
 My mother's sainted look in thee.

“My dear lost mother ! sad and pale,
 Mournfully sinking day by day,
 And with a hold on life as frail
 As frosted leaves, that, thin and gray,
 Hang feebly on their parent spray,
 And tremble in the gale ;
 Yet watching o'er my childishness
 With patient fondness, — not the less
 For all the agony which kept
 Her blue eye wakeful, while I slept ;
 And checking every tear and groan

That haply might have waked my own,
And bearing still, without offence,
My idle words, and petulance ;
Reproving with a tear, — and, while
The tooth of pain was keenly preying
Upon her very heart, repaying
My brief repentance with a smile.

“ O, in her meek, forgiving eye
There was a brightness not of mirth,
A light whose clear intensity
Was borrowed not of earth.
Along her cheek a deepening red
Told where the feverish hectic fed ;
And yet, each fatal token gave
To the mild beauty of her face
A newer and a dearer grace,
Unwarning of the grave.
'T was like the hue which Autumn gives
To yonder changed and dying leaves,
Breathed over by his frosty breath ;
Scarce can the gazer feel that this
Is but the spoiler's treacherous kiss,
The mocking smile of Death !

“ Sweet were the tales she used to tell
When summer's eve was dear to us,
And, fading from the darkening dell,
The glory of the sunset fell
On wooded Agamenticus, —
When, sitting by our cottage wall,
The murmur of the Saco's fall,

And the south-wind's expiring sighs
Came, softly blending, on my ear,
With the low tones I loved to hear :
Tales of the pure, — the good, —
the wise, —
The holy men and maids of old,
In the all-sacred pages told ; —
Of Rachel, stooped at Haran's fountains,
Amid her father's thirsty flock,
Beautiful to her kinsman seeming
As the bright angels of his dreaming,
On Padan-aran's holy rock ;

Of gentle Ruth, — and her who kept
Her awful vigil on the mountains,
By Israel's virgin daughters wept ;
Of Miriam, with her maidens, singing
The song for grateful Israel meet,
While every crimson wave was bringing
The spoils of Egypt at her feet ;
Of her, — Samaria's humble daughter,
Who paused to hear, beside her well,
Lessons of love and truth, which fell
Softly as Shiloh's flowing water ;
And saw, beneath his pilgrim guise,
The Promised One, so long foretold
By holy seer and bard of old,
Revealed before her wondering eyes !

“ Slowly she faded. Day by day
Her step grew weaker in our hall,
And fainter, at each even-fall,
Her sad voice died away.
Yet on her thin, pale lip, the while,
Sat Resignation's holy smile :
And even my father checked his tread,
And hushed his voice, beside her bed :
Beneath the calm and sad rebuke
Of her meek eye's imploring look,
The scowl of hate his brow forsook,
And in his stern and gloomy eye,
At times, a few unwonted tears
Wet the dark lashes, which for years
Hatred and pride had kept so dry.

“ Calm as a child to slumber soothed,
As if an angel's hand had smoothed
The still, white features into rest,
Silent and cold, without a breath
To stir the drapery on her breast,
Pain, with its keen and poisoned fang,
The horror of the mortal pang,
The suffering look her brow had worn,
The fear, the strife, the anguish gone, —
She slept at last in death !

“O, tell me, father, *can* the dead
Walk on the earth, and look on us,
And lay upon the living’s head
Their blessing or their curse?
For, O, last night she stood by me,
As I lay beneath the woodland
tree!”

The Jesuit crosses himself in awe,—
“Jesu! what was it my daughter
saw?”

“She came to me last night.
The dried leaves did not feel her
tread;
She stood by me in the wan moon-
light,
In the white robes of the dead!
Pale, and very mournfully
She bent her light form over me.
I heard no sound, I felt no breath
Breathe o’er me from that face of
death:
Its blue eyes rested on my own,
Rayless and cold as eyes of stone;
Yet, in their fixed, unchanging gaze,
Something, which spoke of early
days,—
A sadness in their quiet glare,
As if love’s smile were frozen there,—
Came o’er me with an icy thrill;
O God! I feel its presence still!”

The Jesuit makes the holy sign,—
“How passed the vision, daughter
mine?”

“All dimly in the wan moonshine,
As a wreath of mist will twist and
twine,
And scatter, and melt into the light,—
So scattering,—melting on my sight,
The pale, cold vision passed;
But those sad eyes were fixed on
mine
Mournfully to the last.”

“God help thee, daughter, tell me
why
That spirit passed before thine eye!”

“Father, I know not, save it be
That deeds of mine have summoned
her
From the unbreathing sepulchre,
To leave her last rebuke with me.
Ah, woe for me! my mother died
Just at the moment when I stood
Close on the verge of womanhood,
A child in everything beside;
And when my wild heart needed
most
Her gentle counsels, they were lost.

“My father lived a stormy life,
Of frequent change and daily strife;
And,—God forgive him! left his
child
To feel, like him, a freedom wild;
To love the red man’s dwelling-place,
The birch boat on his shaded
floods,
The wild excitement of the chase
Sweeping the ancient woods,
The camp-fire, blazing on the shore
Of the still lakes, the clear stream,
where
The idle fisher sets his wear,
Or angles in the shade, far more
Than that restraining awe I felt
Beneath my gentle mother’s care,
When nightly at her knee I knelt,
With childhood’s simple prayer.

“There came a change. The wild,
glad mood
Of unchecked freedom passed.
Amid the ancient solitude
Of unshorn grass and waving wood,
And waters glancing bright and
fast,
A softened voice was in my ear,
Sweet as those lulling sounds and
fine
The hunter lifts his head to hear,
Now far and faint, now full and
near—
The murmur of the wind-swept
pine.
A manly form was ever nigh,
A bold, free hunter, with an eye

Whose dark, keen glance had power to wake
Both fear and love,—to awe and charm;

'T was as the wizard rattlesnake,
Whose evil glances lure to harm —
Whose cold and small and glittering eye,

And brilliant coil, and changing dye,
Draw, step by step, the gazer near,
With drooping wing and cry of fear,
Yet powerless all to turn away,
A conscious, but a willing prey!

"Fear, doubt, thought, life itself,
erelong
Merged in one feeling deep and strong.

Faded the world which I had known,
A poor vain shadow, cold and waste;

In the warm present bliss alone
Seemed I of actual life to taste.
Fond longings dimly understood,
The glow of passion's quickening blood,

And cherished fantasies which press
The young lip with a dream's caress,—

The heart's forecast and prophecy
Took form and life before my eye,
Seen in the glance which met my own,

Heard in the soft and pleading tone,
Felt in the arms around me cast,
And warm heart-pulses beating fast.
Ah! scarcely yet to God above

With deeper trust, with stronger love
Has prayerful saint his meek heart lent,

Or cloistered nun at twilight bent,
Than I, before a human shrine,
As mortal and as frail as mine,
With heart, and soul, and mind, and form,

Knelt madly to a fellow-worm.

"Full soon, upon that dream of sin,
An awful light came bursting in.

The shrine was cold, at which I knelt,
The idol of that shrine was gone;
A humbled thing of shame and guilt,
Outcast, and spurned and lone,
Wrapt in the shadows of my crime,
With withering heart and burning brain,
And tears that fell like fiery rain,
I passed a fearful time.

"There came a voice—it checked
the tear—
In heart and soul it wrought a change;—

My father's voice was in my ear;
It whispered of revenge!
A new and fiercer feeling swept
All lingering tenderness away;
And tiger passions, which had slept
In childhood's better day,
Unknown, unfelt, arose at length
In all their own demoniac strength.

"A youthful warrior of the wild,
By words deceived, by smiles beguiled,
Of crime the cheated instrument,
Upon our fatal errands went.

Through camp and town and wilderness
He tracked his victim; and, at last,
Just when the tide of hate had passed,
And milder thoughts came warm and fast,
Exulting, at my feet he cast
The bloody token of success.

"O God! with what an awful power
I saw the buried past uprise,
And gather, in a single hour,
Its ghost-like memories!
And then I felt — alas! too late —
That underneath the mask of hate,
That shame and guilt and wrong had thrown
O'er feelings which they might not own,
The heart's wild love had known no change;

And still, that deep and hidden love,
With its first fondness, wept above
The victim of its own revenge!
There lay the fearful scalp, and there
The blood was on its pale brown
hair!

I thought not of the victim's scorn,
I thought not of his baleful guile,
My deadly wrong, my outcast name,
The characters of sin and shame
On heart and forehead drawn;

I only saw that victim's smile,—
The still, green places where we
met,—

The moonlit branches, dewy wet;
I only felt, I only heard
The greeting and the parting word,—
The smile,—the embrace,—the tone,
which made

An Eden of the forest shade.

“ And oh, with what a loathing eye,
With what a deadly hate, and
deep,

I saw that Indian murderer lie
Before me, in his drunken sleep!

What though for me the deed was
done,

And words of mine had sped him on !
Yet when he murmured, as he slept,

The horrors of that deed of blood,
The tide of utter madness swept

O'er brain and bosom, like a flood.
And, father, with this hand of mine—”

“ Ha! what didst thou? ” the Jesuit
cries,

Shuddering, as smitten with sudden
pain,

And shading, with one thin hand,
his eyes,
With the other he makes the holy
sign.

“ — I smote him as I would a worm;—
With heart as steeled, with nerves as
firm :

He never woke again ! ”

“ Woman of sin and blood and shame,
Speak,— I would know that victim's
name.”

“ Father,” she gasped, “ a chieftain,
known
As Saco's Sachem,— MOGG ME-
GONE ! ”

Pale priest! What proud and lofty
dreams,
What keen desires, what cherished
schemes,
What hopes, that time may not recall,
Are darkened by that chieftain's fall !
Was he not pledged, by cross and vow,
To lift the hatchet of his sire,
And, round his own, the Church's foe,
To light the avenging fire ?

Who now the Tarrantine shall wake,
For thine and for the Church's sake ?
Who summon to the scene
Of conquest and unsparing strife,
And vengeance dearer than his life,
The fiery-souled Castine ?

Three backward steps the Jesuit
takes,—

His long, thin frame as ague shakes ;
And loathing hate is in his eye,
As from his lips these words of fear
Fall hoarsely on the maiden's ear,—
“ The soul that sinneth shall surely
die ! ”

She stands, as stands the stricken
deer,

Checked midway in the fearful chase,
When bursts, upon his eye and ear,
The gaunt, gray robber, baying near,

Between him and his hiding-place ;
While still behind, with yell and blow,
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe.

“ Save me, O holy man ! ”—her cry
Fills all the void, as if a tongue,
Unseen, from rib and rafter hung,

Thrilling with mortal agony ;
Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's
knee,

And her eye looks fearfully into his
own ;—

“ Off, woman of sin ! — nay, touch not
me
With those fingers of blood ;— be-
gone ! ”

With a gesture of horror, he spurns
the form
That writhes at his feet like a trodden
worm.

Ever thus the spirit must,
Guilty in the sight of Heaven,
With a keener woe be riven,
For its weak and sinful trust
In the strength of human dust ;
And its anguish thrill afresh,
For each vain reliance given
To the failing arm of flesh.

PART III.

AH, weary Priest ! — with pale hands
pressed

On thy throbbing brow of pain,
Baffled in thy life-long quest,
Overworn with toiling vain,

How ill thy troubled musings fit
The holy quiet of a breast

With the Dove of Peace at rest,
Sweetly brooding over it.

Thoughts are thine which have no part
With the meek and pure of heart,
Undisturbed by outward things,
Resting in the heavenly shade,
By the overspreading wings

Of the Blessed Spirit made.

Thoughts of strife and hate and wrong
Sweep thy heated brain along,—
Fading hopes, for whose success

It were sin to breathe a prayer ; —
Schemes which Heaven may never
bless,—

Fears which darken to despair.

Hoary priest ! thy dream is done
Of a hundred red tribes won

To the pale of Holy Church ;
And the heretic o'erthrown,
And his name no longer known,
And thy weary brethren turning,
Joyful from their years of mourning,
'Twixt the altar and the porch.

Hark ! what sudden sound is heard
In the wood and in the sky,
Shriller than the scream of bird,—

Than the trumpet's clang more high !
Every wolf-cave of the hills,—
Forest arch and mountain gorge,
Rock and dell, and river verge,—
With an answering echo thrills.

Well does the Jesuit know that cry,
Which summons the Norridgewock to
die,
And tells that the foe of his flock is
nigh.

He listens, and hears the rangers come,
With loud hurrah, and jar of drum,
And hurrying feet (for the chase is
hot),

And the short, sharp sound of rifle
shot,

And taunt and menace,—answered
well

By the Indians' mocking cry and
yell,—

The bark of dogs,—the squaw's mad
scream,—

The dash of paddles along the
stream,—

The whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves
Of the maples around the church's
eaves,—

And the gride of hatchets, fiercely
thrown,

On wigwam-log and tree and stone.
Black with the grime of paint and dust,

Spotted and streaked with human
gore,

A grim and naked head is thrust
Within the chapel-door.

“ Ha — Bomazeen ! — In God's name
say,
What mean these sounds of bloody
fray ? ”

Silent, the Indian points his hand
To where across the echoing glen
Sweep Harmon's dreaded ranger-band,
And Moulton with his men.

“ Where are thy warriors, Bomazeen ?
Where are De Rouville and Castine,
And where the braves of Sawga's
queen ? ”

“ Let my father find the winter snow
Which the sun drank up long moons
ago ! ”

Under the falls of Taconock,
The wolves are eating the Norridge-
wock;

Castine with his wives lies closely
hid

Like a fox in the woods of Pemaquid!
On Sawga's banks the man of war
Sits in his wigwam like a squaw,—
Squando has fled, and Mogg Megone,
Struck by the knife of Sagamore John,
Lies stiff and stark and cold as a stone."

Fearfully over the Jesuit's face,
Of a thousand thoughts, trace after
trace,
Like swift cloud-shadows, each other
chase.

One instant, his fingers grasp his knife,
For a last vain struggle for cherished
life,—

The next, he hurls the blade away,
And kneels at his altar's foot to pray;
Over his beads his fingers stray,
And he kisses the cross, and calls aloud
On the Virgin and her Son;
For terrible thoughts his memory
crowd

Of evil seen and done,—

Of scalps brought home by his savage
flock

From Casco and Sawga and Sagada-
hock,

In the Church's service won.

No shrift the gloomy savage brooks,
As scowling on the priest he looks:
"Cowesass—cowesass—tawwhich wes-
saseen?

Let my father look upon Bomazeen,—
My father's heart is the heart of a
squaw,
But mine is so hard that it does not
thaw:

Let my father ask his God to make
A dance and a feast for a great sag-
amore,
When he paddles across the western
lake,
With his dogs and his squaws to the
spirit's shore.

Cowesass—cowesass—tawwhich wes-
saseen?

Let my father die like Bomazeen!"

Through the chapel's narrow doors,
And through each window in the
walls,
Round the priest and warrior pours
The deadly shower of English
balls.

Low on his cross the Jesuit falls;
While at his side the Norridgewock,
With failing breath, essays to mock
And menace yet the hated foe,—
Shakes his scalp-trophies to and fro
Exultingly before their eyes,—
Till, cleft and torn by shot and blow,
Defiant still, he dies.

"So fare all eaters of the frog!
Death to the Babylonish dog!

Down with the beast of Rome!"
With shouts like these, around the
dead,

Unconscious on his bloody bed,
The rangers crowding come.

Brave men! the dead priest cannot
hear

The unfeeling taunt,—the brutal
jeer;

Spurn—for he sees ye not—in
wrath,

The symbol of your Saviour's death;
Tear from his death-grasp, in your
zeal,

And trample, as a thing accursed,
The cross he cherished in the dust:
The dead man cannot feel!

Brutal alike in deed and word,
With callous heart and hand of
strife,

How like a fiend may man be made,
Plying the foul and monstrous trade

Whose harvest-field is human life,
Whose sickle is the reeking sword!
Quenching, with reckless hand in
blood,

Sparks kindled by the breath of
God;

Urging the deathless soul, unshiven,
Of open guilt or secret sin,
Before the bar of that pure Heaven
The holy only enter in!
O, by the widow's sore distress,
The orphan's wailing wretchedness,
By Virtue struggling in the accursed
Embraces of polluting Lust,
By the fell discord of the Pit,
And the pained souls that people it,
And by the blessed peace which fills
The Paradise of God forever,
Resting on all its holy hills,
And flowing with its crystal
river,—

Let Christian hands no longer bear
In triumph on his crimson car
The foul and idol god of war;
No more the purple wreaths prepare
To bind amid his snaky hair;
Nor Christian bards his glories tell,
Nor Christian tongues his praises
swell.

Through the gun-smoke wreathing
white,
Glimpses on the soldiers' sight
A thing of human shape I ween,
For a moment only seen,
With its loose hair backward stream-
ing,
And its eyeballs madly gleaming,
Shrieking, like a soul in pain,
From the world of light and
breath,
Hurrying to its place again,
Spectre-like it vanisheth!

Wretched girl! one eye alone
Notes the way which thou hast gone.
That great Eye, which slumbers
never,
Watching o'er a lost world ever,
Tracks thee over vale and mountain,
By the gushing forest-fountain,
Plucking from the vine its fruit,
Searching for the ground-nut's root,
Peering in the she-wolf's den,
Wading through the marshy fen,
Where the sluggish water-snake

Basks beside the sunny brake,
Coiling in his slimy bed,
Smooth and cold against thy tread,—
Purposeless, thy mazy way
Threading through the lingering
day.
And at night securely sleeping
Where the dogwood's dews are weep-
ing!
Still, though earth and man discard
thee,
Doth thy Heavenly Father guard
thee:
He who spared the guilty Cain,
Even when a brother's blood,
Crying in the ear of God,—
Gave the earth its primal stain,—
He whose mercy ever liveth,
Who repenting guilt forgiveth,
And the broken heart receiveth,—
Wanderer of the wilderness,
Haunted, guilty, crazed, and wild,
He regardeth thy distress,
And careth for his sinful child!

'T is spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead
leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
In kindly shower and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered
nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks;
The southwest wind is warmly
blowing,
And odors from the springing grass,
The pine-tree and the sassafras,
Are with it on its errands going.

A band is marching through the
wood
Where rolls the Kennebec his
flood,—
The warriors of the wilderness,
Painted, and in their battle dress;

And with them one whose bearded cheek,
And white and wrinkled brow, bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of France.

A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered morion flow,
And from the rivets of the vest
Which girds in steel his ample breast,

The slanted sunbeams glance.

In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace ;
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,

No signs of weary age are there.

His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent

The lordly frame of old Castine.

No purpose now of strife and blood
Urges the hoary veteran on :

The fire of conquest, and the mood
Of chivalry have gone.

A mournful task is his,— to lay
Within the earth the bones of those

Who perished in that fearful day,
When Norridgewock became the prey

Of all unsparing foes.

Sadly and still, dark thoughts between,
Of coming vengeance mused Castine,

Of the fallen chieftain Bomazeen,
Who bade for him the Norridgewocks,

Dig up their buried tomahawks

For firm defence or swift attack ;
And him whose friendship formed the tie
Which held the stern self-exile back

From lapsing into savagery ;
Whose garb and tone and kindly glance

Recalled a younger, happier day,
And prompted memory's fond essay,

To bridge the mighty waste which lay
Between his wild home and that gray,

Tall chateau of his native France,
Whose chapel bell, with far-heard din

Ushered his birth-hour gayly in,
And counted with its solemn toll
The masses for his father's soul.

Hark ! from the foremost of the band

Suddenly bursts the Indian yell ;
For now on the very spot they stand
Where the Norridgewocks fighting fell.

No wigwam smoke is curling there ;
The very earth is scorched and bare :

And they pause and listen to catch a sound

Of breathing life,— but there comes not one,

Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound ;

But here and there, on the blackened ground,

White bones are glistening in the sun.

And where the house of prayer arose,

And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,

And the aged priest stood up to bless

The children of the wilderness,
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank ;

And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,

Tethered to tree and stump and rock,

Rotting along the river bank !

Blessed Mary ! who is she
Leaning against that maple-tree ?

The sun upon her face burns hot,
But the fixed eyelid moveth not ;
The squirrel's chirp is shrill and
clear
From the dry bough above her ear ;
Dashing from rock and root its
spray,
Close at her feet the river rushes ;
The blackbird's wing against her
brushes,
And sweetly through the hazel-
bushes
The robin's mellow music gushes ;—
God save her ! will she sleep alway ?

Castine hath bent him over the
sleeper :
“ Wake, daughter,—wake ! ”—but
she stirs no limb :
The eye that looks on him is fixed
and dim ;
And the sleep she is sleeping shall be
no deeper,
Until the angel's oath is said,
And the final blast of the trump goes
forth
To the graves of the sea and the
graves of earth.
RUTH BONYTHON IS DEAD !

THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK, 1848.

WE had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country.
We had seen
The sunset, with its bars of purple
cloud,
Like a new heaven, shine upward from
the lake
Of Winnepiseogee ; and had felt
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy
isles
Which stoop their summer beauty to
the lips
Of the bright waters. We had checked
our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the moun-
tain wall
Is piled to heaven ; and, through the
narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose
rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual
roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the
wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting
moan
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the
summer sky,

Tasselled with clouds light-woven by
the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abut-
ting crags
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the
land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We
had passed
The high source of the Saco ; and be-
wildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal
Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in
the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding ; and atop
Of old Agioochook had seen the moun-
tains
Piled to the northward, shagged with
wood, and thick
As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea of
Casco,
A white gleam on the horizon of the
east ;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods
and hills ;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and
Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun !

And we had rested underneath the oaks
 Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are shaken
 By the perpetual beating of the falls
 Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked
 The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
 By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
 Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
 From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
 Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
 Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,
 Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams
 At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
 The Merrimack by Uncanoonuc's falls.
 There were five souls of us whom travel's chance
 Had thrown together in these wild north hills:—
 A city lawyer, for a month escaping
 From his dull office, where the weary eye
 Saw only hot brick walls and close thronged streets,—
 Briefless as yet, but with an eye to see
 Life's sunniest side, and with a heart to take
 Its chances all as godsends; and his brother,
 Pale from long pulpit studies, yet retaining
 The warmth and freshness of a genial heart,
 Whose mirror of the beautiful and true,
 In Man and Nature, was as yet undimmed
 By dust of theologic strife, or breath
 Of sect, or cobwebs of scholastic lore;
 Like a clear crystal calm of water, taking
 The hue and image of o'erleaning flowers,

Sweet human faces, white clouds of the noon,
 Slant starlight glimpses through the dewy leaves,
 And tenderest moonrise. 'T was, in truth, a study,
 To mark his spirit, alternating between A decent and professional gravity
 And an irreverent mirthfulness, which often
 Laughed in the face of his divinity,
 Plucked off the sacred ephod, quite unshrined
 The oracle, and for the pattern priest Left us the man. A shrewd, sagacious merchant,
 To whom the soiled sheet found in Crawford's inn,
 Giving the latest news of city stocks And sales of cotton, had a deeper meaning
 Than the great presence of the awful mountains
 Glorified by the sunset;— and his daughter
 A delicate flower on whom had blown too long
 Those evil winds, which, sweeping from the ice
 And winnowing the fogs of Labrador,
 Shed their cold blight round Massachusetts Bay,
 With the same breath which stirs Spring's opening leaves
 And lifts her half-formed flower-bell on its stem,
 Poisoning our seaside atmosphere.

It chanced

That as we turned upon our homeward way,
 A drear northeastern storm came howling up
 The valley of the Saco; and that girl
 Who had stood with us upon Mount Washington,
 Her brown locks ruffled by the wind which whirled
 In gusts around its sharp cold pinnacle,

Who had joined our gay trout-fishing
in the streams
Which lave that giant's feet; whose
laugh was heard
Like a bird's carol on the sunrise
breeze
Which swelled our sail amidst the
lake's green islands,
Shrank from its harsh, chill breath,
and visibly drooped
Like a flower in the frost. So, in that
quiet inn
Which looks from Conway on the
mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the
north,
Like summer thunder-clouds, we made
our home:
And while the mist hung over dripping
hills,
And the cold wind-driven rain-drops
all day long
Beat their sad music upon roof and
pane,
We strove to cheer our gentle invalid.

The lawyer in the pauses of the storm
Went angling down the Saco, and,
returning,
Recounted his adventures and mis-
haps;
Gave us the history of his scaly clients,
Mingling with ludicrous yet apt cita-
tions
Of barbarous law Latin, passages
From Izaak Walton's Angler, sweet
and fresh
As the flower-skirted streams of Staf-
fordshire,
Where, under aged trees, the south-
west wind
Of soft June mornings fanned the thin,
white hair
Of the sage fisher. And, if truth be
told,
Our youthful candidate forsook his
sermons,
His commentaries, articles and creeds,
For the fair page of human loveli-
ness,—

The missal of young hearts, whose
sacred text,
Is music, its illumining sweet smiles.
He sang the songs she loved; and in
his low,
Deep, earnest voice, recited many a
page
Of poetry,—the holiest, tenderest
lines
Of the sad bard of Olney,—the sweet
songs,
Simple and beautiful as Truth and
Nature,
Of him whose whitened locks on
Rydal Mount
Are lifted yet by morning breezes
blowing
From the green hills, immortal in his
lays.
And for myself, obedient to her wish,
I searched our landlord's proffered
library,—
A well-thumbed Bunyan, with its
nice wood pictures
Of scaly fiends and angels not unlike
them,—
Watts' unmelodious psalms,—Astrol-
ogy's
Last home, a musty pile of almanacs,
And an old chronicle of border wars
And Indian history. And, as I read
A story of the marriage of the Chief
Of Saugus to the dusky Weetamoo,
Daughter of Passaconaway, who dwelt
In the old time upon the Merrimack,
Our fair one, in the playful exercise
Of her prerogative,—the right di-
vine
Of youth and beauty,—bade us
versify
The legend, and with ready pencil
sketched
Its plan and outlines, laughingly as-
signing
To each his part, and barring our
excuses
With absolute will. So, like the
cavaliers
Whose voices still are heard in the
Romance

Of silver-tongued Boccaccio, on the banks
 Of Arno, with soft tales of love beguiling
 The ear of languid beauty, plague-exiled
 From stately Florence, we rehearsed our rhymes
 To their fair auditor, and shared by turns
 Her kind approval and her playful censure.
 It may be that these fragments owe alone
 To the fair setting of their circumstances,—
 The associations of time, scene, and audience,—
 Their place amid the pictures which fill up
 The chambers of my memory. Yet I trust
 That some, who sigh, while wandering in thought,
 Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world,
 That our broad land,—our sea-like lakes and mountains
 Piled to the clouds,—our rivers overhung
 By forests which have known no other change
 For ages, than the budding and the fall
 Of leaves,—our valleys lovelier than those
 Which the old poets sang of,—should but figure
 On the apocryphal chart of speculation
 As pastures, wood-lots, mill-sites, with the privileges,
 Rights, and appurtenances, which make up
 A Yankee Paradise,—unsung, unknown,
 To beautiful tradition; even their names,
 Whose melody yet lingers like the last

Vibration of the red man's requiem,
 Exchanged for syllables significant
 Of cotton-mill and rail-car, will look kindly
 Upon this effort to call up the ghost
 Of our dim Past, and listen with pleased ear
 To the responses of the questioned Shade.

I. THE MERRIMACK.

O CHILD of that white-crested mountain whose springs
 Gush forth in the shade of the cliff-eagle's wings,
 Down whose slopes to the lowlands thy wild waters shine,
 Leaping gray walls of rock, flashing through the dwarf pine.

From that cloud-curtained cradle so cold and so lone,
 From the arms of that wintry-locked mother of stone,
 By hills hung with forests, through vales wide and free,
 The mountain-born brightness glanced down to the sea!

No bridge arched thy water save that where the trees
 Stretched their long arms above thee and kissed in the breeze:
 No sound save the lapse of the waves on thy shores,
 The plunging of otters, the light dip of oars.

Green-tufted, oak-shaded, by Amoskeag's fall
 Thy twin Uncanoonucs rose stately and tall,
 Thy Nashua meadows lay green and unshorn,
 And the hills of Pentucket were tasseled with corn.

But thy Pennacook valley was fairer
than these,
And greener its grasses and taller its
trees,
Ere the sound of an axe in the forest
had rung,
Or the mower his scythe in the mead-
ows had swung.

In their sheltered repose looking out
from the wood
The bark-built wigwams of Penna-
cook stood;
There glided the corn-dance, the
council-fire shone,
And against the red war-post the
hatchet was thrown.

There the old smoked in silence their
pipes, and the young
To the pike and the white-perch their
baited lines flung;
There the boy shaped his arrows, and
there the shy maid
Wove her many-hued baskets and
bright wampum braid.

O Stream of the Mountains! if answer
of thine
Could rise from thy waters to question
of mine,
Methinks through the din of thy
thronged banks a moan
Of sorrow would swell for the days
which have gone.

Not for thee the dull jar of the loom
and the wheel,
The gliding of shuttles, the ringing of
steel;
But that old voice of waters, of bird
and of breeze,
The dip of the wild-fowl, the rustling
of trees!

II. THE BASHABA.

LIFT we the twilight curtains of the
Past,
And, turning from familiar sight and
sound,

Sadly and full of reverence let us
cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy
ground,
Led by the few pale lights which,
glimmering round
That dim, strange land of Eld,
seem dying fast;
And that which history gives not to
the eye,
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped
brush supply.

Roof of bark and walls of pine,
Through whose chinks the sunbeams
shine,
Tracing many a golden line
On the ample floor within;
Where upon that earth-floor stark,
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,
And the red-deer's skin.

Window-tracery, small and slight,
Woven of the willow white,
Lent a dimly checkered light,
And the night-stars glimmered
down,
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,
Slowly through an opening broke,
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,
Sheathed with hemlock brown.

Gloomed behind the changeless shade,
By the solemn pine-wood made;
Through the rugged palisade,
In the open foreground planted,
Glimpses came of rowers rowing,
Stir of leaves and wild-flowers blow-
ing,
Steel-like gleams of water flowing,
In the sunlight slanted.

Here the mighty Bashaba,
Held his long-unquestioned sway,
From the White Hills, far away,
To the great sea's sounding shore;
Chief of chiefs, his regal word
All the river Sachems heard,

At his call the war-dance stirred,
Or was still once more.

There his spoils of chase and war,
Jaw of wolf and black bear's paw,
Panther's skin and eagle's claw,
Lay beside his axe and bow;
And, adown the roof-pole hung,
Loosely on a snake-skin strung,
In the smoke his scalp-locks swung
Grimly to and fro.

Nightly down the river going,
Swifter was the hunter's rowing,
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
O'er the waters still and red;
And the squaw's dark eye burned
brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As, with quicker step and lighter,
From that door she fled.

For that chief had magic skill,
And a Panisee's dark will,
Over powers of good and ill,
Powers which bless and powers
which ban,—
Wizard lord of Pennacook,
Chiefs upon their war-path shook,
When they met the steady look
Of that wise dark man.

Tales of him the gray squaw told,
When the winter night-wind cold
Pierced her blanket's thickest fold,
And the fire burned low and small,
Till the very child abed,
Drew its bear-skin over head,
Shrinking from the pale lights shed
On the trembling wall.

All the subtle spirits hiding
Under earth or wave, abiding
In the caverned rock, or riding
Misty clouds or morning breeze;
Every dark intelligence,
Secret soul, and influence
Of all things which outward sense
Feels, or hears, or sees,—

These the wizard's skill confessed,
At his bidding banned or blessed,
Stormful woke or lulled to rest

Wind and cloud, and fire and flood;
Burned for him the drifted snow,
Bade through ice fresh lilies blow,
And the leaves of summer grow
Over winter's wood!

Not untrue that tale of old!
Now, as then, the wise and bold
All the powers of Nature hold
Subject to their kingly will;
From the wandering crowds ashore,
Treading life's wild waters o'er,
As upon a marble floor,
Moves the strong man still.

Still, to such, life's elements
With their sterner laws dispense,
And the chain of consequence
Broken in their pathway lies;
Time and change their vassals making,
Flowers from icy pillows waking,
Tresses of the sunrise shaking
Over midnight skies.

Still, to earnest souls, the sun
Rests on towered Gibeon,
And the moon of Ajalon
Lights the battle-fields of life;
To his aid the strong reverses
Hidden powers and giant forces,
And the high stars, in their courses,
Mingle in his strife!

III. THE DAUGHTER.

THE soot-black brows of men,—the yell
Of women thronging round the bed,—
The tinkling charm of ring and shell,—
The Powah whispering o'er the dead!—
All these the Sachem's home had known,

When, on her journey long and wild
To the dim World of Souls, alone,
In her young beauty passed the mother of his child.

Three bow-shots from the Sachem's dwelling

They laid her in the walnut shade,
Where a green hillock gently swelling

Her fitting mound of burial made.
There trailed the vine in summer hours,

The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell,—

On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,

Woven with leaf and spray, the softened sunshine fell!

The Indian's heart is hard and cold,—

It closes darkly o'er its care,
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,

Is slow to feel, and strong to bear.
The war-paint on the Sachem's face,

Unwet with tears, shone fierce and red,

And, still in battle or in chase,
Dry leaf and snow-rime crisped beneath his foremost tread.

Yet when her name was heard no more,

And when the robe her mother gave,

And small, light moccasin she wore,
Had slowly wasted on her grave,

Unmarked of him the dark maids sped

Their sunset dance and moonlit play;

No other shared his lonely bed,
No other fair young head upon his bosom lay.

A lone, stern man. Yet, as sometimes

The tempest-smitten tree receives
From one small root the sap which climbs

Its topmost spray and crowning leaves,

So from his child the Sachem drew
A life of Love and Hope, and felt
His cold and rugged nature through
The softness and the warmth of her young being melt.

A laugh which in the woodland rang
Bemocking April's gladdest bird,—

A light and graceful form which sprang

To meet him when his step was heard,—

Eyes by his lodge-fire flashing dark,
Small fingers stringing bead and shell

Or weaving mats of bright-hued bark,—

With these the household-god had graced his wigwam well.

Child of the forest!—strong and free,

Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,

She swam the lake or climbed the tree,

Or struck the flying bird in air.
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's moon

Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way;

And dazzling in the summer noon
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of spray!

Unknown to her the rigid rule,
The dull restraint, the chiding frown,

The weary torture of the school,
The taming of wild nature down.

Her only lore, the legends told
Around the hunter's fire at night;
Stars rose and set, and seasons rolled,

Flowers bloomed and snow-flakes fell,
unquestioned in her sight.

Unknown to her the subtle skill
With which the artist-eye can
trace
In rock and tree and lake and hill
The outlines of divinest grace;
Unknown the fine soul's keen unrest,
Which sees, admires, yet yearns
alway;
Too closely on her mother's breast
To note her smiles of love the child
of Nature lay!

It is enough for such to be
Of common, natural things a part,
To feel, with bird and stream and tree,
The pulses of the same great heart;
But we, from Nature long exiled
In our cold homes of Art and
Thought,
Grieve like the stranger-tended
child,
Which seeks its mother's arms, and
sees but feels them not.

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air,
To cloud the light of Fashion's room
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair;
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew
The sweetbrier on the hillside
shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue,
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a
sister rose!

Thus o'er the heart of Weetamoo
Their mingling shades of joy and
ill
The instincts of her nature threw,—
The savage was a woman still.
Midst outlines dim of maiden
schemes,
Heart-colored prophecies of life,
Rose on the ground of her young
dreams
The light of a new home,—the lover
and the wife.

IV. THE WEDDING.

COOL and dark fell the autumn night,
But the Bashaba's wigwam glowed
with light,
For down from its roof by green
withes hung
Flaring and smoking the pine-knots
swung.

And along the river great wood-fires
Shot into the night their long red
spires,
Showing behind the tall, dark wood,
Flashing before on the sweeping flood.

In the changeful wind, with shimmer
and shade,
Now high, now low, that firelight
played,
On tree-leaves wet with evening dews,
On gliding water and still canoes.

The trapper that night on Turee's
brook,
And the weary fisher on Contoocook,
Saw over the marshes and through
the pine,
And down on the river the dance-
lights shine.

For the Saugus Sachem had come to
woo
The Bashaba's daughter Weetamoo,
And laid at her father's feet that night
His softest furs and wampum white.

From the Crystal Hills to the far
southeast
The river Sagamores came to the feast;
And chiefs whose homes the sea-winds
shook,
Sat down on the mats of Pennacook.

They came from Sunapee's shore of
rock,
From the snowy sources of Snooga-
nock,

And from rough Coös whose thick
woods shake
Their pine-cones in Umbagog Lake.

From Ammonoosuc's mountain pass,
Wild as his home, came Chepewass ;
And the Keenomps of the hills which
throw

Their shade on the Smile of Manito.

With pipes of peace and bows
unstrung,
Glowing with paint came old and
young,
In wampum and furs and feathers
arrayed
To the dance and feast the Bashaba
made.

Bird of the air and beast of the field,
All which the woods and waters
yield,
On dishes of birch and hemlock
piled,
Garnished and graced that banquet
wild.

Steaks of the brown bear fat and large
From the rocky slopes of the Kear-
sarge ;
Delicate trout from Babboosuck brook,
And salmon speared in the Contoo-
cook ;

Squirrels which fed where nuts fell
thick
In the gravelly bed of the Otternic,
And small wild-hens in reed-snares
caught
From the banks of Sondagardee
brought ;

Pike and perch from the Suncook
taken,
Nuts from the trees of the Black Hills
shaken,
Cranberries picked in the Squamscot
bog,
And grapes from the vines of Piscata-
quog :

And, drawn from that great stone vase
which stands
In the river scooped by a spirit's hands,
Garnished with spoons of shell and
horn,
Stood the birchen dishes of smoking
corn.

Thus bird of the air and beast of the
field,
All which the woods and the waters
yield,
Furnished in that olden day
The bridal feast of the Bashaba.

And merrily when that feast was done
On the fire-lit green the dance begun,
With squaws' shrill stave, and deeper
hum
Of old men beating the Indian drum.

Painted and plumed, with scalp-locks
flowing,
And red arms tossing and black eyes
glowing,
Now in the light and now in the shade
Around the fires the dancers played.

The step was quicker, the song more
shrill,
And the beat of the small drums
louder still
Whenever within the circle drew
The Saugus Sachem and Weetamoo.

The moons of forty winters had shed
Their snow upon that chieftain's head,
And toil and care, and battle's chance
Had seamed his hard dark coun-
tenance.

A fawn beside the bison grim,—
Why turns the bride's fond eye on him,
In whose cold look is naught beside
The triumph of a sullen pride?

Ask why the graceful grape entwines
The rough oak with her arm of vines ;
And why the gray rock's rugged cheek
The soft lips of the mosses seek :

Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems
To harmonize her wide extremes,
Linking the stronger with the weak,
The haughty with the soft and meek!

V. THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked
with firs,
Roughening the bleak horizon's
northern edge,
Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black
hemlock spurs
And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-
swept ledge
Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bris-
tling rose,
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk
down upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes
stretched away,
Dull, dreary flats without a bush or
tree,
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where
twice a day
Gurgled the waters of the moon-
struck sea ;
And faint with distance came the
stifled roar,
The melancholy lapse of waves on
that low shore.

No cheerful village with its mingling
smokes,
No laugh of children wrestling in
the snow,
No camp-fire blazing through the hill-
side oaks,
No fishers kneeling on the ice be-
low ;
Yet midst all desolate things of sound
and view,
Through the long winter moons smiled
dark-eyed Weetamoo.

Her heart had found a home; and
freshly all
Its beautiful affections overgrew

Their rugged prop. As o'er some
granite wall
Soft vine-leaves open to the mois-
tening dew
And warm bright sun, the love of
that young wife
Found on a hard cold breast the dew
and warmth of life.

The steep bleak hills, the melancholy
shore,
The long dead level of the marsh
between,
A coloring of unreal beauty wore
Through the soft golden mist of
young love seen.
For o'er those hills and from that
dreary plain,
Nightly she welcomed home her hun-
ter chief again.

No warmth of heart, no passionate
burst of feeling
Repaid her welcoming smile and
parting kiss,
No fond and playful dalliance half
concealing,
Under the guise of mirth, its ten-
derness ;
But, in their stead, the warrior's
settled pride,
And vanity's pleased smile with hom-
age satisfied.

Enough for Weetamoo, that she alone
Sat on his mat and slumbered at his
side ;
That he whose fame to her young ear
had flown
Now looked upon her proudly as
his bride ;
That he whose name the Mohawk
trembling heard
Vouchsafed to her at times a kindly
look or word.

For she had learned the maxims of
her race,
Which teach the woman to become
a slave

And feel herself the pardonless disgrace
Of love's fond weakness in the wise and brave,—
The scandal and the shame which they incur,
Who give to woman all which man requires of her.

So passed the winter moons. The sun at last
Broke link by link the frost chain of the rills,
And the warm breathings of the southwest passed
Over the hoar rime of the Saugus hills;
The gray and desolate marsh grew green once more,
And the birch-tree's tremulous shade fell round the Sachem's door.

Then from far Pennacook swift runners came,
With gift and greeting for the Saugus chief;
Beseeching him in the great Sachem's name,
That, with the coming of the flower and leaf,
The song of birds, the warm breeze and the rain,
Young Weetamoo might greet her lonely sire again.

And Winnepurkit called his chiefs together,
And a grave council in his wigwam met,
Solemn and brief in words, considering whether
The rigid rules of forest etiquette permitted Weetamoo once more to look
Upon her father's face and green-banked Pennacook.

With interludes of pipe-smoke and strong water,

The forest sages pondered, and at length,
Concluded in a body to escort her Up to her father's home of pride and strength,
Impressing thus on Pennacook a sense
Of Winnepurkit's power and regal consequence.

So through old woods which Aukeetamit's hand,
A soft and many-shaded greenness lent,
Over high breezy hills, and meadow land
Yellow with flowers, the wild procession went,
Till, rolling down its wooded banks between,
A broad, clear mountain stream, the Merrimack was seen.

The hunter leaning on his bow un-drawn,
The fisher lounging on the pebbled shores,
Squaws in the clearing dropping the seed-corn,
Young children peering through the wigwam doors,
Saw with delight, surrounded by her train
Of painted Saugus braves, their Weetamoo again.

VI. AT PENNACOOK.

THE hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank:

Midst the cold dreary sea-watch,
Home's hearth-light

Shines round the helmsman plunging
through the night;
And still, with inward eye, the trav-
eller sees
In close, dark, stranger streets his na-
tive trees.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is
nightly fanned
By breezes whispering of his native
land,
And on the stranger's dim and dying
eye
The soft, sweet pictures of his child-
hood lie.

Joy then for Weetamoo, to sit once
more
A child upon her father's wigwam
floor!
Once more with her old fondness to
beguile
From his cold eye the strange light
of a smile.

The long bright days of summer
swiftly passed,
The dry leaves whirled in autumn's
rising blast,
And evening cloud and whitening
sunrise rime
Told of the coming of the winter-
time.

But vainly looked, the while, young
Weetamoo,
Down the dark river for her chief's
canoe;
No dusky messenger from Saugus
brought
The grateful tidings which the young
wife sought.

At length a runner from her father
sent,
To Winnepurkit's sea-cooled wigwam
went:
"Eagle of Saugus,—in the woods the
dove

Mourns for the shelter of thy wings of
love."

But the dark chieftain of Saugus turned
aside
In the grim anger of hard-hearted
pride;
"I bore her as became a chieftain's
daughter,
Up to her home beside the gliding
water.

"If now no more a mat for her is
found
Of all which line her father's wigwam
round,
Let Pennacook call out his warrior
train,
And send her back with wampum gifts
again."

The baffled runner turned upon his
track,
Bearing the words of Winnepurkit
back.
"Dog of the Marsh," cried Penna-
cock, "no more
Shall child of mine sit on his wigwam
floor.

"Go,—let him seek some meaner
squaw to spread
The stolen bear-skin of his beggar's
bed:
Son of a fish-hawk!—let him dig his
clams
For some vile daughter of the Aga-
wams,

"Or coward Nipmucks!—may his
scalp dry black
In Mohawk smoke, before I send her
back."

He shook his clenched hand towards
the ocean wave,
While hoarse assent his listening coun-
cil gave.

Alas, poor bride!—can thy grim sire
impart

His iron hardness to thy woman's heart?

Or cold self-torturing pride like his atone

For love denied and life's warm beauty flown?

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave the snow

Hung its white wreaths; with stifled voice and low

The river crept, by one vast bridge o'ercrossed,

Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a Moon in beauty newly born

Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,

Or, from the east, across her azure field Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

Yet Winnepurkit came not,—on the mat

Of the scorned wife her dusky rival sat;

And he, the while, in Western woods afar,

Urged the long chase, or trod the path of war.

Dry up thy tears, young daughter of a chief!

Waste not on him the sacredness of grief;

Be the fierce spirit of thy sire thine own,

His lips of scorning, and his heart of stone.

What heeds the warrior of a hundred fights,

The storm-worn watcher through long hunting nights,

Cold, crafty, proud of woman's weak distress,

Her home-bound grief and pining loneliness?

VII. THE DEPARTURE.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast and long

The snowy mountains of the North among,

Making each vale a watercourse,— each hill

Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,

Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,

The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimack

Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

On that strong turbid water, a small boat

Guided by one weak hand was seen to float;

Evil the fate which loosed it from the shore,

Too early voyager with too frail an oar!

Down the vexed centre of that rushing tide,

The thick huge ice-blocks threatening either side,

The foam-white rocks of Amoskeag in view,

With arrowy swiftness sped that light canoe.

The trapper, moistening his moose's meat

On the wet bank by Uncanoonuc's feet,

Saw the swift boat flash down the troubled stream—

Slept he, or waked he?—was it truth or dream?

The straining eye bent fearfully before, The small hand clutching on the useless oar,

The bead-wrought blanket trailing o'er
the water—
He knew them all—woe for the Sa-
chem's daughter.

Sick and aweary of her lonely life,
Heedless of peril the still faithful wife
Had left her mother's grave, her fa-
ther's door,
To seek the wigwam of her chief once
more.

Down the white rapids like a sere leaf
whirled,
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices
hurled,
Empty and broken, circled the canoe
In the vexed pool below—but, where
was Weetamoo?

VIII. SONG OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE Dark eye has left us,
The Spring-bird has flown;
On the pathway of spirits
She wanders alone.
The song of the wood-dove has died
on our shore,—
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We hear
it no more!

O, dark water Spirit !
We cast on thy wave
These furs which may never
Hang over her grave;
Bear down to the lost one the robes
that she wore,—
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see
her no more!

Of the strange land she walks in
No Powah has told :

It may burn with the sunshine,
Or freeze with the cold.
Let us give to our lost one the robes
that she wore,
Mat wonck kunna monee!—We see
her no more !

The path she is treading
Shall soon be our own ;
Each gliding in shadow
Unseen and alone!—
In vain shall we call on the souls gone
before,—
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—They
hear us no more !

O mighty Sowanna!
Thy gateways unfold,
From thy wigwam of sunset
Lift curtains of gold!
Take home the poor Spirit whose jour-
ney is o'er,—
Mat wonck kunna-monee!—We see
her no more !

So sang the Children of the Leaves
beside
The broad, dark river's coldly-flowing
tide,
Now low, now harsh, with sob-like
pause and swell,
On the high wind their voices rose and
fell.
Nature's wild music,—sounds of wind-
swept trees,
The scream of birds, the wailing of the
breeze,
The roar of waters, steady, deep, and
strong,—
Mingled and murmured in that fare-
well song.

LEGENDARY, 1846.

THE MERRIMACK.

[“The Indians speak of a beautiful river, far to the south, which they call Merrimack.”—*SIEUR DE MONTS: 1604.*]

STREAM of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long de-
file,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them
smile.

I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There’s not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a
sail

Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury’s beach of shining
sand,

And yonder island’s wave-smoothed
strand,
Saw the adventurer’s tiny sail
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;
And o’er these woods and waters
broke

The cheer from Britain’s hearts of
oak,
As brightly on the voyager’s eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood,

The Merrimack rolled down his
flood;

Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
Which channels vast Agioochook
When spring-time’s sun and shower
unlock

The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, “The Smile of
Heaven,”

Tributes from vale and mountain-
side,—

With ocean’s dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England’s battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George’s crimson cross un-
rolled,

Midst roll of drum and trumpet
blare,

And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;
Of her, the flower of Islam’s daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul’s
waters,—

Who, when the chance of war had
bound

The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o’er with silk that iron
chain,

Soothed with her smiles his hours of
pain,

And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look!—the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant
shore;

And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.

From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in ;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil !

Home of my fathers! — I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood :

Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade ;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak ;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine ;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;
Yet, whereso'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to

Thee !

Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore ;
And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of his lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before him pass ;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view.
Remembered groves in greenness
grew,
Bathed still in childhood's morning
dew,
Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long had
slept ;
And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown, —
A phantom and a dream alone !

THE NORSEMEN.

GIFT from the cold and silent Past !
A relic to the present cast ;
Left on the ever-changing strand
Of shifting and unstable sand,
Which wastes beneath the steady chime

And beating of the waves of Time !
Who from its bed of primal rock
First wrenched thy dark, unshapely block ?

Whose hand, of curious skill untaught,
Thy rude and savage outline wrought ?

The waters of my native stream
Are glancing in the sun's warm beam :
From sail-urged keel and flashing oar
The circles widen to its shore ;
And cultured field and peopled town
Slope to its willowed margin down.
Yet, while this morning breeze is
bringing

The home-life sound of school-bells
ringing,
And rolling wheel, and rapid jar
Of the fire-winged and steedless car,
And voices from the wayside near
Come quick and blended on my ear,
A spell is in this old gray stone, —
My thoughts are with the Past alone !

A change ! — the steepled town no
more
Stretches along the sail-thronged
shore ;
Like palace-domes in sunset's cloud,
Fade sun-gilt spire and mansion
proud :

Spectrally rising where they stood,
I see the old, primeval wood :
Dark, shadow-like, on either hand
I see its solemn waste expand :
It climbs the green and cultured hill,
It arches o'er the valley's rill ;
And leans from cliff and crag, to throw
Its wild arms o'er the stream below.
Unchanged, alone, the same bright
river

Flows on, as it will flow forever!
 I listen, and I hear the low
 Soft ripple where its waters go ;
 I hear behind the panther's cry,
 The wild-bird's scream goes thrilling
 by,
 And shyly on the river's brink
 The deer is stooping down to drink.

But hark! — from wood and rock flung
 back,
 What sound comes up the Merrimack ?
 What sea-worn barks are those which
 throw
 The light spray from each rushing
 prow ?
 Have they not in the North Sea's
 blast
 Bowed to the waves the straining
 mast ?
 Their frozen sails the low, pale sun
 Of Thulé's night has shone upon ;
 Flapped by the sea-wind's gusty sweep
 Round icy drift, and headland steep.
 Wild Jutland's wives and Lochlin's
 daughters
 Have watched them fading o'er the
 waters,
 Lessening through driving mist and
 spray,
 Like white-winged sea-birds on their
 way !

Onward they glide, — and now I view
 Their iron-armed and stalwart crew ;
 Joy glistens in each wild blue eye,
 Turned to green earth and summer
 sky :
 Each broad, seamed breast has cast
 aside
 Its cumbering vest of shaggy hide ;
 Bared to the sun and soft warm air,
 Streams back the Norsemen's yellow
 hair.
 I see the gleam of axe and spear,
 The sound of smitten shields I hear,
 Keeping a harsh and fitting time
 To Saga's chant, and Runic rhyme ;
 Such lays as Zetland's Scald has sung,
 His gray and naked isles among ;

Or muttered low at midnight hour
 Round Odin's mossy stone of power.
 The wolf beneath the Arctic moon
 Has answered to that startling rune ;
 The Gael has heard its stormy swell,
 The light Frank knows its summons
 well ;
 Iona's sable-stoled Culdee
 Has heard it sounding o'er the sea,
 And swept, with hoary beard and
 hair,
 His altar's foot in trembling prayer !

'T is past, — the 'wilderling vision
 dies
 In darkness on my dreaming eyes !
 The forest vanishes in air, —
 Hill-slope and vale lie starkly bare ;
 I hear the common tread of men,
 And hum of work-day life again :
 The mystic relic seems alone
 A broken mass of common stone ;
 And if it be the chiselled limb
 Of Berserker or idol grim, —
 A fragment of Valhalla's Thor,
 The stormy Viking's god of War,
 Or Praga of the Runic lay,
 Or love-awakening Siona,
 I know not, — for no graven line,
 Nor Druid mark, nor Runic sign,
 Is left me here, by which to trace
 Its name, or origin, or place.
 Yet, for this vision of the Past,
 This glance upon its darkness cast,
 My spirit bows in gratitude
 Before the Giver of all good,
 Who fashioned so the human mind,
 That, from the waste of Time behind
 A simple stone, or mound of earth,
 Can summon the departed forth ;
 Quicken the Past to life again, —
 The Present lose in what hath
 been,
 And in their primal freshness show
 The buried forms of long ago.
 As if a portion of that Thought
 By which the Eternal will is wrought,
 Whose impulse fills anew with breath
 The frozen solitude of Death,
 To mortal mind were sometimes lent,

To mortal musings sometimes sent,
To whisper — even when it seems
But Memory's fantasy of dreams —

Through the mind's waste of woe and
sin,
Of an immortal origin!

CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

1658.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away, —
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the pale gleam of stars ;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night-time,
My grated casement whitened with autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by ;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky ;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea ;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold !

O, the weakness of the flesh was there, — the shrinking and the shame ;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came :
“ Why sit'st thou thus forlornly ! ” the wicked murmur said,
“ Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed ?

“ Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street ?
Where be the youths whose glances, the summer Sabbath through,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?

“ Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra ? — Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth ;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

“ Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of autumn the youthful hunters braid.

“ O, weak, deluded maiden! — by crazy fancies led,
 With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread ;
 To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound ;
 And mate with maniac women, loose-haired and sackcloth bound.

“ Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
 Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine ;
 Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
 Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

“ And what a fate awaits thee? — a sadly toiling slave,
 Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave !
 Think of thy woman’s nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
 The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all ! ”

O, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature’s fears
 Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
 I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
 To feel, O Helper of the weak! that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi’s cell,
 And how from Peter’s sleeping limbs the prison-shackles fell,
 Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel’s robe of white,
 And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all his mercies! — for the peace and love I felt,
 Like dew of Hermon’s holy hill, upon my spirit melt ;
 When, “ Get behind me, Satan ! ” was the language of my heart,
 And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning ; again the sunshine fell,
 Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell ;
 The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
 Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
 And slowly at the sheriff’s side, up the long street I passed ;
 I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
 How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
 Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak :
 “ O Lord! support thy handmaid ; and from her soul cast out
 The fear of man, which brings a snare, — the weakness and the doubt.”

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in morning’s breeze,
 And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these :
 “ Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
 Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all.”

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock ;
The merchant-ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer ;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak !
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones, — go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock !"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread ;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, " heed not her words so wild,
Her Master speaks within her, — the Devil owns his child ! "

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turning, said, —
" Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid ?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains ; and when again he cried,
" Speak out, my worthy seamen ! " — no voice, no sign replied ;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear, —
" God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear ! "

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, — a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye ;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea, —

" Pile my ship with bars of silver, — pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me ! — I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away ! "

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
 Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
 "Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
 Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn,
 Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;
 Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
 And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
 Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
 "Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
 Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,
 As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way;
 For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
 And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

O, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
 A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
 A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,
 And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! — to Him all praises be,
 Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
 All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
 Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is laid!

Sing, O my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
 Uplift the loud thanksgiving, — pour forth the grateful psalm;
 Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
 When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong;
 The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay his hand upon the strong.
 Woe to the wicked rulers in his avenging hour!
 Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour!

But let the humble ones arise, — the poor in heart be glad,
 And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
 For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
 And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

1756.

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white ! save where the
bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of
snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of
this?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes
died
Along Sebago's wooded side :

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white
sand.

Fire and the axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly
mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide,—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'T is done : the roots are backward
sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—
The Indian's fitting monument!

When of that sleeper's broken race
Their green and pleasant dwelling-place
Which knew them once, retains no
trace ;

O, long may sunset's light be shed
As now upon that beech's head,—
A green memorial of the dead !

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In northern winds, that, cold and
free,
Howl nightly in that funeral tree.

To their wild wail the waves which break
Forever round that lonely lake
A solemn undertone shall make!

And who shall deem the spot unblest,
Where Nature's younger children rest,
Lulled on their sorrowing mother's breast?

Deem ye that mother loveth less
These bronzed forms of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

As sweet o'er them her wild-flowers blow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below.

What though the places of their rest
No priestly knee hath ever pressed,—
No funeral rite nor prayer hath blessed?

What though the bigot's ban be there,
And thoughts of wailing and despair,
And cursing in the place of prayer!

Yet Heaven hath angels watching round
The Indian's lowliest forest-mound,—
And *they* have made it holy ground.

There ceases man's frail judgment; all
His powerless bolts of cursing fall
Unheeded on that grassy pall.

O, peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child!

And Nature's God, to whom alone
The secret of the heart is known,—
The hidden language traced thereon;

Who from its many cumberings
Of form and creed, and outward things,
To light the naked spirit brings;

Not with our partial eye shall scan,
Not with our pride and scorn shall ban,
The spirit of our brother man!

ST. JOHN.

1647.

“To the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!”
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of Estienne,
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed, as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Saviour had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing,
With taper and bell,
But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists abhorred,
Had welcomed and feasted
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder,
And steel for his wall.
Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way,
As homeward he glided,
Down Pentecost Bay.

O, well sped La Tour!
For, in peril and pain,
His lady kept watch,
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
“Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love!
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?”

Dark and wild, from his deck
St. Estienne gazed about,
On fire-wasted dwellings,
And silent redoubt;
From the low, shattered walls
Which the flame had o'errun,
There floated no banner,
There thundered no gun!

But beneath the low arch
Of its doorway there stood
A pale priest of Rome,
In his cloak and his hood.
With the bound of a lion,
La Tour sprang to land,
On the throat of the Papist
He fastened his hand.

“Speak, son of the Woman
Of scarlet and sin!
What wolf has been prowling
My castle within?”
From the grasp of the soldier
The Jesuit broke,
Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
He smiled as he spoke:

“No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
Has ravaged thy hall,
But thy red-handed rival,
With fire, steel, and ball!
On an errand of mercy
I hitherward came,
While the walls of thy castle
Yet spouted with flame.

“Pentagoet's dark vessels
Were moored in the bay,
Grim sea-lions, roaring
Aloud for their prey.”
“But what of my lady?”
Cried Charles of Estienne:
“On the shot-crumbled turret
Thy lady was seen:

“Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
Her hand grasped thy pennon,
While her dark tresses swayed
In the hot breath of cannon!
But woe to the heretic,
Evermore woe!
When the son of the church
And the cross is his foe!

“In the track of the shell,
In the path of the ball,
Pentagoet swept over
The breach of the wall!
Steel to steel, gun to gun,
One moment,—and then
Alone stood the victor,
Alone with his men!

“Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John.”
“Let the dastard look to it!”
Cried fiery Estienne,
“Were D'Aulney King Louis,
I'd free her again!”

“Alas for thy lady!
No service from thee
Is needed by her
Whom the Lord hath set free:
Nine days, in stern silence,
Her thraldom she bore,
But the tenth morning came,
And Death opened her door!”

As if suddenly smitten
La Tour staggered back;
His hand grasped his sword hilt,
His forehead grew black.

He sprang on the deck
Of his shallop again.
“We cruise now for vengeance!
Give way!” cried Estienne.

“Massachusetts shall hear
Of the Huguenot’s wrong,
And from island and creekside
Her fishers shall throng!
Pentagoet shall rue
What his Papists have done,
When his palisades echo
The Puritan’s gun!”

O, the loveliest of heavens
Hung tenderly o’er him,
There were waves in the sunshine,
And green isles before him:
But a pale hand was beckoning
The Huguenot on;
And in blackness and ashes
Behind was St. John!

PENTUCKET.

1708.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters
still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset’s holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river’s tranquil flood
The dark and low-walled dwellings
stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretched up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blackened stumps be-
tween.
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravelled forest spread,

Back to those mountains, white and
cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough,—
The milkmaid caroled by her cow,—
From cottage door and household
hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of
mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay,—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallowed
all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours passed away. By moonlight
sped
The Merrimack along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hushed grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound,—
No bark of fox, nor rabbit’s bound,
Nor stir of wings, nor waters flowing,
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blow-
ing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hillside
beat?
What forms were those which darkly
stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—
Charred tree-stumps in the moonlight
dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No,—through the trees fierce eyeballs
glowed
Dark human forms in moonshine
showed,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear,—

Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock,—

Then rang the rifle-shot,— and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men,—

Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain,—
Bursting through roof and window came,

Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame ;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.

The morning sun looked brightly through

The river willows, wet with dew.

No sound of combat filled the air,—
No shout was heard,— nor gunshot there :

Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke ;

And on the greensward many a stain,

And, here and there, the mangled slain,

Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

Even now the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearthstone fell,

Still show the door of wasting oak,
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,

And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare,—

Whose hideous head, in death still feared,

Bore not a trace of hair or beard,—
And still, within the churchyard ground,

Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

THE FAMILIST'S HYMN.

FATHER! to thy suffering poor
Strength and grace and faith impart,

And with thy own love restore
Comfort to the broken heart!

O, the failing ones confirm
With a holier strength of zeal!—
Give thou not the feeble worm
Helpless to the spoiler's heel!

Father! for thy holy sake
We are spoiled and hunted thus ;

Joyful, for thy truth we take
Bonds and burthens unto us :

Poor, and weak, and robbed of all,
Weary with our daily task,

That thy truth may never fall
Through our weakness, Lord, we ask.

Round our fired and wasted homes
Flits the forest-bird unscared,

And at noon the wild beast comes
Where our frugal meal was shared ;

For the song of praises there
Shrieks the crow the livelong day ;

For the sound of evening prayer
Howls the evil beast of prey !

Sweet the songs we loved to sing
Underneath thy holy sky,—

Words and tones that used to bring
Tears of joy in every eye,—

Dear the wrestling hours of prayer,
When we gathered knee to knee,

Blameless youth and hoary hair,
Bowed, O God, alone to thee.

As thine early children, Lord,
Shared their wealth and daily bread,

Even so, with one accord,
We, in love, each other fed.

Not with us the miser's hoard,
Not with us his grasping hand ;
Equal round a common board,
Drew our meek and brother band !

Safe our quiet Eden lay
 When the war-whoop stirred the land
 And the Indian turned away
 From our home his bloody hand.
 Well that forest-ranger saw,
 That the burthen and the curse
 Of the white man's cruel law
 Rested also upon us.

Torn apart, and driven forth
 To our toiling hard and long,
 Father! from the dust of earth
 Lift we still our grateful song!
 Grateful,—that in bonds we share
 In thy love which maketh free;
 Joyful,—that the wrongs we bear,
 Draw us nearer, Lord, to thee!

Grateful!—that where'er we toil,—
 By Wachuset's wooded side,
 On Nantucket's sea-worn isle,
 Or by wild Neponset's tide,—
 Still, in spirit, we are near,
 And our evening hymns, which rise
 Separate and discordant here,
 Meet and mingle in the skies!

Let the scoffer scorn and mock,
 Let the proud and evil priest
 Rob the needy of his flock,
 For his wine-cup and his feast,—
 Redden not thy bolts in store
 Through the blackness of thy skies?
 For the sighing of the poor
 Wilt Thou not, at length, arise?

Worn and wasted, oh! how long
 Shall thy trodden poor complain?
 In thy name they bear the wrong,
 In thy cause the bonds of pain!
 Melt oppression's heart of steel,
 Let the haughty priesthood see,
 And their blinded followers feel,
 That in us they mock at Thee!

In thy time, O Lord of hosts,
 Stretch abroad that hand to save
 Which of old, on Egypt's coasts,
 Smote apart the Red Sea's wave!

Lead us from this evil land,
 From the spoiler set us free,
 And once more our gathered band,
 Heart to heart, shall worship thee!

THE FOUNTAIN.

TRAVELLER! on thy journey toiling
 By the swift Powow,
 With the summer sunshine falling
 On thy heated brow,
 Listen, while all else is still,
 To the brooklet from the hill.

Wild and sweet the flowers are blowing
 By that streamlet's side,
 And a greener verdure showing
 Where its waters glide,—
 Down the hill-slope murmuring on,
 Over root and mossy stone.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth
 O'er the sloping hill,
 Beautiful and freshly springeth
 That soft-flowing rill,
 Through its dark roots wreathed and
 bare,
 Gushing up to sun and air.

Brighter waters sparkled never
 In that magic well,
 Of whose gift of life forever
 Ancient legends tell,—
 In the lonely desert wasted,
 And by mortal lip untasted.

Waters which the proud Castilian
 Sought with longing eyes,
 Underneath the bright pavilion
 Of the Indian skies;
 Where his forest pathway lay
 Through the blooms of Florida.

Years ago a lonely stranger,
 With the dusky brow
 Of the outcast forest-ranger,
 Crossed the swift Powow;
 And betook him to the rill
 And the oak upon the hill.

O'er his face of moody sadness
For an instant shone
Something like a gleam of gladness,
As he stooped him down
To the fountain's grassy side,
And his eager thirst supplied.

With the oak its shadow throwing
O'er his mossy seat,
And the cool, sweet waters flowing
Softly at his feet,
Closely by the fountain's rim
That lone Indian seated him.

Autumn's earliest frost had given
To the woods below
Hues of beauty, such as heaven
Lendeth to its bow ;
And the soft breeze from the west
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

Far behind was Ocean striving
With his chains of sand ;
Southward, sunny glimpses giving,
'Twixt the swells of land,
Of its calm and silvery track,
Rolled the tranquil Merrimack.

Over village, wood, and meadow
Gazed that stranger man,
Sadly, till the twilight shadow
Over all things ran,
Save where spire and westward pane
Flashed the sunset back again.

Gazing thus upon the dwelling
Of his warrior sires,
Where no lingering trace was telling
Of their wigwam fires,
Who the gloomy thoughts might know
Of that wandering child of woe?

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,
Hills that once had stood
Down their sides the shadows throw-ing
Of a mighty wood,
Where the deer his covert kept,
And the eagle's pinion swept!

Where the birch canoe had glided
Down the swift Powow,
Dark and gloomy bridges strided
Those clear waters now ;
And where once the beaver swam,
Jarred the wheel and frowned the dam.

For the wood-bird's merry singing,
And the hunter's cheer,
Iron clang and hammer's ringing
Smote upon his ear ;
And the thick and sullen smoke
From the blackened forges broke.

Could it be his fathers ever
Loved to linger here ?
These bare hills, this conquered
river,—
Could they hold them dear,
With their native loveliness
Tamed and tortured into this ?

Sadly, as the shades of even
Gathered o'er the hill,
While the western half of heaven
Blushed with sunset still,
From the fountain's mossy seat
Turned the Indian's weary feet.

Year on year hath flown forever,
But he came no more
To the hillside or the river
Where he came before.
But the villager can tell
Of that strange man's visit well.

And the merry children, laden
With their fruits or flowers,—
Roving boy and laughing maiden,
In their school-day hours,
Love the simple tale to tell
Of the Indian and his well.

THE EXILES.

1660.

THE goodman sat beside his door
One sultry afternoon,

With his young wife singing at his side
An old and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air ;
The dark green woods were still ;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud
Above the wilderness,
As some dark world from upper air
Were stooping over this.

At times the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight,
clothed
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore
In Pilate's council-hall :
It told of wrongs,—but of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

“Friend! wilt thou give me shelter
here?”
The stranger meekly said ;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The goodman's features read.

“My life is hunted,—evil men
Are following in my track ;
The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back.

“And much, I fear, 't will peril thee
Within thy doors to take

A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience' sake.”

O, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,—
“Come in, old man!” quoth she,—
“We will not leave thee to the storm,
Whoever thou mayst be.”

Then came the aged wanderer in,
And silent sat him down ;
While all within grew dark as night
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
Filled every cottage nook,
And with the jarring thunder-roll
The loosened casements shook,

A heavy tramp of horses' feet
Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
Came plunging through the rain.

“Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy
door,—
We would not be house-breakers ;
A rueful deed thou 'st done this day,
In harboring banished Quakers.”

Out looked the cautious goodman then,
With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched
with rain,
The parish priest he saw.

“Open thy door, thou wicked man,
And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, if forty stripes
Repay thy deadly sin.”

“What seek ye?” quoth the good-
man,—
“The stranger is my guest ;
He is worn with toil and grievous
wrong,—
Pray let the old man rest.”

“Now, out upon thee, canting knave!”
And strong hands shook the door,

"Believe me, Macey," quoth the priest,—
"Thou 'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth,
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
The matchlock, hotly tried
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Puritan, and Cavalier,
With shout and psalm contended;
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's
prayer,
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:
"My spirit is not free
To bring the wrath and violence
Of evil men on thee:

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—
Bethink thee of thy Lord,
Who healed again the smitten ear,
And sheathed his follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led:
Friends of the poor, farewell!"
Beneath his hand the oaken door,
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old graybeard, yea and
nay";
The reckless scoffers cried,
As to a horseman's saddle-bow
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long
In Boston's crowded jail,
Where suffering woman's prayer was
heard,
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tale to tell:
Those scenes have passed away,—

Let the dim shadows of the past
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, sheriff!" quoth the ardent
priest,—
"Take Goodman Macey too;
The sin of this day's heresy,
His back or purse shall rue."

"Now, goodwife, haste thee!" Macey
cried,
She caught his manly arm:—
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or
naught,—
The river-course was near:—
The plashing on its pebbled shore
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasselled o'er with
birch,
Above the waters hung,
And at its base, with every wave,
A small light wherry swung.

A leap — they gain the boat — and
there
The goodman yields his oar:
"Ill luck betide them all," he
cried,—
"The laggards upon the shore."

Down through the crashing under-
wood,
The burly sheriff came:—
"Stand, Goodman Macey,— yield
thyself;
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's
face!"
Bold Macey answered then,—
"Whip *women*, on the village green,
But meddle not with *men*."

The priest came panting to the
shore,—
His grave cocked hat was gone;

Behind him, like some owl's nest,
hung
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back,— come back!" the parson cried,

"The church's curse beware."

"Curse, an' thou wilt," said Macey,
"but

Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled priest,—

"Thou 'lt yet the gallows see."

"Who's born to be hanged, will not be drowned,"

Quoth Macey, merrily;

"And so, sir sheriff and priest, good by!"

He bent him to his oar,

And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,

While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun

Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

O, beautiful! that rainbow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended;—

One bright foot touched the eastern hills,

And one with ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast,—

The watchers of "the Block-house" saw

The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,

To hear the dip of Indian oars,—
The glide of birch canoes.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,
(The men were all away,) Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees
threw

Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weather-cock
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,

The marsh lay broad and green;
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs
crowned,
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skilful hand and wary eye
The harbor-bar was crossed;—
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay,—
On the steep hills of Agawam,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
And Gloucester's harbor-bar;
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachusetts Bay!
Blue wave, and bright green island,
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep,—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macey passed,

And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather;
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together:

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated
With Plenty's golden smile;
Behold, is it not written
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand,—
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs,—
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!—
And grant forevermore,
That charity and freedom dwell,
As now upon her shore!

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,—
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest:
All is over,—all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one!
Blooming girl and manhood gray,
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;
Dies the bonfire on the hill;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the graveyard trees;
And the great sea-waves below,
Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride
She hath wakened, at his side.
With half-uttered shriek and start,—
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head,
And a feeling, new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantle glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face;
And that forehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

“ Yet,” she sighs, “ he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!”

While she speaketh, falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white;
Gold and gem, and costly ring

Back the timid lustre fling,—
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow ;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha!—that start of horror!—Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low,
“Spare me,—spare me,—let me go!”

God have mercy!—Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem.
“Waken! save me!” still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn ;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan :
“Fear not! give the dead her own!”

Ah!—the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand, whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.
“Wake thee! wake thee!” Lo, his
eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating :
“Nay, my dearest, why this fear?”
“Hush!” she saith, “the dead is
here!”

“Nay, a dream,—an idle dream.”
But before the lamp's pale gleam

Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—
“Ah!” she sighs, “her hand was
cold!”

Broken words of cheer he saith,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrink-
eth ;
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest
Soothed and childlike on his breast,
And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage
thence ;
He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all ;
He, alone, in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at her side !

One, who living shrank with dread
From his look, or word, or tread,
Unto whom her early grave
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power !

Ah, the dead, the forgot !
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the
meekest,
Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

VOICES OF FREEDOM.

FROM 1833 TO 1848.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

'T WAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile
 With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down
 Its beauty on the Indian isle,—
 On broad green field and white-walled town;
 And inland waste of rock and wood,
 In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
 Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam.
 Soft as the landscape of a dream,
 All motionless and dewy wet,
 Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :
 The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
 Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom,—
 The white cecropia's silver rind Relieved by deeper green behind,—
 The orange with its fruit of gold,—
 The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—
 The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
 Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—
 The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,
 And proudly rising over all,
 The kingly palm's imperial stem,
 Crowned with its leafy diadem,
 Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,
 The fiery-winged cucullo played!
 Yes,—lovely was thine aspect, then,
 Fair island of the Western Sea!
 Lavish of beauty, even when
 Thy brutes were happier than thy men,
 For they, at least, were free!
 Regardless of thy glorious clime,
 Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,
 The toiling negro sighed, that Time
 No faster sped his hours.
 For, by the dewy moonlight still,
 He fed the weary-turning mill,
 Or bent him in the chill morass,
 To pluck the long and tangled grass,

And hear above his scar-worn back
 The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack ;
 While in his heart one evil thought
 In solitary madness wrought,
 One baleful fire surviving still
 The quenching of the immortal mind,
 One sterner passion of his kind,
 Which even fetters could not kill,—
 The savage hope, to deal, erelong,
 A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !
 Hark to that cry!—long, loud, and shrill,
 From field and forest, rock and hill,
 Thrilling and horrible it rang,
 Around, beneath, above ;—
 The wild beast from his cavern sprang,
 The wild bird from her grove!
 Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
 Were mingled in that midnight cry ;
 But like the lion's growl of wrath,
 When falls that hunter in his path
 Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
 Is rankling in his bosom yet,
 It told of hate, full, deep, and strong,
 Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;
 It was as if the crimes of years—
 The unrequited toil, the tears,
 The shame and hate, which liken well
 Earth's garden to the nether hell—
 Had found in nature's self a tongue,
 On which the gathered horror hung ;
 As if from cliff, and stream, and glen
 Burst on the startled ears of men
 That voice which rises unto God,
 Solemn and stern,—the cry of blood!
 It ceased,—and all was still once more,
 Save ocean chafing on his shore,
 The sighing of the wind between
 The broad banana's leaves of green,
 Or bough by restless plumage shook,
 Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
 Pealed to the skies that frantic
 yell,
 Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,
 And flashes rose and fell;
 And painted on the blood-red sky,
 Dark, naked arms were tossed on
 high;
 And, round the white man's lordly
 hall,
 Trod, fierce and free, *the brute he
 made;*
 And those who crept along the wall,
 And answered to his lightest call
 With more than spaniel dread,—
 The creatures of his lawless beck,—
 Were trampling on his very neck!
 And on the night-air, wild and clear,
 Rose woman's shriek of more than
 fear;
 For bloodied arms were round her
 thrown,
 And dark cheeks pressed against her
 own!

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame
 Of thy own daughters, vengeance
 came
 Full on the scornful hearts of those,
 Who mocked thee in thy nameless
 woes,
 And to thy hapless children gave
 One choice,—pollution or the grave!
 Where then was he whose fiery zeal
 Had taught the trampled heart to
 feel,
 Until despair itself grew strong,
 And vengeance fed its torch from
 wrong?
 Now, when the thunderbolt is speed-
 ing;
 Now, when oppression's heart is
 bleeding;
 Now, when the latent curse of Time
 Is raining down in fire and blood,—
 That curse which, through long years
 of crime,
 Has gathered, drop by drop, its
 flood,—
 Why strikes he not, the foremost one,

Where murder's sternest deeds are
 done?
 He stood the aged palms beneath,
 That shadowed o'er his humble
 door,
 Listening, with half-suspended breath,
 To the wild sounds of fear and
 death,—
 Toussaint l'Ouverture!
 What marvel that his heart beat high!
 The blow for freedom had been
 given,
 And blood had answered to the cry
 Which Earth sent up to Heaven!
 What marvel that a fierce delight
 Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,—
 As groan and shout and bursting
 flame
 Told where the midnight tempest
 came,
 With blood and fire along its van,
 And death behind!—he was a Man!
 Yes, dark-souled chieftain!—if the
 light
 Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
 Unveiled not to thy mental sight
 The lowlier and the purer way,
 In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
 Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—
 That calm reliance upon God
 For justice in his own good time,—
 That gentleness to which belongs
 Forgiveness for its many wrongs.
 Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
 For mercy on the evil-dealing,—
 Let not the favored white man name
 Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.
 Has *he* not, with the light of heaven
 Broadly around him, made the
 same?
 Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,
 And gloried in his ghastly shame?—
 Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,
 To offer mockery unto God,
 As if the High and Holy One
 Could smile on deeds of murder
 done!—
 As if a human sacrifice

Were purer in his Holy eyes,
Though offered up by Christian hands,
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

* * * * *

Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasped within his hand,
The white man stood, prepared and
still,

Waiting the shock of maddened men,
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when
The horn winds through their cav-
erned hill.

And one was weeping in his sight,—
The sweetest flower of all the isle,—
The bride who seemed but yester-
night

Love's fair embodied smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee
Looked up the form of infancy,
With tearful glance in either face
The secret of its fear to trace.

“Ha! stand or die!” The white man’s
eye

His steady musket gleamed along,
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,
With fearless step and strong.

“What, ho, Toussaint!” A moment
more,

His shadow crossed the lighted floor.
“Away!” he shouted; “fly with me,—
The white man’s bark is on the sea;—
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
Our brethren from their graves have
spoken,

The yoke is spurned,—the chain is
broken;

On all the hills our fires are glowing,—
Through all the vales red blood is
flowing!

No more the mocking White shall
rest

His foot upon the Negro’s breast;
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
The warm blood from the driver’s
whip:

Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance
sworn

For all the wrongs his race have
borne,—

Though for each drop of Negro blood
The white man’s veins shall pour
a flood;

Not all alone the sense of ill
Around his heart is lingering still,
Nor deeper can the white man feel
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.
Friends of the Negro! fly with me,—
The path is open to the sea:
Away, for life!”—He spoke, and
pressed

The young child to his manly breast,
As, headlong, through the cracking
cane,

Downswept the dark insurgent train,—
Drunken and grim, with shout and yell
Howled through the dark, like sounds
from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man’s sail
Swayed free before the sunrise gale.
Cloud-like that island hung afar,

Along the bright horizon’s verge,
O’er which the curse of servile war
Rolled its red torrent, surge on
surge;

And he—the Negro champion—
where

In the fierce tumult struggled he?
Go trace him by the fiery glare
Of dwellings in the midnight air,—
The yells of triumph and despair,—
The streams that crimson to the sea!
Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
Beneath Besançon’s alien sky,
Dark Haytien!—for the time shall
come,

Yea, even now is nigh,—
When, everywhere, thy name shall be
Redeemed from color’s infamy;
And men shall learn to speak of thee,
As one of earth’s great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul
Which knows no color, tongue, or
clime,—

Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time!
Far other hands than mine may wreath
The laurel round thy brow of death,
And speak thy praise, as one whose word
A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—
Who crushed his foeman as a worm,—
Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—
Be mine the better task to find
A tribute for thy lofty mind,
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
Some milder virtues all thine own,—
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
Some nobleness amidst its chains,—
That kindness to the wronged is never without its excellent reward,—
Holy to human-kind, and ever acceptable to God.

THE SLAVE-SHIPS.

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

Milton's Lycidas.

"ALL ready?" cried the captain;
"Ay, ay!" the seamen said;
"Heave up the worthless lubbers,—
The dying and the dead."
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust:
"Now let the sharks look to it,—
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compressed.
"Are all the dead dogs over?"
Growled through that matted lip,—
"The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of hell!
The ringing clank of iron,—
The maniac's short, sharp yell!—
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled,—
The starving infant's moan,—
The horror of a breaking heart
Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came:
Below, had all been darkness,—
Above, was still the same.
Yet the holy breath of heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fettered and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above,—
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries
Rang upward unto thee?
Voices of agony and blood,
From ship-deck and from sea.
The last dull plunge was heard,—
The last wave caught its stain,—
And the unsated shark looked up
For human hearts in vain.

* * * * *

Red glowed the western waters,—
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
Her fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness,

A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burdened slaver's
deck,
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand,—
Curse on 't—I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laughed,—but only
His echoed laugh replied,—
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
"A sail!—thank God, a sail!"
And as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy,—
We're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind:

"Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver Leon,—
We've but a score on board,—
Our slaves are all gone over,—
Help,—for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone,—
But the roar of wind and thunder
Stifled the answering groan
Waived from the broken waters
A last despairing cry,
As, kindling in the stormy light,
The stranger ship went by.

* * * * *

In the sunny Guadaloupe
A dark-hulled vessel lay,—
With a crew who noted never
The nightfall or the day.
The blossom of the orange
Was white by every stream,
And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
And the moonlight slept as well,
On the palm-trees by the hillside,
And the streamlet of the dell:
And the glances of the Creole
Were still as archly deep,
And her smiles as full as ever
Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
The green earth and the sky,
And the smile of human faces,
To the slaver's darkened eye;
At the breaking of the morning,
At the star-lit evening time,
O'er a world of light and beauty
Fell the blackness of his crime.

STANZAS.

["The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king—cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?" — *Dr. Follen's Address.*]

"Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions!—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning,—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee. Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US!" — *Speech of Samuel J. May.*]

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!
 Slaves — in a land of light and law!
 Slaves — crouching on the very plains
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!

A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood,—
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell,—
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men!

The groan of breaking hearts is there,—
 The falling lash,—the fetter's clank!

Slaves, — SLAVES are breathing in that air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho! — *our* countrymen in chains!

The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!

Our soil yet reddening with the stains

Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!

What! mothers from their children riven!

What! God's own image bought and sold!

AMERICANS to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?

To us whose fathers scorned to bear
 The paltry *menace* of a chain;
 To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light,—

Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,

Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,
 Strikes for his freedom or a grave?
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung

For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
 And millions hail with pen and tongue

Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,

By Vendome's pile and Schoen-brun's wall,

And Poland, gasping on her lance.

The impulse of our cheering call?
 And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,

Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?

And toss his fettered arms on high,
 And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

O, say, shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave?

And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?

And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
 Relax the iron hand of pride,

And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
 From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free.
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag

That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
 And round our country's altar clings

The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go— let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;

And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote,—
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:

“Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!”

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn,— the heaten's mirth,—

Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe scorns to bear?

Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From graybeard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart

Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up,— while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!

Up,— while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth,—
The gathered wrath of God and man,—

Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.

Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up,— up! why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up now for Freedom!— not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw,—
The awful waste of human life,—
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain,— the yoke remove,

And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door,—
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?

'T is the great Southern planter,—
the master who waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds
of slaves.

"Nay, Ellen,—for shame! Let those
Yankee fools spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a
change of their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom
or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar
to feel!

"But thou art too lovely and precious
a gem
To be bound to their burdens and
sullied by them,—
For shame, Ellen, shame,—cast thy
bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing
and pride.

"O, come where no winter thy foot-
steps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all
the year long,
Where the shade of the palm-tree is
over my home,
And the lemon and orange are white
in their bloom!

"O, come to my home, where my ser-
vants shall all
Depart at thy bidding and come at thy
call;
They shall heed thee as mistress with
trembling and awe,
And each wish of thy heart shall be felt
as a law."

O, could ye have seen her— that pride
of our girls—
Arise and cast back the dark wealth
of her curls,
With a scorn in her eye which the
gazer could feel,
And a glance like the sunshine that
flashes on steel!

"Go back, haughty Southron! thy
treasures of gold
Are dim with the blood of the hearts
thou hast sold;
Thy home may be lovely, but round it
I hear
The crack of the whip and the foot-
steps of fear!

"And the sky of thy South may be
brighter than ours,
And greener thy landscapes, and fairer
thy flowers;
But dearer the blast round our moun-
tains which raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which
breathes over slaves!

"Full low at thy bidding thy negroes
may kneel,
With the iron of bondage on spirit
and heel;
Yet know that the Yankee girl sooner
would be
In fetters with them, than in freedom
with thee!"

TO W. L. G.

CHAMPION of those who groan be-
neath
Oppression's iron hand:
In view of penury, hate, and death,
I see thee fearless stand.
Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of thy youth.

Go on,— for thou hast chosen well;
On in the strength of God!
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.
Speak in a slumbering nation's ear,
As thou hast ever spoken,
Until the dead in sin shall hear,—
The fetter's link be broken!

I love thee with a brother's love,
I feel my pulses thrill,
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill.
My heart hath leaped to answer thine,
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior's at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!

They tell me thou art rash and vain—
A searcher after fame;
That thou art striving but to gain
A long-enduring name;
That thou hast nerved the Afric's hand
And steeled the Afric's heart,
To shake aloft his vengeful brand,
And rend his chain apart.

Have I not known thee well, and read
Thy mighty purpose long?
And watched the trials which have made
Thy human spirit strong?
And shall the slanderer's demon breath
Avail with one like me,
To dim the sunshine of my faith
And earnest trust in thee?

Go on,— the dagger's point may glare
Amid thy pathway's gloom,—
The fate which sternly threatens there
Is glorious martyrdom!
Then onward with a martyr's zeal;
And wait thy sure reward
When man to man no more shall kneel,
And God alone be Lord!

1833.

SONG OF THE FREE.

PRIDE of New England!
Soul of our fathers!
Shrink we all craven-like
When the storm gathers?
What though the tempest be
Over us lowering,
Where 's the New-Englander
Shamefully cowering?
Graves green and holy
Around us are lying,—

Free were the sleepers all,
Living and dying!
Back with the Southerner's
Padlocks and scourges!
Go,— let him fetter down
Ocean's free surges!
Go,— let him silence
Winds, clouds, and waters,—
Never New England's own
Free sons and daughters!
Free as our rivers are
Ocean-ward going,—
Free as the breezes are
Over us blowing.

Up to our altars, then,
Haste we, and summon
Courage and loveliness,
Manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be:
Freedom forever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh! never!
By our own birthright-gift,
Granted of Heaven,—
Freedom for heart and lip,
Be the pledge given!

If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer;
Speak as the tempest does,
Sterner and stronger;
Still be the tones of truth
Louder and firmer,
Startling the haughty South
With the deep murmur;
God and our charter's right,
Freedom forever!
Truce with oppression,
Never, oh! never!

1836.

THE HUNTERS OF MEN.

HAVE ye heard of our hunting, o'er
mountain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest,— the
hunting of men?

The lords of our land to this hunting
have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound
of the horn ;
Hark! — the cheer and the hallo! —
the crack of the whip,
And the yell of the hound as he
fastens his grip!
All blithe are our hunters, and noble
their match, —
Though hundreds are caught, there
are millions to catch.
So speed to their hunting, o'er moun-
tain and glen,
Through cane-brake and forest, — the
hunting of men !

Gay luck to our hunters! — how nobly
they ride
In the glow of their zeal, and the
strength of their pride! —
The priest with his cassock flung back
on the wind,
Just screening the politic statesman
behind, —
The saint and the sinner, with cursing
and prayer, —
The drunk and the sober, ride merrily
there.
And woman, — kind woman, — wife,
widow, and maid,
For the good of the hunted, is lending
her aid :
Her foot's in the stirrup, her hand on
the rein,
How blithely she rides to the hunting
of men !

O, goodly and grand is our hunting
to see,
In this “land of the brave and this
home of the free.”
Priest, warrior, and statesman, from
Georgia to Maine,
All mounting the saddle, — all grasp-
ing the rein, —
Right merrily hunting the black man,
whose sin

Is the curl of his hair and the hue of
his skin!
Woe, now, to the hunted who turns
him at bay!
Will our hunters be turned from their
purpose and prey ?
Will their hearts fail within them ? —
their nerves tremble, when
All roughly they ride to the hunting
of men ?

Ho! — ALMS for our hunters! all
weary and faint,
Wax the curse of the sinner and
prayer of the saint.
The horn is wound faintly, — the
echoes are still,
Over cane-brake and river, and forest
and hill.
Haste, — alms for our hunters! the
hunted once more
Have turned from their flight with
their backs to the shore :
What right have *they* here in the
home of the white,
Shadowed o'er by *our* banner of Free-
dom and Right?
Ho! — alms for the hunters ! or never
again
Will they ride in their pomp to the
hunting of men !

ALMS, — ALMS for our hunters ! why
will ye delay,
When their pride and their glory are
melting away ?
The parson has turned ; for, on charge
of his own,
Who goeth a warfare, or hunting,
alone ?
The politic statesman looks back with
a sigh, —
There is doubt in his heart, — there is
fear in his eye.
O, haste, lest that doubting and fear
shall prevail,
And the head of his steed take the
place of the tail.

O, haste, ere he leave us! for who will ride then,
For pleasure or gain, to the hunting of men?
1835.

CLERICAL OPPRESSORS.

[In the report of the celebrated pro-slavery meeting in Charleston, S. C., on the 4th of the 9th month, 1835, published in the Courier of that city, it is stated, "The CLERGY of all denominations attended in a body, LENDING THEIR SANCTION TO THE PROCEEDINGS, and adding by their presence to the impressive character of the scene!"]

JUST God!—and these are they
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
On Israel's Ark of light!

'What! preach and kidnap men?
Give thanks,—and rob thy own afflicted poor?
Talk of thy glorious liberty, and then Bolt hard the captive's door?

What! servants of thy own Merciful Son, who came to seek and save
The homeless and the outcast,—suffering down
The tasked and plundered slave!

Pilate and Herod, friends!
Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy! is that church, which lends Strength to the spoiler, thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn Judgment aside, and rob the Holy Book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
In warning and rebuke;

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!
And, in your tasselled pulpits, thank the Lord
That, from the toiling bondman's utter need,
Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord! how long
Shall such a priesthood barter truth away,
And in thy name, for robbery and wrong
At thy own altars pray?

Is not thy hand stretched forth
Visibly in the heavens, to awe and smite?
Shall not the living God of all the earth,
And heaven above, do right?

Woe, then, to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
Its bright and glorious crown!

Woe to the priesthood! woe
To those whose hire is with the price of blood,—
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,
The searching truths of God!

Their glory and their might
Shall perish; and their very names shall be
Vile before all the people, in the light
Of a world's liberty.

O, speed the moment on
When Wrong shall cease, and Liberty and Love
And Truth and Right throughout the earth be known
As in their home above.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

[In a late publication of L. T. Tasistro, — "Random Shots and Southern Breezes," — is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as "A GOOD CHRISTIAN!"]

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image? — for
his grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-
place
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is
done
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest
one
Is even done to thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of thy pitying love, I see thee
stand, —
Once more the jest-word of a mocking
band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips, o'er-
task her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your
wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

A heathen hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered
wrong of years:
But her low, broken prayer and
nightly tears,
Ye neither heed nor feel.

Con well thy lesson o'er,
Thou *prudent* teacher, — tell the toil-
ing slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came
to save
The outcast and the poor.

But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free Gospel from her simple
heart,
And to her darkened mind alone
impart
One stern command, — OBEY!

So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh;
and while
On thee, their pampered guest, the
planters smile,
Thy church shall praise.

Grave, reverend men shall tell
From Northern pulpits how thy work
was blest,
While in that vile South Sodom, first
and best,
Thy poor disciples sell.

O, shame! the Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophet
kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebla
feels
His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath
torn
The dark slave-dungeons open, and
hath borne
Their inmates into day;

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine his
aching eyes, —
Its rites will only swell his market
price,
And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar
stand,
Lifting in prayer to thee, the bloody
hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

O, from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the
trader's cell,—
From the black slave-ship's foul and
loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain,—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
HOW LONG, O GOD, HOW LONG?

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

Is this the land our fathers loved,
The freedom which they toiled to
win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber
in?
Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have
worn?

And shall we crouch above these
graves,
With craven soul and fettered lip?
Yoke in with marked and branded
slaves,
And tremble at the driver's whip?
Bend to the earth our pliant knees,
And speak—but as our masters
please?

Shall outraged Nature cease to feel?
Shall Mercy's tears no longer flow?
Shall ruffian threats of cord and
steel,—
The dungeon's gloom,—the assas-
sin's blow,
Turn back the spirit roused to save
The Truth, our Country, and the
Slave?

Of human skulls that shrine was made,
Round which the priests of Mexico
Before their loathsome idol prayed;—
Is Freedom's altar fashioned so?

And must we yield to Freedom's God,
As offering meet, the negro's blood?

Shall tongues be mute, when deeds
are wrought
Which well might shame extremest
hell?

Shall freemen lock the indignant
thought?

Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honor bleed?—shall Truth
succumb?

Shall pen, and press, and soul be
dumb?

No;—by each spot of haunted
ground,

Where Freedom weeps her chil-
dren's fall,—

By Plymouth's rock, and Bunker's
mound,—

By Griswold's stained and shattered
wall,—

By Warren's ghost,—by Langdon's
shade,—

By all the memories of our dead!

By their enlarging souls, which burst
The bands and fetters round them
set,—

By the free Pilgrim spirit nursed
Within our inmost bosoms, yet,—
By all above, around, below,
Be ours the indignant answer,—NO!

No;—guided by our country's laws,
For truth, and right, and suffering
man,

Be ours to strive in Freedom's cause,
As Christians may,—as freemen
can!

Still pouring on unwilling ears
That truth oppression only fears.

What! shall we guard our neighbor
still,

While woman shrieks beneath his
rod,

And while he tramples down at will
The image of a common God!

Shall watch and ward be round him
set,
Of Northern nerve and bayonet?

And shall we know and share with
him
The danger and the growing
shame?

And see our Freedom's light grow dim,
Which should have filled the world
with flame?

And, writhing, feel, where'er we turn,
A world's reproach around us burn?

Is 't not enough that this is borne?
And asks our haughty neighbor
more?

Must fetters which his slaves have
worn
Clank round the Yankee farmer's
door?

Must he be told, beside his plough,
What he must speak, and when, and
how?

Must he be told his freedom stands
On Slavery's dark foundations
strong,—

On breaking hearts and fettered
hands,

On robbery, and crime, and wrong?
That all his fathers taught is vain,—
That Freedom's emblem is the chain?

Its life, its soul, from slavery drawn?
False, foul, profane! Go,— teach
as well

Of holy Truth from Falsehood born!
Of Heaven refreshed by airs from
Hell!

Of Virtue in the arms of Vice!
Of Demons planting Paradise!

Rail on, then, "brethren of the
South,"—

Ye shall not hear the truth the
less;—

No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,
No fetter on the Yankee's press!

From our Green Mountains to the sea,
One voice shall thunder,—WE ARE
FREE!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING THE MESSAGE
OF GOVERNOR RITNER, OF PENN-
SYLVANIA, 1836.

THANK God for the token!—one lip
is still free,—
One spirit untrammelled,— unbend-
ing one knee!
Like the oak of the mountain, deep-
rooted and firm,
Erect, when the multitude bends to
the storm;

When traitors to Freedom, and
Honor, and God,
Are bowed at an Idol polluted with
blood;

When the recreant North has forgot-
ten her trust,
And the lip of her honor is low in the
dust,—

Thank God, that one arm from the
shackle has broken!

Thank God, that one man as a *free-
man* has spoken!

O'er thy crags, Alleghany, a blast has
been blown!

Down thy tide, Susquehanna, the mur-
mur has gone!

To the land of the South,—of the
charter and chain,—

Of Liberty sweetened with Slavery's
pain;

Where the cant of Democracy dwells
on the lips

Of the forgers of fetters, and wielders
of whips!

Where "chivalric" honor means really
no more

Than scourging of women, and rob-
bing the poor!

Where the Moloch of Slavery sitteth
on high,
And the words which he utters, are —
WORSHIP, OR DIE!

Right onward, O speed it! Wherever
the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is
crying to God;
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pin-
ing;
Wherever the lash of the driver is
twining;
Wherever from kindred, torn rudely
apart,
Comes the sorrowful wail of the
broken of heart;
Wherever the shackles of tyranny
bind,
In silence and darkness, the God-
given mind;
There, God speed it onward! — its
truth will be felt, —
The bonds shall be loosened, — the
iron shall melt!

And O, will the land where the free
soul of PENN
Still lingers and breathes over moun-
tain and glen, —
Will the land where a BENEZET's
spirit went forth
To the peeled, and the meted, and
outcast of Earth, —
Where the words of the Charter of
Liberty first
From the soul of the sage and the
patriot burst, —
Where first for the wronged and the
weak of their kind,
The Christian and statesman their
efforts combined, —
Will that land of the free and the
good wear a chain?
Will the call to the rescue of Freedom
be vain?
No, RITNER! — her “Friends” at thy
warning shall stand

Erect for the truth, like their ances-
tral band;
Forgetting the feuds and the strife of
past time,
Counting coldness injustice, and si-
lence a crime;
Turning back from the cavil of creeds,
to unite
Once again for the poor in defence of
the Right;
Breasting calmly, but firmly, the full
tide of Wrong,
Overwhelmed, but not borne on its
surges along;
Unappalled by the danger, the shame,
and the pain,
And counting each trial for Truth as
their gain!

And that bold-hearted yeomanry, hon-
est and true,
Who, haters of fraud, give to labor its
due;
Whose fathers, of old, sang in concert
with thine,
On the banks of Swetara, the songs
of the Rhine, —
The German-born pilgrims, who first
dared to brave
The scorn of the proud in the cause
of the slave : —
Will the sons of such men yield the
lords of the South
One brow for the brand, — for the
padlock one mouth?
They cater to tyrants? — They rivet
the chain,
Which their fathers smote off, on the
negro again?

No, never! — one voice, like the sound
in the cloud,
When the roar of the storm waxes
loud and more loud,
Wherever the foot of the freeman hath
pressed
From the Delaware's marge to the
Lake of the West,
On the South-going breezes shall
deepen and grow

Till the land it sweeps over shall tremble below!
 The voice of a PEOPLE,—uprisen,—awake,—
 Pennsylvania's watchword, with Freedom at stake,
 Thrilling up from each valley, flung down from each height,
"OUR COUNTRY AND LIBERTY!—GOD FOR THE RIGHT!"

No vile "itinerant" then could mar
 The beauty of your tranquil Zion,
 But at his peril of the scar
 Of hangman's whip and branding-iron.

Then, wholesome laws relieved the Church
 Of heretic and mischief-maker,
 And priest and bailiff joined in search,
 By turns, of Papist, witch, and Quaker!
 The stocks were at each church's door,
 The gallows stood on Boston Common,
 A Papist's ears the pillory bore,—
 The gallows-rope, a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal
 With "non-professing" frantic teachers;
 They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,
 And flayed the backs of "female preachers."
 Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,
 And Salem's streets could tell their story,
 Of fainting woman dragged along,
 Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!

And will ye ask me, why this taunt
 Of memories sacred from the scorner?
 And why with reckless hand I plant
 A nettle on the graves ye honor?
 Not to reproach New England's dead
 This record from the past I summon,
 Of manhood to the scaffold led,
 And suffering and heroic woman.

A "Pastoral Letter," grave and dull—
 Alas! in hoof and horns and features,
 How different is your Brookfield bull,
 From him who bellows from St. Peter's!
 Your pastoral rights and powers from harm,
 Think ye, can words alone preserve them?
 Your wiser fathers taught the arm
 And sword of temporal power to serve them.

O, glorious days,—when Church and State
 Were wedded by your spiritual fathers!
 And on submissive shoulders sat
 Your Wilsons and your Cotton Matthers.

No,—for yourselves alone, I turn
 The pages of intolerance over,
 That, in their spirit, dark and stern,
 Ye haply may your own discover!
 For, if ye claim the "pastoral right,"
 To silence Freedom's voice of warning,

And from your precincts shut the light
Of Freedom's day around ye dawn-ing;

If when an earthquake voice of power,
And signs in earth and heaven, are
showing

That forth, in its appointed hour,
The Spirit of the Lord is going!
And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light
On kindred, tongue, and people
breaking,
Whose slumbering millions, at the
sight,
In glory and in strength are waking!

When for the sighing of the poor,
And for the needy, God hath risen,
And chains are breaking, and a door
Is opening for the souls in prison!

If then ye would, with puny hands,
Arrest the very work of Heaven,
And bind anew the evil bands
Which God's right arm of power
hath riven,—

What marvel that, in many a mind,
Those darker deeds of bigot mad-
ness

Are closely with your own combined,
Yet "less in anger than in sad-
ness"?

What marvel, if the people learn
To claim the right of free opinion?

What marvel, if at times they spurn
The ancient yoke of your dominion?

A glorious remnant linger yet,
Whose lips are wet at Freedom's
fountains,

The coming of whose welcome feet
Is beautiful upon our mountains!

Men, who the gospel tidings bring
Of Liberty and Love forever,
Whose joy is an abiding spring,
Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale
Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
Which echoes here the mournful wail
Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,

Close while ye may the public ear,—
With malice vex, with slander
wound them,—
The pure and good shall throng to
hear,
And tried and manly hearts sur-
round them.

O, ever may the power which led
Their way to such a fiery trial,
And strengthened womanhood to tread
The wine-press of such self-denial,
Be round them in an evil land,
With wisdom and with strength
from Heaven,
With Miriam's voice, and Judith's
hand,
And Deborah's song, for triumph
given!

And what are ye who strive with God
Against the ark of his salvation,
Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,
With blessings for a dying nation?
What, but the stubble and the hay
To perish, even as flax consuming,
With all that bars his glorious way,
Before the brightness of his coming?

And thou, sad Angel, who so long
Hast waited for the glorious token,
That Earth from all her bonds of
wrong
To liberty and light has broken,—
Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
The sounding trumpet shall be
given,
And over Earth's full jubilee
Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE MEETING OF THE
ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT CHAT-
HAM STREET CHAPEL, N.Y., HELD
ON THE 4TH OF THE 7TH MONTH,
1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,

As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
Most Holy Father! unto thee
May not our humble prayer be
given?

Thy children all,— though hue and
form
Are varied in thine own good will,—
With thy own holy breathings warm,
And fashioned in thine image still.

We thank thee, Father!— hill and
plain
Around us wave their fruits once
more,
And clustered vine, and blossomed
grain,
Are bending round each cottage
door.

And peace is here; and hope and
love
Are round us as a mantle thrown,
And unto Thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But O, for those this day can bring,
As unto us, no joyful thrill,—
For those who, under Freedom's wing,
Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom thy living word
Of light and love is never given,—
For those whose ears have never heard
The promise and the hope of
Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,
Whereon no human mercies fall,—
O, be thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a Father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land and tongue and
clime

The message of thy love shall
hear,—

When, smitten as with fire from
heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in
dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just!

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF
THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF BRIT-
ISH EMANCIPATION AT THE BROAD-
WAY TABERNACLE, N.Y., "FIRST OF
AUGUST," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER!— just and true
Are all thy works and words and
ways,
And unto thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
As children of thy gracious care,
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and
prayer,
Father and God, we come to thee.

For thou hast heard, O God of Right,
The sighing of the island slave;
And stretched for him the arm of
might,

Not shortened that it could not save.
The laborer sits beneath his vine,
The shackled soul and hand are
free,—

Thanksgiving!— for the work is
thine!
Praise!— for the blessing is of thee!

And O, we feel thy presence here,—
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's
tear,—
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's
prayer.
Praise!— for the pride of man is low,
The counsels of the wise are naught,

The fountains of repentance flow;
What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on thy work, Lord God of Hosts!

And when the bondman's chain is riven,

And swells from all our guilty coasts
The anthem of the free to Heaven,
O, not to those whom thou hast led,
As with thy cloud and fire before,
But unto thee, in fear and dread,
Be praise and glory evermore.

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST OF AUGUST, AT MILTON, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away
Since Britain drove her million slaves

Beneath the tropic's fiery ray:
God willed their freedom; and to-day
Life blooms above those island graves!

He spoke! across the Carib Sea,
We heard the clash of breaking chains,
And felt the heart-throb of the free,
The first, strong pulse of liberty
Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,
The Briton's triumph shall be ours:

Wears slavery here a prouder brow
Than that which twelve short years ago
Scowled darkly from her island bowers?

Mighty alike for good or ill
With mother-land, we fully share

The Saxon strength,—the nerve of steel,—

The tireless energy of will,—
The power to do, the pride to dare.

What she has done can we not do?
Our hour and men are both at hand;

The blast which Freedom's angel blew
O'er her green islands, echoes through
Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe! we have sworn
The death of slavery.—When it falls,

Look to your vassals in their turn,
Your poor dumb millions, crushed and worn,
Your prisons and your palace walls!

O kingly mockers!—scoffing show
What deeds in Freedom's name we do;
Yet know that every taunt ye throw
Across the waters, goads our slow
Progression towards the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,
Appalled by democratic crime,
Grind as their fathers ground before,—

The hour which sees our prison door
Swing wide shall be *their* triumph time.

On then, my brothers! every blow
Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;

Whatever here uplifts the low
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,
Blesses the Old World through the New.

Take heart! The promised hour
draws near,—

I hear the downward beat of wings,
And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear:
“Joy to the people!—woe and fear
To new-world tyrants, old-world kings!”

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO
HER DAUGHTERS SOLD INTO
SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear
them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless
them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,

There no brother's voice shall greet
them,—
There no father's welcome meet
them.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play,—
From the cool spring where they
drank,—
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank,—
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there,—
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
O that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth,—
By the bruised reed He spareth,—
O, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.
Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood ;
And, through the storm which round
her swept,
Their constant ward and watching
kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for
wine !

Our fathers to their graves have
gone ;
Their strife is past,—their triumph
won ;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place,—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight.
And, strong in Him whose cause is
ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has
given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of
Heaven.

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION
OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION,
HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

YES, let them gather!—Summon
forth
The pledged philanthropy of Earth,
From every land, whose hills have
heard

The bugle blast of Freedom wak-
ing ;
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird
From out his cloudy eyrie break-
ing :
Where Justice hath one worshipper,
Or truth one altar built to her ;
Where'er a human eye is weeping
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad
children know,—
Where'er a single heart is keeping
Its prayerful watch with human
woe :
Thence let them come, and greet
each other,
And know in each a friend and
brother!

Yes, let them come ! from each green
vale
Where England's old baronial
halls
Still bear upon their storied walls
The grim crusader's rusted mail,
Battered by Paynim spear and brand
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand !
And mouldering pennon-staves once
set
Within the soil of Palestine,
By Jordan and Genessaret ;
Or, borne with England's battle
line,
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stoop-
ing ,
Or, midst the camp their banners
drooping ,
With dews from hallowed Hermon
wet ,
A holier summons now is given
Than that gray hermit's voice of
old ,
Which unto all the winds of heaven
The banners of the Cross unrolled !
Not for the long-deserted shrine,—
Not for the dull unconscious sod ,
Which tells not by one lingering sign
That there the hope of Israel
trod ;—
But for that TRUTH, for which alone
In pilgrim eyes are sanctified

The garden moss, the mountain stone,
Whereon his holy sandals pressed,—
The fountain which his lip hath
blessed,—

Whate'er hath touched his garment's
hem

At Bethany or Bethlehem,
Or Jordan's river-side.

For FREEDOM, in the name of Him
Who came to raise Earth's drooping
poor,

To break the chain from every limb,
The bolt from every prison door!

For these, o'er all the earth hath
passed

An ever-deepening trumpet blast,
As if an angel's breath had lent
Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowden's mountain
wall,

Shall startle at that thrilling call,
As if she heard her bards again;

And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"
Give out its ancient strain,

Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—
The melody which Erin loves,

When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of
gladness

And slogan cries and lyke-wake sad-
ness,

The hand of her O'Connell moves!
Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,
And mountain hold, and heathery
hill,

Shall catch and echo back the
note,

As if she heard upon her air

Once more her Cameronian's prayer
And song of Freedom float.

And cheering echoes shall reply

From each remote dependency,
Where Britain's mighty sway is
known,

In tropic sea or frozen zone;

Where'er her sunset flag is furling,
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curl-
ing;

From Indian Bengal's groves of palm
And rosy fields and gales of balm,

Where Eastern pomp and power are
rolled

Through regal Ava's gates of gold;
And from the lakes and ancient woods

And dim Canadian solitudes,
Whence, sternly from her rocky

throne,

Queen of the North, Quebec looks
down;

And from those bright and ransomed
Isles

Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,
And the dark laborer still retains
The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel
The gateways of the land of Tell,
Where morning's keen and earliest
glance

On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,
And from the olive bowers of France
And vine groves garlanding the
Rhône,—

"Friends of the Blacks," as true and
tried

As those who stood by Oge's side,
And heard the Haytien's tale of wrong,
Shall gather at that summons strong,—
Broglie, Passy, and him whose song
Breathed over Syria's holy sod,
And in the paths which Jesus trod,
And murmured midst the hills which
hem

Crownless and sad Jerusalem,
Hath echoes wheresoe'er the tone
Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come,—from Quito's
walls,

And from the Orinoco's tide,
From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,
From Sante Fe and Yucatan,—
Men who by swart Guerrero's side
Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF
MAN,

Broke every bond and fetter off,
And hailed in every sable serf
A free and brother Mexican!

Chiefs who across the Andes' chain

Have followed Freedom's flowing
pennon,
And seen on Junin's fearful plain,
Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain
The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon!
And Hayti, from her mountain land,
Shall send the sons of those who
hurled
Defiance from her blazing strand,—
The war-gage from her Petion's hand,
Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,
Land of the dark and mystic Nile!—
Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame
All tyrants of a Christian name,—
When in the shade of Gizeh's pile,
Or, where from Abyssinian hills
El Gerek's upper fountain fills,
Or where from Mountains of the Moon
El Abiad bears his watery boon.
Where'er thy lotus blossoms swim
Within their ancient hallowed
waters,—
Where'er is heard the Coptic hymn,
Or song of Nubia's sable daugh-
ters,—
The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,
Thy bequest from remotest time,
At thy dark Mehemet's decree
Forevermore shall pass from thee;
And chains forsake each captive's
limb
Of all those tribes, whose hills around
Have echoed back the cymbal sound
And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose
crime
To earth's remotest bound and clime,
In mingled tones of awe and scorn,
The echoes of a world have borne,
My country! glorious at thy birth,
A day-star flashing brightly forth.—
The herald-sign of Freedom's
dawn!
O, who could dream that saw thee
then,
And watched thy rising from afar,
That vapors from oppression's fen

Would cloud the upward tending
star?
Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which
heard,
Awe-struck, the shout which hailed
thy dawning,
Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and
king,
To mock thee with their welcoming,
Like Hades when her thrones were
stirred
To greet the down-cast Star of
Morning!
“Aha! and art thou fallen thus?
Art THOU become as one of us?”

Land of my fathers!—there will stand,
Amidst that world-assembled band,
Those owning thy maternal claim
Unweakened by thy crime and
shame,—
The sad reprovers of thy wrong,—
The children thou hast spurned so
long.
Still with affection's fondest yearning
To their unnatural mother turning.
No traitors they!—but tried and leal,
Whose own is but thy general weal,
Still blending with the patriot's zeal
The Christian's love for human kind,
To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering!—peaceful all :
No threat of war,—no savage call
For vengeance on an erring brother;
But in their stead the godlike plan
To teach the brotherhood of man
To love and reverence one another,
As sharers of a common blood,
The children of a common God!—
Yet, even at its lightest word,
Shall Slavery's darkest depths be
stirred:
Spain, watching from her Moro's keep
Her slave-ships traversing the deep,
And Rio, in her strength and pride,
Lifting, along her mountain-side,
Her snowy battlements and towers,—
Her lemon-groves and tropic bowers,
With bitter hate and sullen fear

Its freedom-giving voice shall hear ;
 And where my country's flag is flowing,
 On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing
 Above the Nation's council halls,
 Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,
 While close beneath the outward walls
 The driver plies his reeking thong.—
 The hammer of the man-thief falls,
 O'er hypocritic cheek and brow
 The crimson flush of shame shall glow :
 And all who for their native land
 Are pledging life and heart and hand,—
 Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,
 Who for her tarnished honor feel,—
 Through cottage door and council-hall
 Shall thunder an awakening call.
 The pen along its page shall burn
 With all intolerable scorn,—
 An eloquent rebuke shall go
 On all the winds that Southward blow,—
 From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,
 Warning and dread appeal shall come,
 Like those which Israel heard from him,
 The Prophet of the Cherubim.—
 Or those which sad Esaias hurled
 Against a sin-accursed world !
 Its wizard leaves the Press shall fling
 Unceasing from its iron wing,
 With characters inscribed thereon,
 As fearful in the despot's hall
 As to the pomp of Babylon
 The fire-sign on the palace wall !
 And, from her dark iniquities,
 Methinks I see my country rise :
 Not challenging the nations round
 To note her tardy justice done,—
 Her captives from their chains unbound,
 Her prisons opening to the sun :—

But tearfully her arms extending
 Over the poor and unoffending ;
 Her regal emblem now no longer
 A bird of prey, with talons reeking,
 Above the dying captive shrieking,
 But, spreading out her ample wing,—
 A broad, impartial covering,—
 The weaker sheltered by the stronger!—
 O, then to Faith's anointed eyes
 The promised token shall be given ;
 And on a nation's sacrifice,
 Atoning for the sin of years,
 And wet with penitential tears,—
 The fire shall fall from Heaven !

1839.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1845.

GOD bless New Hampshire!—from her granite peaks
 Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
 The long-bound vassal of the exulting South
 For very shame her self-forged chain has broken,—
 Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,
 And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!
 O, all undreamed-of, all unhop'd-for changes!—
 The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe ;
 To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,
 New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!
 Who is it now despairs? O, faint of heart,
 Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,
 Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,
 And gather strength to bear a manlier part!

All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing
 Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
 Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,
 Unlooked-for allies, striking for the right!
 Courage, then, Northern hearts! — Be firm, be true:
 What one brave State hath done, can ye not also do?

THE NEW YEAR:

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA FREEMAN.

THE wave is breaking on the shore,—
 The echo fading from the chime,—
 Again the shadow moveth o'er
 The dial-plate of time!

O, seer-seen Angel! waiting now
 With weary feet on sea and shore,
 Impatient for the last dread vow
 That time shall be no more!
 Once more across thy sleepless eye
 The semblance of a smile has passed:
 The year departing leaves more nigh
 Time's fearallest and last.

O, in that dying year hath been
 The sum of all since time began,—
 The birth and death, the joy and pain,
 Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,
 And streams released from winter's chain,
 And bursting bud, and opening flower,
 And greenly growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,

And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
 And voices in her rising storm,—
 God speaking from his cloud!—
 And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,
 And soft, warm days of golden light,
 The glory of her forest leaves,
 And harvest-moon at night;
 And Winter with her leafless grove,
 And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,
 The brilliance of her heaven above
 And of her earth below:—
 And man,—in whom an angel's mind
 With earth's low instincts finds abode,—
 The highest of the links which bind
 Brute nature to her God;
 His infant eye hath seen the light,
 His childhood's merriest laughter rung,
 And active sports to manlier might
 The nerves of boyhood strung!
 And quiet love, and passion's fires,
 Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast,
 And lofty aims and low desires
 By turns disturbed his rest.
 The wailing of the newly-born
 Has mingled with the funeral knell;
 And o'er the dying's ear has gone
 The merry marriage-bell.
 And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,
 While Want, in many a humble shed,
 Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,
 The live-long night for bread.
 And worse than all,—the human slave,—

The sport of lust, and pride, and
scorn!
Plucked off the crown his Maker
gave,—
His regal manhood gone!

O, still, my country! o'er thy plains,
Blackened with slavery's blight and
ban,
That human chattel drags his chains,—
An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,
My country, is thy flag unrolled,
With scorn, the gazing stranger sees
A stain on every fold.

O, tear the gorgeous emblem down!
It gathers scorn from every eye,
And despots smile and good men
frown
Whene'er it passes by.

Shame! shame! its starry splendors
glow
Above the slaver's loathsome jail,—
Its folds are ruffling even now
His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall
The trade in human flesh is driven,
And at each careless hammer-fall
A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men,
Vested with power to shield the
right,
And throw each vile and robber den
Wide open to the light.

Yet, shame upon them!—there they
sit,
Men of the North, subdued and
still;
*Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit
To work a master's will.

Sold,—bargained off for Southern
votes,—
A passive herd of Northern mules,

Just braying through their purchased
throats
Whate'er their owner rules.

And he,—the basest of the base,
The vilest of the vile,—whose
name,
Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
Is deathless in its shame!—

A tool,—to bolt the people's door
Against the people clamoring there,
An ass,—to trample on their floor
A people's right of prayer!

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,
Self-pilloried to the public view,—
A mark for every passing blast
Of scorn to whistle through;

There let him hang, and hear the
boast
Of Southrons o'er their pliant
tool,—
A St. Styrites on his post,
“Sacred to ridicule!”

Look we at home!—our noble hall,
To Freedom's holy purpose given,
Now rears its black and ruined wall,
Beneath the wintry heaven,—

Telling the story of its doom,—
The fiendish mob,—the prostrate
law,—
The fiery jet through midnight's
gloom,
Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State,—the poor man's
right
Torn from him:—and the sons of
those
Whose blood in Freedom's sternest
fight
Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,
That Slavery's guilty fears might
cease,

And those whom God created men
Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm
A bow of promise bends on high,
And gleams of sunshine, soft and
warm,
Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is
heard,
Of freemen rising for the right :
Each valley hath its rallying word,—
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
The strengthening light of freedom
shines,
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay,—
And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and
glades,
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,

And through the blackness of that
hell,
Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience
quake
Before that light poured full and
strong,
So shall the Southern heart awake
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land
The song of grateful millions rise,
Like that of Israel's ransomed band
Beneath Arabia's skies :

And all who now are bound beneath
Our banner's shade, our eagle's
wing,
From Slavery's night of moral death
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain, and
gone
The master's guilt, and hate, and
fear,
And unto both alike shall dawn,
A New and Happy Year.

1839.

MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts Bay :—
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go,—
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow ;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words and high,
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky ;
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labor here,—
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank,—
 Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank;
 Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout are the hearts which man
 The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their icy forms,
 Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling with the storms;
 Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the waves they roam,
 They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot the day
 When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's steel array?
 How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men
 Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
 Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
 When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath
 Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons have proved
 False to their fathers' memory,—false to the faith they loved,
 If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter spurn,
 Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell,—
 Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhound's yell,—
 We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,
 From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;
 The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
 Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and cool,
 She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free* State may,
 Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day;
 But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,
 And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air
 With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair;
 Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains
 The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,
 By watching round the shambles where human flesh is sold,—
 Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when
 The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginia name;
 Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame;
 Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe,—
 We wash our hands forever of your sin and shame and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's shrine hath been,
 Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's mountain men:
 The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering still
 In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey
 Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,
 How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke;
 How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on high,—
 A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply;
 Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,
 And up from bench and loom and wheel her young mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex,—of thousands as of one,—
 The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington,—
 From Norfolk's ancient villages, from Plymouth's rocky bound
 To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close her round;—

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the calm repose
 Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle Nashua flows,
 To where Wachusett's wintry blasts the mountain larches stir,
 Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of “God save Latimer!”

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt sea spray,—
 And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narragansett Bay!
 Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the thrill,
 And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and daughters,—
 Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the sound of many waters!
 Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand?
No fitters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
 In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
 You've spurned our kindest counsels,—you've hunted for our lives,—
 And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war,—we lift no arm,—we fling no torch within
 The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
 We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while ye can,
 With the strong upward tendencies and godlike soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
 For freedom and humanity is registered in Heaven;
No slave-hunt in our borders, — no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State, — no slave upon our land!

THE RELIC.

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the cause of human liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a fragment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,
 From one whose fiery heart of youth
 With mine has beaten, side by side,
 For Liberty and Truth;
 With honest pride the gift I take,
 And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells
 Of generous hand and heart sincere;
 Around that gift of friendship dwells
 A memory doubly dear,—
 Earth's noblest aim,— man's holiest
 thought,
 With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers
 unfold,
 And precious memories round it
 cling,
 Even as the Prophet's rod of old
 In beauty blossoming:
 And buds of feeling pure and good
 Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine! — a brand
 Plucked from its burning! — let it be
 Dear as a jewel from the hand
 Of a lost friend to me! —
 Flower of a perished garland left,
 Of life and beauty unbereft!

O, if the young enthusiast bears,
 O'er weary waste and sea, the stone

Which crumbled from the Forum's
 stairs,

Or round the Parthenon;
 Or olive-bough from some wild tree
 Hung over old Thermopylæ:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
 Or moss-wreath torn from ruins
 hoary,—
 Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
 On fields renowned in story,—
 Or fragment from the Alhambra's
 crest,
 Or the gray rock by Druids blessed;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing
 Where Freedom led her stalwart
 kern,
 Or Scotia's "rough bur thistle" blow-
 ing
 On Bruce's Bannockburn,—
 Or Runnymede's wild English rose,
 Or lichen plucked from Sempach's
 snows! —

If it be true that things like these
 To heart and eye bright visions
 bring,
 Shall not far holier memories
 To this memorial cling?
 Which needs no mellowing mist of
 time
 To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned,—
 Of courts where Peace with Free-
 dom trod,
 Lifting on high, with hands unstained,
 Thanksgiving unto God;
 Where Mercy's voice of love was
 pleading
 For human hearts in bondage bleed-
 ing! —

Where, midst the sound of rushing
feet

And curses on the night-air flung,
That pleading voice rose calm and
sweet

From woman's earnest tongue;
And Riot turned his scowling glance,
Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That temple now in ruin lies! —

The fire-stain on its shattered wall,
And open to the changing skies
Its black and roofless hall,
It stands before a nation's sight,
A gravestone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,
The fire-scorched stones themselves
are crying,

And from their ashes white and cold
Its timbers are replying!
A voice which slavery cannot kill
Speaks from the crumbling arches
still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,
O holy Freedom! hath to me
A potent power, a voice and sign
To testify of thee;
And, grasping it, methinks I feel
A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,
Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian
wave,
Which opened, in the strength of God,
A pathway for the slave,
It yet may point the bondman's way,
And turn the spoiler from his prey.

THE BRANDED HAND.

1846.

WELCOME home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day, —
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens aim
To make God's truth thy falsehood, his holiest work thy shame?
When, all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn,
How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn!

They change to wrong the duty which God hath written out
On the great heart of humanity, too legible for doubt!
They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotted from footsole up to crown,
Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and renown!

Why, that brand is highest honor! — than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the Templar home was welcome, bearing back from Syrian wars
The scars of Arab lances and of Paynim scymitars,
The pallor of the prison, and the shackle's crimson span,
So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man!

He suffered for the ransom of the dear Redeemer's grave,
 Thou for his living presence in the bound and bleeding slave ;
 He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,
 Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God !

For, while the jurist, sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,
 From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung,
 And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God-deserted shrine,
 Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine,—

While the multitude in blindness to a far-off Saviour knelt,
 And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt ;
 Thou beheld'st him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim,
 And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto him !

In thy lone and long night-watches, sky above and wave below,
 Thou didst learn a higher wisdom than the babbling schoolmen know ;
 God's stars and silence taught thee, as his angels only can,
 That the one sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is Man !

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
 In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need ;
 But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and rod,
 And herds with lower natures the awful form of God !

Then lift that manly right-hand, bold ploughman of the wave !
 Its branded palm shall prophesy, " SALVATION TO THE SLAVE ! "
 Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
 His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air, —
 Ho ! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God, look there !
 Take it henceforth for your standard, like the Bruce's heart of yore,
 In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before !

And the tyrants of the slave-land shall tremble at that sign,
 When it points its finger Southward along the Puritan line :
 Woe to the State-gorged leeches and the Church's locust band,
 When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand !

TEXAS.

VOICE OF NEW ENGLAND.

UP the hillside, down the glen,
 Rouse the sleeping citizen ;
 Summon out the might of men !

Like a lion growling low, —
 Like a night-storm rising slow, —
 Like the tread of unseen foe, —

It is coming, — it is nigh !
 Stand your homes and altars by ;
 On your own free thresholds die.

Clang the bells in all your spires ;
On the gray hills of your sires
Fling to heaven your signal-fires.

From Wachusett, lone and bleak,
Unto Berkshire's tallest peak,
Let the flame-tongued heralds speak.

O, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.

Whoso shrinks or falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow!

Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race,—
None for traitors false and base.

Perish party,— perish clan ;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man.

Like that angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime.
Crying of the end of time,—

With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North unto the South
Speak the word befitting both :

“ What though Issachar be strong !
Ye may load his back with wrong
Overmuch and over long :

“ Patience with her cup o'errun,
With her weary thread outspun,
Murmurs that her work is done.

“ Make our Union-bond a chain,
Weak as tow in Freedom's strain
Link by link shall snap in twain.

“ Vainly shall your sand-wrought rope
Bind the starry cluster up,
Shattered over heaven's blue cope !

“ Give us bright though broken rays,
Rather than eternal haze,
Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

“ Take your land of sun and bloom ;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough, and forge, and loom ;

“ Take your slavery-blackened vales ;
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blowing on our thousand sails.

“ Boldly, or with treacherous art,
Strike the blood-wrought chain apart ;
Break the Union's mighty heart ;

“ Work the ruin, if ye will ;
Pluck upon your heads an ill
Which shall grow and deepen still.

“ With your bondman's right arm
bare,
With his heart of black despair,
Stand alone, if stand ye dare !

“ Onward with your fell design ;
Dig the gulf and draw the line :
Fire beneath your feet the mine :

“ Deeply, when the wide abyss
Yawns between your land and this,
Shall ye feel your helplessness.

“ By the hearth, and in the bed,
Shaken by a look or tread,
Ye shall own a guilty dread.

“ And the curse of unpaid toil,
Downward through your generous soil
Like a fire shall burn and spoil.

“ Our bleak hills shall bud and blow,
Vines our rocks shall overgrow,
Plenty in our valleys flow ;—

“ And when vengeance clouds your
skies,
Hither shall ye turn your eyes,
As the lost on Paradise !

"We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's strong and honest hand,—

"Valleys by the slave untrod,
And the Pilgrim's mountain sod,
Blessed of our fathers' God!"

TO FANEUIL HALL.

1844.

MEN!—if manhood still ye claim,
If the Northern pulse can thrill,
Roused by wrong or stung by shame,
Freely, strongly still,—
Let the sounds of traffic die:
Shut the mill-gate,—leave the
stall,—
Fling the axe and hammer by,—
Throng to Faneuil Hall!

Wrongs which freemen never
brooked,—
Dangers grim and fierce as they,
Which, like couching lions, looked
On your fathers' way,—
These your instant zeal demand,
Shaking with their earthquake-call
Every rood of Pilgrim land,
Ho, to Faneuil Hall!

From your capes and sandy bars,—
From your mountain-ridges cold,
Through whose pines the westering
stars
Stoop their crowns of gold,—
Come, and with your footsteps wake
Echoes from that holy wall;
Once again, for Freedom's sake,
Rock your fathers' hall!

Up, and tread beneath your feet
Every cord by party spun;
Let your hearts together beat
As the heart of one.
Banks and tariffs, stocks and trade,
Let them rise or let them fall:

Freedom asks your common aid,—
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

Up, and let each voice that speaks
Ring from thence to Southern
plains,
Sharply as the blow which breaks
Prison-bolts and chains!
Speak as well becomes the free:
Dreaded more than steel or ball,
Shall your calmest utterance be,
Heard from Faneuil Hall!

Have they wronged us? Let us then
Render back nor threats nor prayers;
Have they chained our free-born men?
LET US UNCHAIN THEIRS!
Up, your banner leads the van,
Blazoned, "Liberty for all!"
Finish what your sires began!
Up, to Faneuil Hall!

TO MASSACHUSETTS.

1844.

WHAT though around thee blazes
No fiery rallying sign?
From all thy own high places,
Give heaven the light of thine!
What though unthrilled, unmoving,
The statesman stands apart,
And comes no warm approving
From Mammon's crowded mart?

Still, let the land be shaken
By a summons of thine own!
By all save truth forsaken,
Why, stand with that alone!
Shrink not from strife unequal!
With the best is always hope;
And ever in the sequel
God holds the right side up!

But when, with thine uniting,
Come voices long and loud,
And far-off hills are writing
Thy fire-words on the cloud;

When from Penobscot's fountains
A deep response is heard,
And across the Western mountains
Rolls back thy rallying word ;

Shall thy line of battle falter,
With its allies just in view?
O, by hearth and holy altar,
My fatherland, be true!
Fling abroad thy scrolls of Freedom!
Speed them onward far and fast!
Over hill and valley speed them,
Like the sibyl's on the blast!

Lo! the Empire State is shaking
The shackles from her hand ;

With the rugged North is waking
The level sunset land!
On they come, — the free battalions!
East and West and North they
come,
And the heart-beat of the millions
Is the beat of Freedom's drum.

“To the tyrant's plot no favor!
No heed to place-fed knaves!
Bar and bolt the door forever
Against the land of slaves!”
Hear it, mother Earth, and hear it,
The Heavens above us spread!
The land is roused, — its spirit
Was sleeping, but not dead!

THE PINE-TREE.

1846.

LIFT again the stately emblem on the Bay State's rusted shield,
Give to Northern winds the Pine-Tree on our banner's tattered field.
Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the board,
Answering England's royal missive with a firm, “*THUS SAITH THE LORD!*”
Rise again for home and freedom! — set the battle in array! —
What the fathers did of old time we their sons must do to-day.

Tell us not of banks and tariffs, — cease your paltry pedler cries, —
Shall the good State sink her honor that your gambling stocks may rise?
Would ye barter man for cotton? — That your gains may sum up higher,
Must we kiss the feet of Moloch, pass our children through the fire?
Is the dollar only real? — God and truth and right a dream?
Weighed against your lying ledgers must our manhood kick the beam?

O my God! — for that free spirit, which of old in Boston town
Smote the Province House with terror, struck the crest of Andros down! —
For another strong-voiced Adams in the city's streets to cry,
“ Up for God and Massachusetts! — Set your feet on Mammon's lie!
Perish banks and perish traffic, — spin your cotton's latest pound, —
But in Heaven's name keep your honor, — keep the heart o' the Bay State
sound! ”

Where 's the MAN for Massachusetts? — Where 's the voice to speak her free? —
Where 's the hand to light up bonfires from her mountains to the sea?
Beats her Pilgrim pulse no longer? — Sits she dumb in her despair? —
Has she none to break the silence? — Has she none to do and dare?
O my God! for one right worthy to lift up her rusted shield,
And to plant again the Pine-Tree in her banner's tattered field!

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE CITY
OF WASHINGTON, IN THE 12TH
MONTH OF 1845.

WITH a cold and wintry noon-light,
On its roofs and steeples shed,
Shadows weaving with the sunlight
From the gray sky overhead,
Broadly, vaguely, all around me, lies
the half-built town outspread.

Through this broad street, restless
ever,
Ebb and flows a human tide,
Wave on wave a living river;
Wealth and fashion side by side;
Toiler, idler, slave and master, in the
same quick current glide.

Underneath yon dome, whose cop-
ing
Springs above them, vast and tall,
Grave men in the dust are groping
For the largess, base and small,
Which the hand of Power is scattering,
crumbs which from its table fall.

Base of heart! They vilely barter
Honor's wealth for party's place:
Step by step on Freedom's charter
Leaving footprints of disgrace;
For to-day's poor pittance turning
from the great hope of their
race.

Yet, where festal lamps are throwing
Glory round the dancer's hair,
Gold-tressed, like an angel's, flowing
Backward on the sunset air;
And the low quick pulse of music
beats its measures sweet and
rare:

There to-night shall woman's
glances,
Star-like, welcome give to them,
Fawning fools with shy advances

Seek to touch their garments' hem,
With the tongue of flattery glozing
deeds which God and Truth
condemn.

From this glittering lie my vision
Takes a broader, sadder range,
Full before me have arisen
Other pictures dark and strange;
From the parlor to the prison must
the scene and witness change.

Hark! the heavy gate is swinging
On its hinges, harsh and slow;
One pale prison lamp is flinging
On a fearful group below
Such a light as leaves to terror what-
so'er it does not show.

Pitying God! — Is that a WOMAN
On whose wrist the shackles
clash?
Is that shriek she utters human,
Underneath the stinging lash?
Are they MEN whose eyes of madness
from that sad procession flash?

Still the dance goes gayly onward!
What is it to Wealth and Pride
That without the stars are looking
On a scene which earth should
hide?
That the SLAVE-SHIP lies in waiting,
rocking on Potomac's tide!

Vainly to that mean Ambition
Which, upon a rival's fall,
Winds above its old condition,
With a reptile's slimy crawl,
Shall the pleading voice of sorrow,
shall the slave in anguish call.

Vainly to the child of Fashion,
Giving to ideal woe
Graceful luxury of compassion,
Shall the stricken mourner go;
Hateful seems the earnest sorrow.
beautiful the hollow show!

Nay, my words are all too sweeping:

In this crowded human mart,
Feeling is not dead, but sleeping;
Man's strong will and woman's heart,

In the coming strife for Freedom, yet
shall bear their generous part.

And from yonder sunny valleys,
Southward in the distance lost,
Freedom yet shall summon allies
Worthier than the North can boast,

With the Evil by their hearth-stones
grappling at severer cost.

Now, the soul alone is willing:
Faint the heart and weak the knee;

And as yet no lip is thrilling
With the mighty words, "BE FREE!"

Tarrieth long the land's Good Angel,
but his advent is to be!

Meanwhile, turning from the revel
To the prison-cell my sight,
For intenser hate of evil,
For a keener sense of right,
Shaking off thy dust, I thank thee,
City of the Slaves, to-night!

"To thy duty now and ever!
Dream no more of rest or stay;
Give to Freedom's great endeavor
All thou art and hast to-day":

Thus, above the city's murmur, saith
a Voice, or seems to say.

Ye with heart and vision gifted
To discern and love the right,
Whose worn faces have been lifted

To the slowly-growing light,
Where from Freedom's sunrise drifted
slowly back the murk of night!—

Ye who through long years of trial
Still have held your purpose fast,

While a lengthening shade the dial
From the westering sunshine cast,
And of hope each hour's denial seemed
an echo of the last!—

O my brothers! O my sisters!
Would to God that ye were near,
Gazing with me down the vistas
Of a sorrow strange and drear;
Would to God that ye were listeners
to the Voice I seem to hear!

With the storm above us driving,
With the false earth mined below,—

Who shall marvel if thus striving
We have counted friend as foe;
Unto one another giving in the darkness
blow for blow.

Well it may be that our natures
Have grown sterner and more hard,
And the freshness of their features
Somewhat harsh and battle-scarred,
And their harmonies of feeling over-tasked and rudely jarred.

Be it so. It should not swerve us
From a purpose true and brave;
Dearer Freedom's rugged service
Than the pastime of the slave;
Better is the storm above it than the quiet of the grave.

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces,
falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels?
Shall we cloud their blessed
skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh,
and with us it is not day!

LINES,

FROM A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERICAL FRIEND.

A STRENGTH Thy service cannot
tire,—
A faith which doubt can never
dim,—
A heart of love, a lip of fire,—
O Freedom's God! be thou to
him!

Speak through him words of power
and fear,
As through thy prophet bards of
old,
And let a scornful people hear
Once more thy Sinai-thunders
rolled.

For lying lips thy blessing seek,
And hands of blood are raised to
Thee,
And on thy children, crushed and
weak,
The oppressor plants his kneeling
knee.

Let then, O God! thy servant dare
Thy truth in all its power to tell,
Unmask the priestly thieves, and
tear
The Bible from the grasp of hell!

From hollow rite and narrow span
Of law and sect by Thee released,
O, teach him that the Christian man
Is holier than the Jewish priest.

Chase back the shadows, gray and
old,
Of the dead ages, from his way,
And let his hopeful eyes behold
The dawn of thy millennial
day;—

That day when fettered limb and
mind
Shall know the truth which maketh
free,
And he alone who loves his kind
Shall, childlike, claim the love of
Thee!

YORKTOWN.

FROM Yorktown's ruins, ranked and
still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and
hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving
glance
Where down the gorgeous line of
France
Shine knightly star and plume of
snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm
array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof
and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with
steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the
gun,
And down night's double blackness
fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing
shell,

Now all is hushed: the gleaming
lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring
pines;
While through them, sullen, grim,
and slow,
The conquered hosts of England
go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troop rides banner-
less:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted
homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her
time,
Shouting from cave and mountain
wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her quail with
fear;
The New World's chain lies broken
here!

But who are they, who, cowering,
wait
Within the shattered fortress gate?
Dark tillers of Virginia's soil,
Classed with the battle's common
spoil,
With household stuffs, and fowl, and
swine,
With Indian weed and planters' wine,
With stolen beeves, and foraged
corn,—
Are they not men, Virginian born?

O, veil your faces, young and brave!
Sleep, Scammel, in thy soldier grave!
Sons of the Northland, ye who set
Stout hearts against the bayonet,
And pressed with steady footfall near
The moated battery's blazing tier,
Turn your scarred faces from the
sight,
Let shame do homage to the right!

Lo! threescore years have passed;
and where
The Gallic timbrel stirred the air,
With Northern drum-roll, and the
clear,
Wild horn-blow of the mountaineer,
While Britain grounded on that plain
The arms she might not lift again,
As abject as in that old day
The slave still toils his life away.

O, fields still green and fresh in story,
Old days of pride, old names of
glory,
Old marvels of the tongue and pen,
Old thoughts which stirred the hearts
of men,
Ye spared the wrong; and over all
Behold the avenging shadow fall!
Your world-wide honor stained with
shame,—
Your freedom's self a hollow name!

Where's now the flag of that old
war?
Where flows its stripe? Where
burns its star?
Bear witness, Palo Alto's day,
Dark Vale of Palms, red Monterey,
Where Mexic Freedom, young and
weak,
Fleshes the Northern eagle's beak:
Symbol of terror and despair,
Of chains and slaves, go seek it
there!

Laugh, Prussia, midst thy iron ranks!
Laugh, Russia, from thy Neva's
banks!
Brave sport to see the fledgling born
Of Freedom by its parent torn!
Safe now is Speilberg's dungeon
cell,
Safe drear Siberia's frozen hell:
With Slavery's flag o'er both un-
rolled,
What of the New World fears the
Old?

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF A FRIEND.

ON page of thine I cannot trace
 The cold and heartless common-
 place,—
 A statue's fixed and marble grace.

For ever as these lines I penned,
 Still with the thought of thee will
 blend
 That of some loved and common
 friend,—

Who in life's desert track has made
 His pilgrim tent with mine, or
 strayed
 Beneath the same remembered
 shade.

And hence my pen unfettered moves
 In freedom which the heart ap-
 proves,—
 The negligence which friendship
 loves.

And wilt thou prize my poor gift less
 For simple air and rustic dress,
 And sign of haste and carelessness? —

O, more than specious counterfeit
 Of sentiment or studied wit,
 A heart like thine should value it.

Yet half I fear my gift will be
 Unto thy book, if not to thee,
 Of more than doubtful courtesy.

A banished name from fashion's
 sphere,
 A lay unheard of Beauty's ear,
 Forbid, disowned,— what do they
 here? —

Upon my ear not all in vain
 Came the sad captive's clanking
 chain.—
 The groaning from his bed of pain.

And sadder still, I saw the woe
 Which only wounded spirits know
 When Pride's strong footsteps o'er
 them go.

Spurned not alone in walks abroad,
 But from the "temples of the Lord"
 Thrust out apart, like things abhorred.

Deep as I felt, and stern and strong,
 In words which Prudence smothered
 long,
 My soul spoke out against the wrong;

Not mine alone the task to speak
 Of comfort to the poor and weak,
 And dry the tear on Sorrow's cheek;

But, mingled in the conflict warm,
 To pour the fiery breath of storm
 Through the harsh trumpet of Reform;

To brave Opinion's settled frown,
 From ermined robe and saintly gown,
 While wrestling reverenced Error
 down.

Founts gushed beside my pilgrim way,
 Cool shadows on the greensward lay,
 Flowers swung upon the bending
 spray.

And, broad and bright, on either hand,
 Stretched the green slopes of Fairy-
 land,
 With Hope's eternal sunbow spanned;

Whence voices called me like the flow,
 Which on the listener's ear will grow,
 Of forest streamlets soft and low.

And gentle eyes, which still retain
 Their picture on the heart and brain,
 Smiled, beckoning from that path of
 pain.

In vain! — nor dream, nor rest, nor
 pause
 Remain for him who round him draws
 The battered mail of Freedom's cause.

From youthful hopes,—from each green spot
Of young Romance, and gentle Thought,
Where storm and tumult enter not,—

From each fair altar, where belong
The offerings Love requires of Song
In homage to her bright-eyed throng,—

With soul and strength, with heart and hand,
I turned to Freedom's struggling band,—
To the sad Helots of our land.

What marvel then that Fame should turn
Her notes of praise to those of scorn,—
Hergists reclaimed,—her smiles withdrawn?

What matters it!—a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!

In that far land shall disappear
The shadows which we follow here,—
The mist-wreaths of our atmosphere!

Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land;

Alone in that great love which gave
Life to the sleeper of the grave,
Resteth the power to “seek and save.”

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the past can view
One deed to Heaven and virtue true,—

If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,
Of idle aims and misspent hours,—

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not,—

A green place in the waste of thought,—

Where deed or word hath rendered less

“The sum of human wretchedness,”
And Gratitude looks forth to bless,—

The simple burst of tenderest feeling
From sad hearts worn by evil-dealing,
For blessing on the hand of healing,—

Better than Glory's pomp will be
That green and blessed spot to me,—
A palm-shade in Eternity!—

Something of Time which may invite
The purified and spiritual sight
To rest on with a calm delight.

And when the summer winds shall sweep
With their light wings my place of sleep,
And mosses round my headstone creep,—

If still, as Freedom's rallying sign,
Upon the young heart's altars shine
The very fires they caught from mine,—

If words my lips once uttered still,
In the calm faith and steadfast will
Of other hearts, their work fulfil,—

Perchance with joy the soul may learn
These tokens, and its eye discern
The fires which on those altars burn,—

A marvellous joy that even then,
The spirit hath its life again,
In the strong hearts of mortal men.

Take, lady, then, the gift I bring,
No gay and graceful offering,—
No flower-smile of the laughing spring.

Midst the green buds of Youth's fresh May,

With Fancy's leaf-enwoven bay,
My sad and sombre gift I lay.

And if it deepens in thy mind
A sense of suffering human-kind,—
The outcast and the spirit-blind :

Oppressed and spoiled on every side,
By Prejudice, and Scorn, and Pride,
Life's common courtesies denied ;

Sad mothers mourning o'er their trust,
Children by want and misery nursed,
Tasting life's bitter cup at first ;

If to their strong appeals which come
From fireless hearth, and crowded
room,
And the close alley's noisome gloom,—

Though dark the hands upraised to
thee
In mute beseeching agony,
Thou lend'st thy woman's sympathy,—

Not vainly on thy gentle shrine,
Where Love, and Mirth, and Friend-
ship twine
Their varied gifts, I offer mine.

PÆAN.

1848.

Now, joy and thanks forevermore!
The dreary night has wellnigh
passed,
The slumbers of the North are o'er,—
The Giant stands erect at last!

More than we hoped in that dark time,
When, faint with watching, few and
worn,
We saw no welcome day-star climb
The cold gray pathway of the morn !

O weary hours! O night of years!
What storms our darkling pathway
swept,

Where, beating back our thronging
fears,
By Faith alone our march we kept.

How jeered the scoffing crowd behind,
How mocked before the tyrant train,
As, one by one, the true and kind
Fell fainting in our path of pain!

They died,—their brave hearts break-
ing slow,—
But, self-forgetful to the last,
In words of cheer and bugle blow
Their breath upon the darkness
passed.

A mighty host, on either hand,
Stood waiting for the dawn of day
To crush like reeds our feeble band;
The morn has come,—and where
are they?

Troop after troop their line forsakes ;
With peace-white banners waving
free,
And from our own the glad shout
breaks,
Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Like mist before the growing light,
The hostile cohorts melt away ;
Our frowning foemen of the night
Are brothers at the dawn of day!

As unto these repentant ones
We open wide our toil-worn ranks,
Along our line a murmur runs
Of song, and praise, and grateful
thanks.

Sound for the onset!—Blast on blast !
Till Slavery's minions cower and
quail ;
One charge of fire shall drive them fast
Like chaff before our Northern gale !

O prisoners in your house of pain,
Dumb, toiling millions, bound and
sold,

Look! stretched o'er Southern vale
and plain,
The Lord's delivering hand behold!

Above the tyrant's pride of power,
His iron gates and guarded wall,
The bolts which shattered Shinar's
tower
Hang, smoking, for a fiercer fall.

Awake! awake! my Fatherland!
It is thy Northern light that shines;
This stirring march of Freedom's band
The storm-song of thy mountain
pines.

Wake, dwellers where the day expires!
And hear, in winds that sweep your
lakes
And fan your prairies' roaring fires,
The signal-call that Freedom makes!

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY.

GONE to thy Heavenly Father's rest!
The flowers of Eden round thee
blowing,
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Siloa's waters softly flowing!
Beneath that Tree of Life which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves
In the white robe of angels clad,
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God forever!

Gentlest of spirits! — not for thee
Our tears are shed, our sighs are
given;
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death;
And beautiful as sky and earth,
When autumn's sun is downward
going,
The blessed memory of thy worth

Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But woe for us! who linger still
With feebler strength and hearts less
lowly,
And minds less steadfast to the will
Of Him whose every work is holy.
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride:
And at the bondman's tale of woe,
And for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
Our weaker sympathies awaken.

Darkly upon our struggling way
The storm of human hate is sweep-
ing;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness
keeping,
O for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man!
O for thy spirit, tried and true,
And constant in the hour of trial,
Prepare to suffer, or to do,
In meekness and in self-denial.

O for that spirit, meek and mild,
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplain-
ing,—
By man deserted and reviled,
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
Still prompt and resolute to save
From scourge and chain the hunted
slave;
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
Even where the fires of Hate were
burning,
The unquailing eye of innocence
Alone upon the oppressor turning!

O loved of thousands! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore
thee.
The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed
o'er thee;
And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quickened its dying grass again!

And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine
Recalling memories sweet and holy!

O for the death the righteous die!
An end, like autumn's day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,
With holier, tenderer beauty shin-
ing;
As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening Heaven!
As if that pure and blessed light,
From off the Eternal altar flowing,
Were bathing, in its upward flight,
The spirit to its worship going!

TO A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

1846.

Is this thy voice, whose treble notes
of fear
Wail in the wind? And dost thou
shake to hear,
Actæon-like, the bay of thine own
hounds,
Spurning the leash, and leaping o'er
their bounds?
Sore-baffled statesman! when thy
eager hand,
With game afoot, unslipped the hun-
gry pack,
To hunt down Freedom in her chosen
land,
Hadst thou no fear, that, erelong,
doubling back,
These dogs of thine might snuff on
Slavery's track?
Where's now the boast, which even
thy guarded tongue,
Cold, calm, and proud, in the teeth o'
the Senate flung,
O'er the fulfilment of thy baleful plan,
Like Satan's triumph at the fall of
man?
How stood'st thou then, thy feet on
Freedom planting,

And pointing to the lurid heaven afar,
Whence all could see, through the
south windows slanting,
Crimson as blood, the beams of that
Lone Star!
The Fates are just; they give us but
our own;
Nemesis ripens what our hands have
sown.
There is an Eastern story, not un-
known,
Doubtless, to thee, of one whose
magic skill
Called demons up his water-jars to fill;
Deftly and silently, they did his will,
But, when the task was done, kept
pouring still,
In vain with spell and charm the wiz-
ard wrought,
Faster and faster were the buckets
brought,
Higher and higher rose the flood
around,
Till the fiends clapped their hands
above their master drowned!
So, Carolinian, it may prove with
thee,
For God still overrules man's schemes,
and takes
Craftiness in its self-set snare, and makes
The wrath of man to praise Him. It
may be,
That the roused spirits of Democracy
May leave to freer States the same
wide door
Through which thy slave-cursed Texas
entered in,
From out the blood and fire, the
wrong and sin,
Of the stormed city and the ghastly
plain,
Beat by hot hail, and wet with bloody
rain,
A myriad-handed Aztec host may
pour,
And swarthy South with pallid North
combine
Back on thyself to turn thy dark
design.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ADOPTION OF PINCKNEY'S RESOLUTIONS, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND THE PASSAGE OF CALHOUN'S "BILL FOR EXCLUDING PAPERS WRITTEN OR PRINTED, TOUCHING THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY FROM THE U.S. POST-OFFICE," IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEN of the North-land! where's the manly spirit
Of the true-hearted and the unshackled gone?

Sons of old freemen, do we but inherit
Their names alone?

Is the old Pilgrim spirit quenched
within us,
Stoops the strong manhood of our
souls so low,
That Mammon's lure or Party's wile
can win us
To silence now?

Now, when our land to ruin's brink is
verging,
In God's name, let us speak while
there is time!
Now, when the padlocks for our lips
are forging,
Silence is crime!

What! shall we henceforth humbly
ask as favors
Rights all our own? In madness
shall we barter,
For treacherous peace, the freedom
Nature gave us,
God and our charter?

Here shall the statesman forge his
human fetters,
Here the false jurist human rights
deny,
And, in the church, their proud and
skilled abettors
Make truth a lie?

Torture the pages of the hallowed
Bible,
To sanction crime, and robbery,
and blood?

And, in Oppression's hateful service,
libel

Both man and God?

Shall our New England stand erect
no longer,
But stoop in chains upon her down-
ward way,
Thicker to gather on her limbs and
stronger
Day after day?

O no; methinks from all her wild,
green mountains,—
From valleys where her slumbering
fathers lie,—
From her blue rivers and her welling
fountains,
And clear, cold sky,—

From her rough coast, and isles, which
hungry Ocean
Gnaws with his surges,— from the
fisher's skiff,
With white sail swaying to the bil-
lows' motion
Round rock and cliff,—

From the free fireside of her unbought
farmer,—
From her free laborer at his loom
and wheel,—
From the brown smith-shop, where,
beneath the hammer,
Rings the red steel,—

From each and all, if God hath not
forsaken
Our land, and left us to an evil
choice,
Loud as the summer thunderbolt shall
waken
A People's voice.

Startling and stern! the Northern
winds shall bear it
Over Potomac's to St. Mary's wave;

And buried Freedom shall awake to
hear it
Within her grave.

O, let that voice go forth! The bond-
man sighing
By Santee's wave, in Mississippi's
cane,
Shall feel the hope, within his bosom
dying,
Revive again.

Let it go forth! The millions who
are gazing
Sadly upon us from afar, shall smile,
And unto God devout thanksgiving
raising,
Bless us the while.

O for your ancient freedom, pure and
holy,
For the deliverance of a groaning
earth,
For the wronged captive, bleeding,
crushed, and lowly,
Let it go forth!

Sons of the best of fathers! will ye
falter
With all they left ye perilled and
at stake?
Ho! once again on Freedom's holy
altar
The fire awake!

Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come
together,
Put on the harness for the moral
fight,
And, with the blessing of your Heav-
enly Father,
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!

THE CURSE OF THE CHAR- TER-BREAKERS.

IN Westminster's royal halls,
Robed in their pontificals,
England's ancient prelates stood
For the people's right and good.

Closed around the waiting crowd,
Dark and still, like winter's cloud;
King and council, lord and knight,
Squire and yeoman, stood in sight,—

Stood to hear the priest rehearse,
In God's name, the Church's curse,
By the tapers round them lit,
Slowly, sternly uttering it.

“ Right of voice in framing laws,
Right of peers to try each cause ;
Peasant homestead, mean and small,
Sacred as the monarch's hall,—

“ Whoso lays his hand on these,
England's ancient liberties,—
Whoso breaks, by word or deed,
England's vow at Runnymede,—

“ Be he Prince or belted knight,
Whatsoe'er his rank or might,
If the highest, then the worst,
Let him live and die accursed.

“ Thou, who to thy Church hast given
Keys alike, of hell and heaven,
Make our word and witness sure,
Let the curse we speak endure ! ”

Silent, while that curse was said,
Every bare and listening head
Bowed in reverent awe, and then
All the people said, Amen!

Seven times the bells have tolled,
For the centuries gray and old,
Since that stoled and mitred band
Cursed the tyrants of their land.

Since the priesthood, like a tower,
Stood between the poor and power ;
And the wronged and trodden down
Blessed the abbot's shaven crown.

Gone, thank God, their wizard spell,
Lost, their keys of heaven and hell ;
Yet I sigh for men as bold
As those bearded priests of old.

Now, too oft the priesthood wait
At the threshold of the state,—
Waiting for the beck and nod
Of its power as law and God.

Fraud exults, while solemn words
Sanctify his stolen hoards ;
Slavery laughs, while ghostly lips
Bless his manacles and whips.

Not on them the poor rely,
Not to them looks liberty,
Who with fawning falsehood cower
To the wrong, when clothed with
power.

O, to see them meanly cling,
Round the master, round the king,
Sported with, and sold and bought,—
Pitiful sight is not!

Tell me not that this must be :
God's true priest is always free ;
Free, the needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak.

Not to fawn on wealth and state,
Leaving Lazarus at the gate,—
Not to peddle creeds like wares,—
Not to mutter hireling prayers,—

Nor to paint the new life's bliss
On the sable ground of this,—
Golden streets for idle knave,
Sabbath rest for weary slave !

Not for words and works like these,
Priest of God, thy mission is ;
But to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad ;

And to level manhood bring
Lord and peasant, serf and king ;
And the Christ of God to find
In the humblest of thy kind !

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away ;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting Heaven's warm sunshine in,—

Watching on the hills of Faith ;
Listening what the spirit saith,
Of the dim-seen light afar,
Growing like a nearing star.

God's interpreter art thou,
To the waiting ones below ;
"Twixt them and its light midway
Heralding the better day,—

Catching gleams of temple spires,
Hearing notes of angel choirs,
Where, as yet unseen of them,
Comes the New Jerusalem !

Like the seer of Patmos gazing,
On the glory downward blazing ;
Till upon Earth's grateful sod
Rests the City of our God !

THE SLAVES OF MARTINIQUE.

SUGGESTED BY A DAGUERREOTYPE FROM A FRENCH ENGRAVING.

BEAMS of noon, like burning lances, through the tree-tops flash and glisten,
As she stands before her lover, with raised face to look and listen.

Dark, but comely, like the maiden in the ancient Jewish song :
Scarcely has the toil of task-fields done her graceful beauty wrong.

He, the strong one and the manly, with the vassal's garb and hue,
Holding still his spirit's birthright, to his higher nature true ;

Hiding deep the strengthening purpose of a freeman in his heart,
As the greegree holds his Fetich from the white man's gaze apart.

Ever foremost of his comrades, when the driver's morning horn
Calls away to stifling mill-house, to the fields of cane and corn :

Fall the keen and burning lashes never on his back or limb ;
Scarce with look or word of censure, turns the driver unto him.

Yet, his brow is always thoughtful, and his eye is hard and stern ;
Slavery's last and humblest lesson he has never deigned to learn.

And, at evening, when his comrades dance before their master's door,
Folding arms and knitting forehead, stands he silent evermore.

God be praised for every instinct which rebels against a lot
Where the brute survives the human, and man's upright form is not !

As the serpent-like bejucu winds his spiral fold on fold
Round the tall and stately ceiba, till it withers in his hold ; —

Slow decays the forest monarch, closer girds the fell embrace,
Till the tree is seen no longer, and the vine is in its place, —

So a base and bestial nature round the vassal's manhood twines,
And the spirit wastes beneath it, like the ceiba choked with vines.

God is Love, saith the Evangel ; and our world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only when a Love is shining in.

Ye whose lives are free as sunshine, finding, wheresoe'er ye roam,
Smiles of welcome, looks of kindness, making all the world like home ;

In the veins of whose affections kindred blood is but a part,
Of one kindly current throbbing from the universal heart ;

Can ye know the deeper meaning of a love in Slavery nursed,
Last flower of a lost Eden, blooming in that Soil accursed ?

Love of Home, and Love of Woman ! — dear to all, but doubly dear
To the heart whose pulses elsewhere measure only hate and fear.

All around the desert circles, underneath a brazen sky,
Only one green spot remaining where the dew is never dry !

From the horror of that desert, from its atmosphere of hell,
Turns the fainting spirit thither, as the diver seeks his bell.

'Tis the fervid tropic noontime; faint and low the sea-waves beat;
Hazy rise the inland mountains through the glimmer of the heat,—

Where, through mingled leaves and blossoms, arrowy sunbeams flash and glisten,
Speaks her lover to the slave girl, and she lifts her head to listen:—

"We shall live as slaves no longer! Freedom's hour is close at hand!
Rocks her bark upon the waters, rests the boat upon the strand!"

"I have seen the Haytien Captain; I have seen his swarthy crew,
Haters of the pallid faces, to their race and color true.

"They have sworn to wait our coming till the night has passed its noon,
And the gray and darkening waters roll above the sunken moon!"

O the blessed hope of freedom! how with joy and glad surprise,
For an instant throbs her bosom, for an instant beam her eyes!

But she looks across the valley, where her mother's hut is seen,
Through the snowy bloom of coffee, and the lemon-leaves so green.

And she answers, sad and earnest: "It were wrong for thee to stay;
God hath heard thy prayer for freedom, and his finger points the way."

"Well I know with what endurance, for the sake of me and mine,
Thou hast borne too long a burden never meant for souls like thine.

"Go; and at the hour of midnight, when our last farewell is o'er,
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee from the shore.

"But for me, my mother, lying on her sick-bed all the day,
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through the twilight gray.

"Should I leave her sick and helpless, even freedom, shared with thee,
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and stripes to me.

"For my heart would die within me, and my brain would soon be wild;
I should hear my mother calling through the twilight for her child!"

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of morning-time,
Through the coffee-trees in blossom, and green hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave-gang, toil the lover and the maid;
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward on his spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 't is the Haytien's sail he sees,
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven seaward by the breeze!

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a low voice call :
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier than all.

THE CRISIS.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS OF THE TREATY WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the Western Ocean's strand ;
From slumberous Timpanogos, to Gila, wild and free,
Flowing down from Nuevo-Leon to California's sea ;
And from the mountains of the East, to Santa Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo ! Let thy simple children weep ;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep ;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines ;
For lo ! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the wings bring down
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold Nevada's crown !
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at his back ;
By many a lonely river, and gorge of fir and pine,
On many a wintry hill-top, his nightly camp-fires shine.

O countrymen and brothers ! that land of lake and plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with grain ;
Of mountains white with winter, looking downward, cold, serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped in softest green ;
Swift through whose black volcanic gates, o'er many a sunny vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty trail !

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose mystic shores
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars ;
Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds that none have tamed,
Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the Saxon never named ;
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Nature's chemic powers
Work out the Great Designer's will ; — all these ye say are ours !

Forever ours ! for good or ill, on us the burden lies ;
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised and trembling scale ?
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong prevail ?
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry splendor waves,
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread of slaves ?

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told,
 And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian Age of Gold ;
 Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,
 Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men ;
 The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
 And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn !

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow
 The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe ?
 To feed with our fresh life-blood the Old World's cast-off crime,
 Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from the tired lap of Time ?
 To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,
 And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of man ?

Great Heaven ! Is this our mission ? End in this the prayers and tears,
 The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger, better years ?
 Still as the Old World rolls in light, shall ours in shadow turn,
 A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer darkness borne ?
 Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness in the air ?
 Where for words of hope they listened, the long wail of despair ?

The Crisis presses on us ; face to face with us it stands,
 With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in Egypt's sands !
 This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin ;
 This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin ;
 Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,
 We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down !

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and shame ;
 By all the warning words of truth with which the prophets came
 By the Future which awaits us ; by all the hopes which cast
 Their faint and trembling beams across the blackness of the Past ;
 And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's freedom died,
 O my people ! O my brothers ! let us choose the righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way ;
 To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay ;
 To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the vales with grain ;
 And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his train :
 The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall answer sea,
 And mountain unto mountain call, PRAISE GOD, FOR WE ARE FREE !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall sink again,
Farewell to life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,—
But, darker far than they,
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworth-
wood
Closed o'er my steed and I,
An alien from my name and blood,
A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its casement, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,
Doth home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate
I gaze across the past;
Forever on life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine;
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,
The Mother of our Lord.

O, vain the vow, and vain the strife!
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;
The prayer, the fasting, and the thong
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—
Its ears are open still;
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old
Do evermore uprise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine.

“O faithless priest!—O perjured knight!”
I hear the Master cry;
“Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let Earth and Nature die.

“The Church of God is now thy spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Crush down thy human heart!”

In vain! This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the selfsame blow
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother! souls of light,
And saints, and martyrs old!
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
And death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sun shall fall again.

THE HOLY LAND.

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt, o'er seas of sand,
The rocking of the desert bark;
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,
On dust where Job of old has lain,
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread;
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,
How beats the heart with God so nigh!—
How round gray arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs in all the winds that moan
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nations' cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.
The Christian's prayer I have not said
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor startled, with my dreary tread,
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,
O Jordan! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wail along thy side
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent!
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone
Where, deep in night, the Bard of Kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And sweep for God the conscious strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,
And left his trace of tears as yet
By angel eyes unwept away;
Nor watched, at midnight's solemn time,
The garden where his prayer and groan,
Wrung by his sorrow and our crime,
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot
Where in his Mother's arms he lay
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last his footsteps pressed
the clay;
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide
His arms to fold the world he spread,
And bowed his head to bless—and died!

PALESTINE.

BLEST land of Judæa! thrice hallowed
of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on
that shore,

Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side.

And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD,—
Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,—
These hills he toiled over in grief are the same,—
The founts where he drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow!

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode

Of Humanity clothed in the brightness
of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the
outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the pres-
ence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but
gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved
among men;
And the voice which breathed peace
to the waves of the sea
In the hush of my spirit would whis-
per to me!

And what if my feet may not tread
where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Gal-
ilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He
bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's
garden of prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit
is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and pen-
itent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same
even now
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's
brow.

O, the outward hath gone!—but in
glory and power,
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an
hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pente-
cost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning
the same!

EZEKIEL.

CHAPTER XXXIII. 30-33.

THEY hear thee not, O God! nor see;
Beneath thy rod they mock at thee;
The princes of our ancient line

Lie drunken with Assyrian wine;
The priests around thy altar speak
The false words which their hearers
seek;
And hymns which Chaldea's wanton
maids
Have sung in Dura's idol-shades
Are with the Levites' chant ascending,
With Zion's holiest anthems blending!

On Israel's bleeding bosom set,
The heathen heel is crushing yet;
The towers upon our holy hill
Echo Chaldean footsteps still.
Our wasted shrines,—who weeps for
them?
Who mourneth for Jerusalem?
Who turneth from his gains away?
Whose knee with mine is bowed to
pray?
Who, leaving feast and purpling cup,
Takes Zion's lamentation up?

A sad and thoughtful youth, I went
With Israel's early banishment;
And where the sullen Chebar crept,
The ritual of my fathers kept.
The water for the trench I drew,
The firstling of the flock I slew,
And, standing at the altar's side,
I shared the Levites' lingering pride,
That still, amidst her mocking foes,
The smoke of Zion's offering rose.

In sudden whirlwind, cloud and flame,
The Spirit of the Highest came!
Before mine eyes a vision passed,
A glory terrible and vast;
With dreadful eyes of living things,
And sounding sweep of angel wings,
With circling light and sapphire
throne,
And flame-like form of One thereon,
And voice of that dread Likeness sent
Down from the crystal firmament!

The burden of a prophet's power
Fell on me in that fearful hour;
From off unutterable woes
The curtain of the future rose;

I saw far down the coming time
 The fiery chastisement of crime ;
 With noise of mingling hosts, and jar
 Of falling towers and shouts of war,
 I saw the nations rise and fall,
 Like fire-gleams on my tent's white
 wall.

In dream and trance, I saw the slain
 Of Egypt heaped like harvest grain ;
 I saw the walls of sea-born Tyre
 Swept over by the spoiler's fire ;
 And heard the low, expiring moan
 Of Edom on his rocky throne ;
 And, woe is me ! the wild lament
 From Zion's desolation sent ;
 And felt within my heart each blow
 Which laid her holy places low.

In bonds and sorrow, day by day,
 Before the pictured tile I lay ;
 And there, as in a mirror, saw
 The coming of Assyria's war,—
 Her swarthy lines of spearmen pass
 Like locusts through Bethhoron's
 grass ;
 I saw them draw their stormy hem
 Of battle round Jerusalem ;
 And, listening, heard the Hebrew
 wail
 Blend with the victor-trump of Baal!

Who trembled at my warning word ?
 Who owned the prophet of the Lord ?
 How mocked the rude, — how scoffed
 the vile, —
 How stung the Levites' scornful smile,
 As o'er my spirit, dark and slow,
 The shadow crept of Israel's woe,
 As if the angel's mournful roll
 Had left its record on my soul,
 And traced in lines of darkness there
 The picture of its great despair !

Yet ever at the hour I feel
 My lips in prophecy unseal.
 Prince, priest, and Levite gather near,
 And Salem's daughters haste to hear,
 On Chebar's waste and alien shore,
 The harp of Judah swept once more.

They listen, as in Babel's throng
 The Chaldeans to the dancer's song,
 Or wild sabbeka's nightly play,
 As careless and as vain as they.

And thus, O Prophet-bard of old,
 Hast thou thy tale of sorrow told !
 The same which earth's unwelcome
 seers
 Have felt in all succeeding years.
 Sport of the changeful multitude,
 Nor calmly heard nor understood,
 Their song has seemed a trick of art,
 Their warnings but the actor's part.
 With bonds, and scorn, and evil will,
 The world requites its prophets still.

So was it when the Holy One
 The garments of the flesh put on !
 Men followed where the Highest led
 For common gifts of daily bread,
 And gross of ear, of vision dim,
 Owned not the godlike power of him.
 Vain as a dreamer's words to them
 His wail above Jerusalem,
 And meaningless the watch he kept
 Through which his weak disciples
 slept.

Yet shrink not thou, whoe'er thou art,
 For God's great purpose set apart,
 Before whose far-discerning eyes,
 The Future as the Present lies !
 Beyond a narrow-bounded age
 Stretches thy prophet-heritage,
 Through Heaven's dim spaces angel-trod,
 Through arches round the throne of
 God !
 Thy audience, worlds ! — all Time to
 be
 The witness of the Truth in thee !

THE WIFE OF MANOAH TO HER HUSBAND.

AGAINST the sunset's glowing wall
 The city towers rise black and tall,
 Where Zorah on its rocky height,

Stands like an armed man in the light.

Down Eshtaol's vales of ripened grain
Falls like a cloud the night amain,
And up the hillsides climbing slow
The barley reapers homeward go.

Look, dearest! how our fair child's head

The sunset light hath hallowed,
Where at this olive's foot he lies,
Uplooking to the tranquil skies.

O, while beneath the fervent heat
Thy sickle swept the bearded wheat,
I've watched, with mingled joy and dread,
Our child upon his grassy bed.

Joy, which the mother feels alone
Whose morning hope like mine had flown,
When to her bosom, over blessed,
A dearer life than hers is pressed.

Dread, for the future dark and still,
Which shapes our dear one to its will;

Forever in his large calm eyes,
I read a tale of sacrifice.—

The same foreboding awe I felt
When at the altar's side we knelt,
And he, who as a pilgrim came,
Rose, winged and glorious, through the flame.

I slept not, though the wild bees made

A dreamlike murmuring in the shade,
And on me the warm-fingered hours
Pressed with the drowsy smell of flowers.

Before me, in a vision, rose
The hosts of Israel's scornful foes,—
Rank over rank, helm, shield, and spear,
Glittered in noon's hot atmosphere.

I heard their boast, and bitter word,
Their mockery of the Hebrew's Lord,
I saw their hands his ark assail,
Their feet profane his holy veil.

No angel down the blue space spoke,
No thunder from the still sky broke ;
But in their midst, in power and awe,
Like God's waked wrath, OUR CHILD I saw!

A child no more! — harsh-browed and strong,

He towered a giant in the throng,
And down his shoulders, broad and bare,
Swept the black terror of his hair.

He raised his arm ; he smote amain ;
As round the reaper falls the grain,
So the dark host around him fell,
So sank the foes of Israel!

Again I looked. In sunlight shone
The towers and domes of Askelon.
Priest, warrior, slave, a mighty crowd,
Within her idol temple bowed.

Yet one knelt not ; stark, gaunt, and blind,

His arms the massive pillars twined,—
An eyeless captive, strong with hate,
He stood there like an evil Fate.

The red shrines smoked,— the trumpets pealed :

He stooped,— the giant columns reeled,—

Reeled tower and fane, sank arch and wall,

And the thick dust-cloud closed o'er all!

Above the shriek, the crash, the groan

Of the fallen pride of Askelon,
I heard, sheer down the echoing sky,
A voice as of an angel cry,—

The voice of him, who at our side
Sat through the golden eventide,—
Of him who, on thy altar's blaze,
Rose fire-winged, with his song of
praise.

“Rejoice o'er Israel's broken chain,
Gray mother of the mighty slain!
Rejoice!” it cried, “he vanquisheth!
The strong in life is strong in death!

“To him shall Zorah's daughters
raise
Through coming years their hymns of
praise,
And gray old men at evening tell
Of all he wrought for Israel.

“And they who sing and they who
hear
Alike shall hold thy memory dear,
And pour their blessings on thy head,
O mother of the mighty dead!”

It ceased; and though a sound I
heard
As if great wings the still air stirred,
I only saw the barley sheaves
And hills half hid by olive leaves.

I bowed my face, in awe and fear,
On the dear child who slumbered
near.

“With me, as with my only son,
O God,” I said, “THY WILL BE
DONE!”

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

“GET ye up from the wrath of God's
terrible day!
Ungirded, unsandalled, arise and
away!
‘T is the vintage of blood, ‘t is the ful-
ness of time,
And vengeance shall gather the har-
vest of crime!”

The warning was spoken; the right-
eous had gone,
And the proud ones of Sodom were
feasting alone;
All gay was the banquet; the revel
was long,
With the pouring of wine and the
breathing of song.

“T was an evening of beauty; the air
was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees
were all bloom;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes
of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down
in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sun-
shine of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and
tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some trop-
ical tree.

Where the shrines of foul idols were
lighted on high,
And wantonness tempted the lust of
the eye;
Midst rites of obsceneness, strange,
loathsome, abhorred,
The blasphemer scoffed at the name
of the Lord.

Hark! the growl of the thunder,—the
quaking of earth!
Woe, woe to the worship, and woe to
the mirth!
The black sky has opened,—there's
flame in the air,—
The red arm of vengeance is lifted
and bare!

Then the shriek of the dying rose
wild where the song
And the low tone of love had been
whispered along;
For the fierce flames went lightly o'er
palace and bower,

Like the red tongues of demons, to
blast and devour!

Down,—down on the fallen the red
ruin rained,
And the reveller sank with his wine-
cup undrained;
The foot of the dancer, the music's
loved thrill,
And the shout of the laughter grew
suddenly still.

The last throb of anguish was fear-
fully given;
The last eye glared forth in its mad-
ness on Heaven!
The last groan of horror rose wildly
and vain,
And death brooded over the pride of
the Plain!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

SUNLIGHT upon Judaea's hills!
And on the waves of Galilee,—
On Jordan's stream, and on the rills
That feed the dead and sleeping sea!
Most freshly from the green wood
springs
The light breeze on its scented wings;
And gayly quiver in the sun
The cedar tops of Lebanon!

A few more hours,—a change hath
come!

The sky is dark without a cloud!
The shouts of wrath and joy are dumb,
And proud knees unto earth are
bowed.

A change is on the hill of Death,
The helmed watchers pant for breath,
And turn with wild and maniac eyes
From the dark scene of sacrifice!

That Sacrifice! — the death of
Him,—

The High and ever Holy One!
Well may the conscious Heaven grow
dim,

And blacken the beholding Sun.
The wonted light hath fled away,
Night settles on the middle day,
And earthquake from his caverned
bed
Is waking with a thrill of dread!

The dead are waking underneath!
Their prison door is rent away!
And, ghastly with the seal of death,
They wander in the eye of day!
The temple of the Cherubim,
The House of God is cold and dim;
A curse is on its trembling walls,
Its mighty veil asunder falls!

Well may the cavern-depths of Earth
Be shaken, and her mountains nod;
Well may the sheeted dead come
forth
To gaze upon a suffering God!
Well may the temple-shrine grow
dim,
And shadows veil the Cherubim,
When He, the chosen one of Heaven,
A sacrifice for guilt is given!

And shall the sinful heart, alone,
Behold unmoved the atoning hour,
When Nature trembles on her throne,
And Death resigns his iron power?
O, shall the heart,—whose sinfulness
Gave keenness to his sore distress,
And added to his tears of blood,—
Refuse its trembling gratitude?

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHERE Time the measure of his
hours
By changeful bud and blossom
keeps,
And, like a young bride crowned with
flowers,
Fair Shiraz in her garden sleeps;

Where, to her poet's turban stone,
The Spring her gift of flowers im-
parts,

Less sweet than those his thoughts
have sown

In the warm soil of Persian hearts :

There sat the stranger, where the shade

Of scattered date-trees thinly lay,
While in the hot clear heaven delayed
The long and still and weary day.

Strange trees and fruits above him hung,

Strange odors filled the sultry air,
Strange birds upon the branches swung,

Strange insect voices murmured there.

And strange bright blossoms shone around,

Turned sunward from the shadowy bowers,

As if the Gheber's soul had found

A fitting home in Iran's flowers.

Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,

Awakened feelings new and sad,—
No Christian garb, nor Christian word,

Nor church with Sabbath-bell chimes glad,

But Moslem graves, with turban stones,

And mosque-spires gleaming white, in view,

And graybeard Mollahs in low tones Chanting their Koran service through.

The flowers which smiled on either hand,

Like tempting fiends, were such as they

Which once, o'er all that Eastern land, As gifts on demon altars lay.

As if the burning eye of Baal
The servant of his Conqueror knew,

From skies which knew no cloudy veil,

The Sun's hot glances smote him through.

“Ah me!” the lonely stranger said,
“The hope which led my footsteps on,

And light from heaven around them shed,
O'er weary wave and waste, is gone!

“Where are the harvest fields all white,

For Truth to thrust her sickle in?

Where flock the souls, like doves in flight,

From the dark hiding-place of sin?

“A silent horror broods o'er all,—
The burden of a hateful spell,—

The very flowers around recall
The hoary magi's rites of hell!

“And what am I, o'er such a land
The banner of the Cross to bear?

Dear Lord, uphold me with thy hand,
Thy strength with human weakness share!”

He ceased; for at his very feet
In mild rebuke a floweret smiled,—

How thrilled his sinking heart to greet

The Star-flower of the Virgin's child!

Sown by some wandering Frank, it drew

Its life from alien air and earth,
And told to Paynim sun and dew
The story of the Saviour's birth.

From scorching beams, in kindly mood,

The Persian plants its beauty screened,

And on its pagan sisterhood,
In love, the Christian floweret leaned.

With tears of joy the wanderer felt
The darkness of his long despair
Before that hallowed symbol melt,
Which God's dear love had nurtured
there.

From Nature's face, that simple flower
The lines of sin and sadness swept;
And Magian pile and Paynim bower
In peace like that of Eden slept.

Each Moslem tomb, and cypress old,
Looked holy through the sunset air;
And, angel-like, the Muezzin told
From tower and mosque the hour of prayer.

With cheerful steps, the morrow's dawn
From Shiraz saw the stranger part;
The Star-flower of the Virgin-Born
Still blooming in his hopeful heart!

HYMNS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

ONE hymn more, O my lyre!
Praise to the God above,
Of joy and life and love,
Sweeping its strings of fire!

O, who the speed of bird and wind
And sunbeam's glance will lend to me,
That, soaring upward, I may find
My resting-place and home in Thee?—
Thou, whom my soul, midst doubt and gloom,
Adoreth with a fervent flame,—
Mysterious spirit! unto whom
Pertain nor sign nor name!

Swiftly my lyre's soft murmurs go,
Up from the cold and joyless earth,

Back to the God who bade them flow,
Whose moving spirit sent them forth.

But as for me, O God! for me,
The lowly creature of thy will,
Lingering and sad, I sigh to thee,
An earth-bound pilgrim still!

Was not my spirit born to shine
Where yonder stars and suns are glowing?
To breathe with them the light divine
From God's own holy altar flowing?
To be, indeed, whate'er the soul
In dreams hath thirsted for so long,—
A portion of Heaven's glorious whole
Of loveliness and song?

O, watchers of the stars at night,
Who breathe their fire, as we the air,—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
O, say, is He, the Eternal, there?
Bend there around his awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths his own,
O wild and mighty sea?

Thoughts of my soul, how swift ye go!
Swift as the eagle's glance of fire,
Or arrows from the archer's bow,
To the far aim of your desire!
Thought after thought, ye thronging rise,
Like spring-doves from the startled wood,
Bearing like them your sacrifice
Of music unto God!

And shall these thoughts of joy and love
Come back again no more to me?—
Returning like the Patriarch's dove
Wing-weary from the eternal sea,
To bear within my longing arms

The promise-bough of kindlier skies,
Plucked from the green, immortal palms
Which shadow Paradise?

All-moving spirit! — freely forth
At thy command the strong wind goes;
Its errand to the passive earth,
Nor art can stay, nor strength oppose,
Until it folds its weary wing
Once more within the hand divine;
So, weary from its wandering,
My spirit turns to thine!

Child of the sea, the mountain stream,
From its dark caverns, hurries on,
Ceaseless, by night and morning's beam,
By evening's star and noontide's sun,
Until at last it sinks to rest,
O'erwearied, in the waiting sea,
And moans upon its mother's breast,—
So turns my soul to Thee!

O Thou who bid'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind,—
Mover of all things! where art thou?
O, whither shall I go to find
The secret of thy resting-place?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for Thee?

O, would I were as free to rise
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne,—
The arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn.
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,
Or aught which soars unchecked and free

Through earth and Heaven; that I might lose
Myself in finding Thee!

WHEN the BREATH DIVINE is flowing,
Zephyr-like o'er all things going,
And, as the touch of viewless fingers,
Softly on my soul it lingers,
Open to a breath the lightest,
Conscious of a touch the slightest,—
As some calm, still lake, whereon
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,
And the glistening water-rings
Circle round her moving wings:
When my upward gaze is turning
Where the stars of heaven are burning
Through the deep and dark abyss,—
Flowers of midnight's wilderness,
Blowing with the evening's breath
Sweetly in their Maker's path:

When the breaking day is flushing
All the east, and light is gushing
Upward through the horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays,
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with joy and love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is changed to light and blossom:

When my waking fancies over
Forms of brightness flit and hover,
Holy as the seraphs are,
Who by Zion's fountains wear
On their foreheads, white and broad,
“HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD!”
When, inspired with rapture high,
It would seem a single sigh
Could a world of love create,—
That my life could know no date,
And my eager thoughts could fill
Heaven and Earth, o'erflowing still!—

Then, O Father! thou alone,
From the shadow of thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast
And its rapture answerest.
All my thoughts, which, upward winging,

Bathe where thy own light is springing,—
All my yearnings to be free
Are as echoes answering thee!

Seldom upon lips of mine,
Father! rests that name of thine,—
Deep within my inmost breast,
In the secret place of mind,
Like an awful presence shrined,
Doth the dread idea rest!
Hushed and holy dwells it there,—
Prompter of the silent prayer,
Lifting up my spirit's eye
And its faint, but earnest cry,
From its dark and cold abode,
Unto thee, my Guide and God!

THE FEMALE MARTYR.

[Mary G.—, aged 18, a "SISTER OF CHARITY," died in one of our Atlantic cities, during the prevalence of the Indian cholera, while in voluntary attendance upon the sick.]

"BRING out your dead!" The midnight street
Heard and gave back the hoarse, low call;
Harsh fell the tread of hasty feet,—
Glanced through the dark the coarse white sheet,—
Her coffin and her pall.
"What—only one!" the brutal hackman said,
As, with an oath, he spurned away the dead.

How sunk the inmost hearts of all,
As rolled that dead-cart slowly by,
With creaking wheel and harsh hoof-fall!
The dying turned him to the wall,
To hear it and to die!—
Onward it rolled; while oft its driver stayed,
And hoarsely clamored, "Ho!—bring out your dead."

It paused beside the burial-place;
"Toss in your load!"—and it was done.—

With quick hand and averted face,
Hastily to the grave's embrace
They cast them, one by one,—
Stranger and friend,—the evil and the just,
Together trodden in the churchyard dust!

And thou, young martyr!—thou wast there.—

No white-robed sisters round thee trod,—

Nor holy hymn, nor funeral prayer
Rose through the damp and noisome air,

Giving thee to thy God;
Nor flower, nor cross, nor hallowed taper gave
Grace to the dead, and beauty to the grave!

Yet, gentle sufferer! there shall be,
In every heart of kindly feeling,
A rite as holy paid to thee
As if beneath the convent-tree
Thy sisterhood were kneeling,
At vesper hours, like sorrowing angels, keeping
Their tearful watch around thy place of sleeping.

For thou wast one in whom the light
Of Heaven's own love was kindled well.

Enduring with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle, and meek, and lowly, and unknown,—
Thy mercies measured by thy God alone!

Where manly hearts were failing,—
where
The throngful street grew foul with death,

O high-souled martyr! — thou wast there,
Inhaling, from the loathsome air,
Poison with every breath.
Yet shrinking not from offices of dread
For the wrung dying, and the unconscious dead.

And, where the sickly taper shed
Its light through vapors, damp, confined,
Hushed as a seraph's fell thy tread, —
A new Electra by the bed
Of suffering human-kind!
Pointing the spirit, in its dark dismay,
To that pure hope which fadeth not away.

Innocent teacher of the high
And holy mysteries of Heaven!
How turned to thee each glazing eye,
In mute and awful sympathy,
As thy low prayers were given ;
And the o'er-hovering Spoiler wore,
the while,
An angel's features, — a deliverer's smile!

A blessed task! — and worthy one
Who, turning from the world, as thou,
Before life's pathway had begun
To leave its spring-time flower and sun,
Had sealed her early vow ;
Giving to God her beauty and her youth,

Her pure affections and her guileless truth.

Earth may not claim thee. Nothing here

Could be for thee a meet reward ;
Thine is a treasure far more dear, —
Eye hath not seen it, nor the ear
Of living mortal heard, —
The joys prepared, — the promised
bliss above, —
The holy presence of Eternal Love!

Sleep on in peace. The earth has not

A nobler name than thine shall be.
The deeds by martial manhood wrought,
The lofty energies of thought,
The fire of poesy, —
These have but frail and fading honors ; — thine
Shall Time unto Eternity consign.

Yea, and when thrones shall crumble down,

And human pride and grandeur fall, —

The herald's line of long renown, —
The mitre and the kingly crown, —
Perishing glories all!

The pure devotion of thy generous heart
Shall live in Heaven, of which it was a part.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

HE comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! You may trace his foot-steps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green
came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! — from the frozen
Labrador, —
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er, —

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — on the rushing Northern
blast,

And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel ;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes! — let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away ;
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

“O LADY fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear ;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie ;
I have brought them with me a weary way, — will my gentle lady buy?”

And the lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls ;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call, — “ My gentle lady, stay!”

“O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings,—
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls
between ;

“ Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller gray and old,—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold.”

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!

“ Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!

Nay — keep thy gold — I ask it not, for the word of God is free!”

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left behind
 Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,
 And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
 And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
 The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower ;
 And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
 Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God !

THE CALL OF THE CHRISTIAN.

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
 On Horeb's mount of fear,
 Not always as the burning bush
 To Midian's shepherd seer,
 Nor as the awful voice which came
 To Israel's prophet bards,
 Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
 Nor gift of fearful words,—

Not always thus, with outward sign
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,
 The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God is given !
 Awaking in the human heart
 Love for the true and right,—
 Zeal for the Christian's " better part,"
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
 The holy influence steals :
 Warm with a rapture not its own,
 The heart of woman feels !
 As she who by Samaria's wall
 The Saviour's errand sought,—
 As those who with the fervent Paul
 And meek Aquila wrought :

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
 Rome's gathered grandeur saw :
 Or those who in their Alpine home
 Braved the Crusader's war,
 When the green Vaudois, trembling,
 heard,
 Through all its vales of death,
 The martyr's song of triumph poured
 From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
 Which o'er our spirits pass,
 Like breezes o'er the harp's fine
 strings,
 Or vapors o'er a glass,
 Leaving their token strange and new
 Of music or of shade,
 The summons to the right and true
 And merciful is made.

O, then, if gleams of truth and light
 Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
 Unfolding to thy mental sight
 The wants of human-kind ;
 If, brooding over human grief,
 The earnest wish is known
 To soothe and gladden with relief
 An anguish not thine own ;

Though heralded with naught of fear,
 Or outward sign or show ;
 Though only to the inward ear
 It whispers soft and low ;
 Though dropping, as the manna fell,
 Unseen, yet from above,
 Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well,—
 Thy Father's call of love !

MY SOUL AND I.

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark
 I would question thee,
 Alone in the shadow drear and stark
 With God and me !

What, my soul, was thy errand here ?
 Was it mirth or ease,
 Or heaping up dust from year to year ?
 " Nay, none of these ! "

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the
night:
"To do his will!"

What hast thou done, O soul of
mine,
That thou tremblest so?—
Hast thou wrought his task, and kept
the line
He bade thee go?

What, silent all!—art sad of cheer?
Art fearful now?
When God seemed far and men were
near,
How brave wert thou!

Aha! thou tremblest!—well I see
Thou 'rt craven grown.
Is it so hard with God and me
To stand alone?—

Summon thy sunshine bravery back,
O wretched sprite!
Let me hear thy voice through this
deep and black
Abysmal night.

What hast thou wrought for Right and
Truth,
For God and Man,
From the golden hours of bright-eyed
youth
To life's mid span?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,
But weak and low,
Like far sad murmurs on my ear
They come and go.

"I have wrestled stoutly with the
Wrong,
And borne the Right
From beneath the footfall of the throng
To life and light.

"Wherever Freedom shivered a chain,
God speed, quoth I;

To Error amidst her shouting train
I gave the lie."

Ah, soul of mine! ah, soul of mine!
Thy deeds are well:
Were they wrought for Truth's sake or
for thine?
My soul, pray tell.

"Of all the work my hand hath
wrought
Beneath the sky,
Save a place in kindly human thought,
No gain have I."

Go to, go to!—for thy very self
Thy deeds were done:
Thou for fame, the miser for pelf,
Your end is one!

And where art thou going, soul of
mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

What daunts thee now?—what shakes
thee so?
My sad soul say.
"I see a cloud like a curtain low
Hang o'er my way.

"Whither I go I cannot tell:
That cloud hangs black,
High as the heaven and deep as hell
Across my track.

"I see its shadow coldly enwrap
The souls before.
Sadly they enter it, step by step,
To return no more.

"They shrink, they shudder, dear
God! they kneel
To thee in prayer.
They shut their eyes on the cloud, but
feel
That it still is there.

"In vain they turn from the dread
Before

To the Known and Gone ;
For while gazing behind them ever-
more
Their feet glide on.

" Yet, at times, I see upon sweet pale
faces
A light begin
To tremble, as if from holy places
And shrines within.

" And at times methinks their cold
lips move
With hymn and prayer,
As if somewhat of awe, but more of
love
And hope were there.

" I call on the souls who have left the
light
To reveal their lot ;
I bend mine ear to that wall of night,
And they answer not.

" But I hear around me sighs of pain
And the cry of fear,
And a sound like the slow sad drop-
ping of rain,
Each drop a tear !

" Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by
day
I am moving thither :
I must pass beneath it on my way —
God pity me! — WHITHER ? "

Ah, soul of mine ! so brave and wise
In the life-storm loud,
Fronting so calmly all human eyes
In the sunlit crowd !

Now standing apart with God and me
Thou art weakness all,
Gazing vainly after the things to be
Through Death's dread wall.

But never for this, never for this
Was thy being lent ;
For the craven's fear is but selfishness,
Like his merriment.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain :
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark inane
With spectral lies.

Know well, my soul, God's hand con-
trols
Whate'er thou fearest ;
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to him is
day,
And the end he knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Man sees no future, — a phantom
show
Is alone before him :
Past Time is dead, and the grasses
grow,
And flowers bloom o'er him.

Nothing before, nothing behind ;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath.

The Present, the Present is all thou
hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Why fear the night ? why shrink from
Death,
That phantom wan ?
There is nothing in heaven or earth
beneath
Save God and man.

Peopling the shadows we turn from
Him
And from one another ;
All is spectral and vague and dim
Save God and our brother !

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,

Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar ;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining
jar
Through all will run.

O restless spirit! wherefore strain
Beyond thy sphere?
Heaven and hell, with their joy and
pain,
Are now and here.

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given ;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present
hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

And in life, in death, in dark and light,
All are in God's care ;
Sound the black abyss, pierce the
deep of night,
And he is there!

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never :
The hand which upholds it now sus-
taineth
The soul forever.

Leaning on him, make with reverent
meekness
His own thy will,
And with strength from Him shall thy
utter weakness
Life's task fulfil ;

And that cloud itself, which now be-
fore thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the
inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through au-
tumn's dawn
Uprolling thin,

Its thickest folds when about thee
drawn
Let sunlight in.

Then of what is to be, and of what is
done,
Why queriest thou? —
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are now!

*TO A FRIEND,
ON HER RETURN FROM EUROPE.*

How smiled the land of France
Under thy blue eye's glance,
Light-hearted rover!
Old walls of chateaux gray,
Towers of an early day,
Which the Three Colors play
Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train
Thronging the banks of Seine :
Now midst the splendor
Of the wild Alpine range,
Waking with change on change
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,
— Lovely, and tender.

Vales, soft Elysian,
Like those in the vision
Of Mirza, when, dreaming,
He saw the long hollow dell,
Touched by the prophet's spell,
Into an ocean swell
With its isles teeming.

Cliffs wrapped in snows of years,
Splintering with icy spears
Autumn's blue heaven :
Loose rock and frozen slide,
Hung on the mountain-side,
Waiting their hour to glide
Downward, storm-driven !

Rhine stream, by castle old,
Baron's and robber's hold,
Peacefully flowing ;

Sweeping through vineyards green,
Or where the cliffs are seen
O'er the broad wave between
Grim shadows throwing.

Or, where St. Peter's dome
Swells o'er eternal Rome,
Vast, dim, and solemn,—
Hymns ever chanting low,—
Censers swung to and fro,—
Sable stoles sweeping slow
Cornice and column! ·

O, as from each and all
Will there not voices call
Evermore back again?
In the mind's gallery
Wilt thou not always see
Dim phantoms beckon thee
O'er that old track again?

New forms thy presence haunt,—
New voices softly chant,—
New faces greet thee! —
Pilgrims from many a shrine
Hallowed by poet's line,
At memory's magic sign,
Rising to meet thee.

And when such visions come
Unto thy olden home,
Will they not waken
Deep thoughts of Him whose hand
Led thee o'er sea and land
Back to the household band
Whence thou wast taken?

While, at the sunset time,
Swells the cathedral's chime,
Yet, in thy dreaming,
While to thy spirit's eye
Yet the vast mountains lie
Piled in the Switzer's sky,
Icy and gleaming:

Prompter of silent prayer,
Be the wild picture there
In the mind's chamber,
And, through each coming day
Him who, as staff and stay,

Watched o'er thy wandering way,
Freshly remember.

So, when the call shall be
Soon or late unto thee,
As to all given,
Still may that picture live,
All its fair forms survive,
And to thy spirit give
Gladness in Heaven!

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's
ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling
palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear :
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, " Be resigned :
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things
well ! "

FOLLEN.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON THE
“FUTURE STATE.”

FRIEND of my soul!—as with moist eye

I look up from this page of thine,
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,
When, dew-like, on the earth below
Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calm brow through the parted hair,
The gentle lips which knew no guile,
Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care
With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread scene
Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,
Will cast its shade of doubt between
The failing eyes of Faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,
Where through the twilight air of earth.

Alike enthusiast and sage,
Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth;

Lifting the Future's solemn veil;
The reaching of a mortal hand
To put aside the cold and pale
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;

In thoughts which answer to my own,
In words which reach my inward ear,
Like whispers from the void Unknown,
I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,
The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,
Unwasted, through each change, attest
The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive
The mind whose kingly will they wrought?
Their gross unconsciousness survive
Thy godlike energy of thought?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,
And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

O, while Life's solemn mystery glooms
Around us like a dungeon's wall,—
Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,
Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!—

While day by day our loved ones glide
In spectral silence, hushed and lone,
To the cold shadows which divide
The living from the dread Unknown;

While even on the closing eye,
And on the lip which moves in vain,
The seals of that stern mystery
Their undiscovered trust retain;—

And only midst the gloom of death,
Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,
Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,
Smile dimly on us through their tears;

‘T is something to a heart like mine
To think of thee as living yet;

To feel that such a light as thine
Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way
Since thou hast left thy footprints
there,
And beams of mournful beauty play
Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the
sky
Is glorious with its evening light,
And fair broad fields of summer lie
Hung o'er with greenness in my
sight;

While through these elm-boughs wet
with rain
The sunset's golden walls are seen,
With clover-bloom and yellow grain
And wood-draped hill and stream
between;

I long to know if scenes like this
Are hidden from an angel's eyes;
If earth's familiar loveliness
Haunts not thy heaven's serener
skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew
The lesson which that beauty gave,
The ideal of the Pure and True
In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends
The soul an upward impulse here,
With a diviner beauty blends,
And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never
fell
The humbler flowers of earth may
twine;
And simple draughts from childhood's
well
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,—
And let the seeking lips be dumb,—
Where even seraph eyes have failed

Shall mortal blindness seek to
come?

We only know that thou hast gone,
And that the same returnless tide
Which bore thee from us still glides
on,
And we who mourn thee with it
glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,
And to our gaze ere long shall turn
That page of God's mysterious book
We so much wish, yet dread to
learn.

With Him, before whose awful power
Thy spirit bent its trembling
knee;—
Who, in the silent greeting flower,
And forest leaf, looked out on
thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene,
Which Time, nor Change, nor
Death can move,
While with thy childlike faith we
lean,
On Him whose dearest name is
Love!

TO THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

God bless ye, brothers!—in the fight
Ye're waging now, ye cannot fail,
For better is your sense of right
Than king-craft's triple mail.

Than tyrant's law, or bigot's ban,
More mighty is your simplest word;
The free heart of an honest man
Than crosier or the sword.

Go,—let your bloated Church rehearse
The lesson it has learned so well;
It moves not with its prayer or curse
The gates of heaven or hell.

Let the State scaffold rise again,—
Did Freedom die when Russell died?
Forget ye how the blood of Vane
From earth's green bosom cried?

The great hearts of your olden time
Are beating with you, full and strong
All holy memories and sublime
And glorious round ye throng.

The bluff, bold men of Runnymede
Are with ye still in times like these;
The shades of England's mighty dead,
Your cloud of witnesses!

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love;—your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

No partial, selfish purpose breaks
The simple beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shakes
Your steady faith in man.

The languid pulse of England starts
And bounds beneath your words of power,
The beating of her million hearts
Is with you at this hour!

O ye who, with undoubting eyes,
Through present cloud and gathering storm,
Behold the span of Freedom's skies,
And sunshine soft and warm,—

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human-kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

Press on!—the triumph shall be won
Of common rights and equal laws,
The glorious dream of Harrington,
And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cotter and the crown,
Sweetening worn Labor's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Press on!—and we who may not share
The toil or glory of your fight
May ask, at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right!

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Quaker of the olden time!—
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.

Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with
tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling
dome
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm :
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in :
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

“Spare,” Art implored, “yon holy pile ;
That grand, old, time-worn turret
spare” ;
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, “Forbear !”

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy
eyes,
O'erhung with paly locks of gold,—
“Why smite,” he asked in sad surprise,
“The fair, the old?”

Yet louder rang the Strong One's
stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud rolled,—
The Waster seemed the Builder too ;

Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad, —
The wasting of the wrong and ill ;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;
The frown which awed me passed
away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed
the cow ;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions
gay
And cottage windows, flower-en-
twined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine
once red,
The lights on brimming crystal fell,
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-
sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams
strayed,
And with the idle gallows-rope
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell
Had counted o'er the weary hours,
Glad school-girls, answering to the
bell,
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That, where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone,—

These wait their doom, from that
great law
Which makes the past time serve
to-day ;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

O. backward-looking son of time !
The new is old, the old is new,
The cycle of a change sublime
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,
Who wake by turns Earth's love and
fear,
Are one, the same.

As idly as, in that old day,
Thou mournest, did thy sires repine,
So, in his time, thy child grown gray
Shall sigh for thine.

Yet, not the less for them or thou
The eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats !

Take heart! — the Waster builds
again, —
A charmed life old Goodness hath ;
The tares may perish, — but the grain
Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey
His first propulsion from the night :
Ho, wake and watch ! — the world is
gray
With morning light !

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

Look on him ! — through his dungeon
grate
Feebly and cold, the morning light

Comes stealing round him, dim and
late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping
head.—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and
hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard ;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is
chill ;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague thrill !
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip ;
O sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate !

Just God ! why lies that old man
there ?
A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid
hair,
Gleam on him, fierce and red ;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and
creep
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him !

What has the gray-haired prisoner
done ?
Has murder stained his hands with
gore ?
Not so ; his crime's a fouler one ;
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR !
For this he shares a felon's cell,—
The fittest earthly type of hell !
For this, the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's
sword,

And counted light the fearful cost,—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as
rain

On Concord's field, and Bunker's
crest,

And Saratoga's plain?

Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee,—
Piled granite and a prison cell,—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping
ones

Give back their cradle-shout;
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With glory for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patron cannon jars,
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes
and stars

Rise on the wind and fall,—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of
limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him
thus!

Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code
To the free sun and air of God;

No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's
hand.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING PAMPHLETS
PUBLISHED BY CLERGYMEN AGAINST
THE ABOLITION OF THE GALLOWS.

I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have
shone
Since the Redeemer walked with
man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of
stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for his
head;
And He, who wandered with the
peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread
of shame,
And drank, with blessings in his
Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast
drew,
Hath now his temples upon every
shore,
Altar and shrine and priest,— and
incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer
and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's
marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread
Cross He bore.

II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing
good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of his
lot
With their dim earthly vision knew
him not,
How ill are his high teachings under-
stood!

Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest
 At his own altar binds the chain anew;
 Where He hath bidden to Life's equal feast,
 The starving many wait upon the few;
 Where He hath spoken Peace, his name hath been
 The loudest war-cry of contending men;
 Priests, pale with vigils, in his name have blessed
 The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
 Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,
 And crossed its blazon with the holy sign;
 Yea, in his name who bade the erring live,
 And daily taught his lesson,—to forgive!—
 Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel;
 And, with his words of mercy on their lips,
 Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,
 And the grim horror of the straining wheel;
 Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,
 Who saw before his searing eyeballs swim
 The image of *their* Christ in cruel zeal,
 Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to him!

III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,
 And beaded with its red and ghastly dew
 The vines and olives of the Holy Land,—

The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew,—
 The white-sown bones of heretics, where'er
 They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear,—
 Goa's dark dungeons,—Malta's sea-washed cell,
 Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung
 Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,
 Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of hell!
 The midnight of Bartholomew,—the stake
 Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame
 Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake,—
 New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
 Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
 When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—
 Bear witness, O thou wronged and merciful One!
 That Earth's most hateful crimes have in thy name been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
 When the great truth begins at last to find
 An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
 Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!
 That man is holier than a creed,—that all
 Restraint upon him must consult his good,
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
 And Love look in upon his solitude.
 The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught

Through long, dark centuries its way
hath wrought
Into the common mind and popular
thought ;
And words, to which by Galilee's lake
shore
The humble fishers listened with
hushed oar,
Have found an echo in the general
heart,
And of the public faith become a
living part.

v.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—
Bring back
The cells of Venice and the bigot's
rack?
Harden the softening human heart
again
To cold indifference to a brother's
pain?
Ye most unhappy men!—who, turned
away
From the mild sunshine of the Gospel
day,
Grope in the shadows of Man's twi-
light time,
What mean ye, that with 'ghoul-like
zest ye brood,
O'er those foul altars streaming with
warm blood,
Permitted in another age and
clime?
Why cite that law with which the bigot
Jew
Rebuked the Pagan's mercy, when he
knew
No evil in the Just One?—Where-
fore turn
To the dark cruel past?—Can ye not
learn
From the pure Teacher's life, how
mildly free
Is the great Gospel of Humanity?
The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and
no more
Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,
No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke

Through the green arches of the Dru-
id's oak ;
And ye of milder faith, with your high
claim
Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest
name,
Will ye become the Druids of *our*
time ?
Set up your scaffold-altars in *our*
land,
And, consecrators of Law's darkest
crime,
Urge to its loathsome work the
hangman's hand?
Beware,—lest human nature, roused
at last,
From its peeled shoulder your encum-
brance cast,
And, sick to loathing of your cry
for blood,
Rank ye with those who led their vic-
tims round
The Celt's red altar and the Indian's
mound,
Abhorred of Earth and Heaven,—
a pagan brotherhood!

THE HUMAN SACRIFICE.

I.

FAR from his close and noisome cell,
By grassy lane and sunny stream,
Blown clover field and strawberry
dell,
And green and meadow freshness, fell
The footsteps of his dream.
Again from careless feet the dew
Of summer's misty morn he shook ;
Again with merry heart he threw
His light line in the rippling brook.
Back crowded all his school-day
joys.—
He urged the ball and quoit again.
And heard the shout of laughing boys
Come ringing down the walnut glen.
Again he felt the western breeze,
With scent of flowers and crisping
hay ;

And down again through wind-stirred trees
 He saw the quivering sunlight play.
 An angel in home's vine-hung door,
 He saw his sister smile once more ;
 Once more the truant's brown-locked head
 Upon his mother's knees was laid,
 And sweetly lulled to slumber there,
 With evening's holy hymn and prayer!

II.

He woke. At once on heart and brain
 The present Terror rushed again,—
 Clanked on his limbs the felon's chain !
 He woke, to hear the church-tower tell
 Time's footfall on the conscious bell,
 And, shuddering, feel that clang ing din

His life's LAST HOUR had ushered in ;
 To see within his prison-yard,
 Through the small window, iron barred,
 The gallows shadow rising dim
 Between the sunrise heaven and him,—

A horror in God's blessed air,—
 A blackness in his morning light,—
 Like some foul devil-altar there
 Built up by demon hands at night.
 And, maddened by that evil sight,
 Dark, horrible, confused, and strange,
 A chaos of wild, weltering change,
 All power of check and guidance gone,
 Dizzy and blind, his mind swept on.
 In vain he strove to breathe a prayer,
 In vain he turned the Holy Book,
 He only heard the gallows-stair
 Creak as the wind its timbers shook.
 No dream for him of sin forgiven,
 While still that baleful spectre stood,
 With its hoarse murmur, "*Blood for Blood!*"

Between him and the pitying Heaven !

III.

Low on his dungeon floor he knelt,
 And smote his breast, and on his chain,

Whose iron clasp he always felt,
 His hot tears fell like rain ;
 And near him, with the cold, calm look
 And tone of one whose formal part,
 Unwarmed, unsoftened of the heart,
 Is measured out by rule and book,
 With placid lip and tranquil blood,
 The hangman's ghostly ally stood,
 Blessing with solemn text and word
 The gallows-drop and strangling cord ;
 Lending the sacred Gospel's awe
 And sanction to the crime of Law.

IV.

He saw the victim's tortured brow,—
 The sweat of anguish starting there,—

The record of a nameless woe
 In the dim eye's imploring stare,
 Seen hideous through the long, damp hair,—

Fingers of ghastly skin and bone
 Working and writhing on the stone !—
 And heard, by mortal terror wrung
 From heaving breast and stiffened tongue,
 The choking sob and low hoarse prayer ;

As o'er his half-crazed fancy came
 A vision of the eternal flame,—
 Its smoking cloud of agonies,—
 Its demon-worm that never dies,—
 The everlasting rise and fall
 Of fire-waves round the infernal wall ;
 While high above that dark red flood,
 Black, giant-like, the gallows stood ;
 Two busy fiends attending there :
 One with cold mocking rite and prayer,
 The other with impatient grasp,
 Tightening the death-rope's strangling clasp.

V.

The unfelt rite at length was done,—
 The prayer unheard at length was said,—

An hour had passed :—the noonday sun

Smote on the features of the dead!
And he who stood the doomed beside,
Calm gauger of the swelling tide
Of mortal agony and fear,
Heeding with curious eye and ear
Whate'er revealed the keen excess
Of man's extremest wretchedness :
And who in that dark anguish saw

An earnest of the victim's fate,
The vengeful terrors of God's law,
The kindlings of Eternal hate,—
The first drops of that fiery rain
Which beats the dark red realm of
pain,
Did he uplift his earnest cries
Against the crime of Law, which
gave

His brother to that fearful grave,
Whereon Hope's moonlight never lies,
And Faith's white blossoms never
wave
To the soft breath of Memory's
sighs ;—
Which sent a spirit marred and
stained,
By fiends of sin possessed, profaned,
In madness and in blindness stark,
Into the silent, unknown dark?
No,—from the wild and shrinking
dread

With which he saw the victim led
Beneath the dark veil which divides
Ever the living from the dead,
And Nature's solemn secret hides,
The man of prayer can only draw
New reasons for his bloody law ;
New faith in staying Murder's hand
By murder at that Law's command ;
New reverence for the gallows-rope,
As human Nature's latest hope ;
Last relic of the good old time,
When Power found license for its
crime,

And held a writhing world in check
By that fell cord about its neck ;
Stifled Sedition's rising shout,
Choked the young breath of Freedom
out,
And timely checked the words which
sprung

From Heresy's forbidden tongue ;
While in its noose of terror bound,
The Church its cherished union found,
Conforming, on the Moslem plan,
The motley-colored mind of man,
Not by the Koran and the Sword,
But by the Bible and the Cord!

VI.

O, Thou! at whose rebuke the grave
Back to warm life its sleeper gave,
Beneath whose sad and tearful glance
The cold and changed countenance
Broke the still horror of its trance,
And, waking, saw with joy above,
A brother's face of tenderest love ;
Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
The sorrowing and the sin-sick came,
And from thy very garment's hem
Drew life and healing unto them,
The burden of thy holy faith
Was love and life, not hate and death,
Man's demon ministers of pain,

The fiends of his revenge were sent
From thy pure Gospel's element
To their dark home again.

Thy name is Love! What, then, is
he,

Who in that name the gallows rears,
An awful altar built to thee,
With sacrifice of blood and tears?

O, once again thy healing lay
On the blind eyes which knew thee
not

And let the light of thy pure day
Melt in upon his darkened thought.
Soften his hard, cold heart, and show

The power which in forbearance
lies,

And let him feel that mercy now
Is better than old sacrifice!

VII.

As on the White Sea's charmed shore,
The Parsee sees his holy hill
With dunkest smoke-clouds curtained
o'er,
Yet knows beneath them, evermore,
The low, pale fire is quivering still ;

So, underneath its clouds of sin,
 ' The heart of man retaineth yet
 Gleams of its holy origin ;
 And half-quenched stars that never
 set,
 Dim colors of its faded bow,
 And early beauty, linger there,
 And o'er its wasted desert blow
 Faint breathings of its morning air,
 O, never yet upon the scroll
 Of the sin-stained, but priceless soul.
 Hath Heaven inscribed "DE-
 SPAIR!"
 Cast not the clouded gem away,
 Quench not the dim but living ray,—
 My brother man, Beware!
 With that deep voice which from the
 skies
 Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
 God's angel cries, FORBEAR!

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

O MOTHER EARTH! upon thy lap
 Thy weary ones receiving,
 And o'er them, silent as a dream,
 Thy grassy mantle weaving,
 Fold softly in thy long embrace
 That heart so worn and broken,
 And cool its pulse of fire beneath
 Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
 And serpent hiss of scorning ;
 Nor let the storms of yesterday
 Disturb his quiet morning.
 Breathe over him forgetfulness
 Of all save deeds of kindness,
 And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
 Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
 He heard Potomac's flowing,
 And, through his tall ancestral trees,
 Saw autumn's sunset glowing,
 He sleeps, — still looking to the west,
 Beneath the dark wood shadow,
 As if he still would see the sun
 Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune! — in himself
 All moods of mind contrasting,—
 The tenderest wail of human woe,
 The scorn-like lightning blasting ;
 The pathos which from rival eyes
 Unwilling tears could summon,
 The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
 Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond
 shower,
 From lips of life-long sadness ;
 Clear picturings of majestic thought
 Upon a ground of madness ;
 And over all Romance and Song
 A classic beauty throwing,
 And laurelled Clio at his side
 Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him : each in turn
 Beheld its schemes disjointed,
 As right or left his fatal glance
 And spectral finger pointed.
 Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
 With trenchant wit unsparing,
 And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
 The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
 A love he never cherished,
 Beyond Virginia's border line
 His patriotism perished.
 While others hailed in distant skies
 Our eagle's dusky pinion,
 He only saw the mountain bird
 Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune
 strange,
 Racked nerve, and brain all burning,
 His loving faith in Mother-land
 Knew never shade of turning ;
 By Britain's lakes, by Neva's wave,
 Whatever sky was o'er him,
 He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
 Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
 No false and vain pretences,

Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For Scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves; yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Lay down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother-man stood weeping,
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling
hand
The dying blest the living.

O, never bore his ancient State
A truer son or braver!
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of
Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand "RE-
MORSE!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The Sage of Monticello,

So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenched hearths, where thy
exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee,—wolves for men,
And briers for corn-sheaves giving!
O, more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

DEMOCRACY.

All things whatsoever ye would that men
should do to you, do ye even so to them.—
Matthew vii. 12.

BEARER of Freedom's holy light,
Breaker of Slavery's chain and rod,
The foe of all which pains the sight,
Or wounds the generous ear of God!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
Though there profaning gifts are
thrown;
And fires unkindled of the skies
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred,—though thy name be
breathed
By those whose hearts thy truth
deride;
And garlands, plucked from thee, are
wreathed
Around the haughty brows of Pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time!
The faith in which my father stood,
Even when the sons of Lust and Crime
Had stained thy peaceful courts with
blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
For through the mists which darken
there,

I see the flame of Freedom burn,—
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of *all* divine,—

The pitying heart,—the helping arm,—

The prompt self-sacrifice,—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their suffering lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepelled, unawed
By pomp or power, thou seest a MAN
In prince or peasant,—slave or lord,—
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place, or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on *the man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
How'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set,—
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;
For that frail form which mortals wear

The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veiled his perfect brightness there.

Not from the shallow babbling fount
Of vain philosophy thou art;
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrilled, warmed, by turns, the listener's heart,

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Proclaimed thy message from on high,—
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call, my gift I bring;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering:

The voiceless utterance of his will,—
His pledge to Freedom and to Truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of his generous youth.

Election Day, 1843.

TO RONGE.

STRIKE home, strong-hearted man!
Down to the root
Of old oppression sink the Saxon steel.
Thy work is to hew down. In God's name then
Put nerve into thy task. Let other men
Plant, as they may, that better tree whose fruit
The wounded bosom of the Church shall heal.
Be thou the image-breaker. Let thy blows
Fall heavy as the Suabian's iron hand,
On crown or crosier, which shall interpose
Between thee and the weal of Fatherland.

Leave creeds to closet idlers. First
of all,
Shake thou all German dream-land
with the fall
Of that accursed tree, whose evil trunk
Was spared of old by Erfurt's stalwart
monk.
Fight not with ghosts and shadows.
Let us hear
The snap of chain-links. Let our
gladdened ear
Catch the pale prisoner's welcome, as
the light
Follows thy axe-stroke, through his
cell of night.
Be faithful to both worlds; nor think
to feed
Earth's starving millions with the
husks of creed.
Servant of Him whose mission high
and holy
Was to the wronged, the sorrowing,
and the lowly,
Thrust not his Eden promise from our
sphere,
Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's
span;
Like him of Patmos, see it, now and
here,—
The New Jerusalem comes down to
man!
Be warned by Luther's error. Nor
like him,
When the roused Teuton dashes from
his limb
The rusted chain of ages, help to bind
His hands for whom thou claim'st the
freedom of the mind!

CHALKLEY HALL.

How bland and sweet the greeting of
this breeze
To him who flies
From crowded street and red wall's
weary gleam,
Till far behind him like a hideous
dream
The close dark city lies!

Here, while the market murmurs,
while men throng
The marble floor
Of Mammon's altar, from the crush
and din
Of the world's madness let me gather in
My better thoughts once more.

O, once again revive, while on my ear
The cry of Gain
And low hoarse hum of Traffic die
away,
Ye blessed memories of my early day
Like sere grass wet with rain!—

Once more let God's green earth and
sunset air
Old feelings waken:
Through weary years of toil and strife
and ill,
O, let me feel that my good angel still
Hath not his trust forsaken.

And well do time and place befit my
mood:
Beneath the arms
Of this embracing wood, a good man
made
His home, like Abraham resting in
the shade
Of Mamre's lonely palms.

Here, rich with autumn gifts of count-
less years,
The virgin soil
Turned from the share he guided, and
in rain
And summer sunshine threw the
fruits and grain
Which blessed his honest toil.

Here, from his voyages on the stormy
seas,
Weary and worn,
He came to meet his children and to
bless
The Giver of all good in thankfulness
And praise for his return.

And here his neighbors gathered in to greet
 Their friend again,
 Safe from the wave and the destroying gales,
 Which reap untimely green Bermuda's vales,
 And vex the Carib main.

To hear the good man tell of simple truth,
 Sown in an hour
 Of weakness in some far-off Indian isle,
 From the parched bosom of a barren soil,
 Raised up in life and power :

How at those gatherings in Barbadian vales,
 A tendering love
 Came o'er him, like the gentle rain from heaven,
 And words of fitness to his lips were given,
 And strength as from above :

How the sad captive listened to the Word,
 Until his chain
 Grew lighter, and his wounded spirit felt
 The healing balm of consolation melt
 Upon its life-long pain :

How the armed warrior sat him down to hear
 Of Peace and Truth,
 And the proud ruler and his Creole dame,
 Jewelled and gorgeous in her beauty came,
 And fair and bright-eyed youth.

O, far away beneath New England's sky,
 Even when a boy,
 Following my plough by Merrimack's green shore,

His simple record I have pondered o'er
 With deep and quiet joy.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm,—
 Its woods around,
 Its still stream winding on in light and shade,
 Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade,—
 To me is holy ground.

And dearer far than haunts where Genius keeps
 His vigils still ;
 Than that where Avon's son of song is laid,
 Or Vaucluse hallowed by its Petrarch's shade,
 Or Virgil's laurelled hill.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,
 To Juliet's urn,
 Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,
 Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love
 Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm
 To all is given ;
 And blessed memories of the faithful dead
 O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed
 The holy hues of Heaven !

TO J. P.

NOT as a poor requital of the joy
 With which my childhood heard
 that lay of thine,
 Which, like an echo of the song divine
 At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy Boy,
 Bore to my ear the Airs of Palestine,—
 Not to the poet, but the man I bring

In friendship's fearless trust my offering :
 How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,
 Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me
 Life all too earnest, and its time too short
 For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport ;
 And girded for thy constant strife with wrong,
 Like Nehemiah fighting while he wrought
 The broken walls of Zion, even thy song
 Hath a rude martial tone, a blow in every thought !

THE CYPRESS-TREE OF CEYLON.

[IBN BATUTA, the celebrated Mussulman traveller of the fourteenth century, speaks of a cypress-tree in Ceylon, universally held sacred by the natives, the leaves of which were said to fall only at certain intervals, and he who had the happiness to find and eat one of them, was restored, at once, to youth and vigor. The traveller saw several venerable JOGEES, or saints, sitting silent and motionless under the tree, patiently awaiting the falling of a leaf.]

THEY sat in silent watchfulness
 The sacred cypress-tree about,
 And, from beneath old wrinkled brows
 Their failing eyes looked out.

Gray Age and Sickness waiting there
 Through weary night and lingering day,—
 Grim as the idols at their side,
 And motionless as they.

Unheeded in the boughs above
 The song of Ceylon's birds was sweet ;
 Unseen of them the island flowers bloomed brightly at their feet.

O'er them the tropic night-storm swept,
 The thunder crashed on rock and hill ;
 The cloud-fire on their eyeballs blazed,
 Yet there they waited still !

What was the world without to them ?
 The Moslem's sunset-call, — the dance
 Of Ceylon's maids, — the passing gleam
 Of battle-flag and lance ?

They waited for that falling leaf
 Of which the wandering Jogees sing :
 Which lends once more to wintry age
 The greenness of its spring.

O, if these poor and blinded ones
 In trustful patience wait to feel
 O'er torpid pulse and failing limb
 A youthful freshness steal ;

Shall we, who sit beneath that Tree
 Whose healing leaves of life are shed,
 In answer to the breath of prayer,
 Upon the waiting head ;

Not to restore our failing forms,
 And build the spirit's broken shrine,
 But, on the fainting SOUL to shed
 A light and life divine ;

Shall we grow weary in our watch,
 And murmur at the long delay ?
 Impatient of our Father's time
 And his appointed way ?

Or shall the stir of outward things
 Allure and claim the Christian's eye,
 When on the heathen watcher's ear
 Their powerless murmurs die ?

Alas ! a deeper test of faith
 Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
 The self-abasing watchfulness
 Of silent prayer may make.

We gird us bravely to rebuke
Our erring brother in the wrong,—
And in the ear of Pride and Power
Our warning voice is strong.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than "watch one hour" in hum-
bling prayer.
Life's "great things," like the Syrian
lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh! we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save ;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour
Forgetful of thy pain ;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits
free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with Thee!

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play ;
And, through its haze, the winter
noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams
fall ;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all !

4th 1st month, 1847.

TO —,
WITH A COPY OF WOOLMAN'S
JOURNAL.

"Get the writings of John Woolman by heart." — *Essays of Elia*.

MAIDEN! with the fair brown tresses
Shading o'er thy dreamy eye,
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead
Cloud wreaths of its sky.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide,—
Instinct take the place of Duty,
Love, not Reason, guide.

Ever in the New rejoicing,
Kindly beckoning back the Old,
Turning, with the gift of Midas,
All things into gold.

And the passing shades of sadness
Wearing even a welcome guise,
As, when some bright lake lies open
To the sunny skies,

Every wing of bird above it,
Every light cloud floating on,
Glitters like that flashing mirror
In the selfsame sun.

But upon thy youthful forehead
Something like a shadow lies ;
And a serious soul is looking
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,
Through the forms of outward
things,
Seeking for the subtle essence,
And the hidden springs.

Deeper than the gilded surface
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,
Farther than the narrow present
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime.

All the mystery of Being
Hath upon thy spirit pressed,—
Thoughts which, like the Deluge
wanderer,
Find no place of rest :

That which mystic Plato pondered,
That which Zeno heard with awe,
And the star-rapt Zoroaster
In his night-watch saw.

From the doubt and darkness spring-
ing
Of the dim, uncertain Past,
Moving to the dark still shadows
O'er the Future cast,

Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching :
WHAT and WHERE IS TRUTH?

Hollow creed and ceremonial,
Whence the ancient life hath fled,

Idle faith unknown to action,
Dull and cold and dead.

Oracles, whose wire-worked meanings,
Only wake a quiet scorn,—
Not from these thy seeking spirit
Hath its answer drawn.

But, like some tired child at even,
On thy mother Nature's breast,
Thou, methinks, art vainly seeking
Truth, and peace, and rest.

O'er that mother's rugged features
Thou art throwing Fancy's veil,
Light and soft as woven moonbeams,
Beautiful and frail!

O'er the rough chart of Existence,
Rocks of sin and wastes of woe,
Soft airs breathe, and green leaves
tremble,
And cool fountains flow.

And to thee an answer cometh
From the earth and from the sky,
And to thee the hills and waters
And the stars reply.

But a soul-sufficing answer
Hath no outward origin ;
More than Nature's many voices
May be heard within.

Even as the great Augustine
Questioned earth and sea and sky,
And the dusty tomes of learning
And old poesy.

But his earnest spirit needed
More than outward Nature taught,—
More than blest the poet's vision
Or the sage's thought.

Only in the gathered silence
Of a calm and waiting frame
Light and wisdom as from Heaven
To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet
 Doth that inward answer tend,
 But to works of love and duty
 As our beings end,—

Not to idle dreams and trances,
 Length of face, and solemn tone,
 But to Faith, in daily striving
 And performance shown.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
 Of a spirit which within
 Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin ;

And without, with tireless vigor,
 Steady heart, and weapon strong,
 In the power of truth assailing
 Every form of wrong.

Guided thus, how passing lovely
 Is the track of WOOLMAN's feet!
 And his brief and simple record
 How serenely sweet!

O'er life's humblest duties throwing
 Light the earthling never knew,
 Freshening all its dark waste places
 As with Hermon's dew.

All which glows in Pascal's pages,—
 All which sainted Guion sought,
 Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
 Half-unconscious taught :—

Beauty such as Goethe pictured,
 Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
 Living warmth and starry brightness
 Round that poor man's head.

Not a vain and cold ideal,
 Not a poet's dream alone,
 But a presence warm and real,
 Seen and felt and known.

When the red right-hand of slaughter
 Moulders with the steel it swung,
 When the name of seer and poet
 Dies on Memory's tongue,

All bright thoughts and pure shall
 gather
 Round that meek and suffering
 one,—
 Glorious, like the seer-seen angel
 Standing in the sun !

Take the good man's book and ponder
 What its pages say to thee,—
 Blessed as the hand of healing
 May its lesson be.

If it only serves to strengthen
 Yearnings for a higher good,
 For the fount of living waters
 And diviner food ;

If the pride of human reason
 Feels its meek and still rebuke,
 Quailing like the eye of Peter
 From the Just One's look! —

If with readier ear thou heedest
 What the Inward Teacher saith,
 Listening with a willing spirit
 And a childlike faith, —

Thou mayst live to bless the giver,
 Who, himself but frail and weak,
 Would at least the highest welfare
 Of another seek ;

And his gift, though poor and lowly
 It may seem to other eyes,
 Yet may prove an angel holy
 In a pilgrim's guise.

LEGGETT'S MONUMENT.

" Ye build the tombs of the prophets."
Holy Writ.

YES,—pile the marble o'er him ! It
 is well
 That ye who mocked him in his long
 stern strife,
 And planted in the pathway of his
 life
 The ploughshares of your hatred hot
 from hell,

Who clamored down the bold reformer when
He pleaded for his captive fellow-men,
Who spurned him in the market-place, and sought
Within thy walls, St. Tammany, to bind
In party chains the free and honest thought,

The angel utterance of an upright mind,
Well it is now that o'er his grave ye raise
The stony tribute of your tardy praise,
For not alone that pile shall tell to Fame
Of the brave heart beneath, but of the builders' shame!

SONGS OF LABOR AND OTHER POEMS, 1850.

DEDICATION.

I WOULD the gift I offer here
Might graces from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,
On softened lines and coloring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :
But what I have I give to thee,—
The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,
And paler flowers, the latter rain
Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
Dry root and mosséd trunk between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leafed maple wood !

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree ;

And through the bleak and wintry day
It keeps its steady green alway,—
So, even my after-thoughts may have a charm for thee.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,
And beauty is its own excuse ;
But for the dull and flowerless weed
Some healing virtue still must plead,
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use.

So haply these, my simple lays
Of homely toil, may serve to show
The orchard bloom and tasseled maize
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below.

Haply from them the toiler, bent
Above his forge or plough, may gain
A manlier spirit of content,
And feel that life is wisest spent
Where the strong working hand makes strong the working brain.

The doom which to the guilty pair
Without the walls of Eden came,
Transforming sinless ease to care

And rugged toil, no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of
primal shame.

A blessing now, — a curse no more ;
Since He, whose name we breathe
with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,—
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the
same law.

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured
stroke
And grating saw begin ;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin !

Hark! — roars the bellows, blast on
blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge ;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near ;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up! — up! — in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part :
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free ;

Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough,—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below,—
That ship must heed her master's
beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel ;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel ;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave !

Ho! — strike away the bars and
blocks,
And set the good ship free !
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea ?
Look ! how she moves adown the
grooves,
In graceful beauty now !
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow !

God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan !
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world !

Speed on the ship ! — But let her
bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within ;
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours ;

But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

THE SHOEMAKERS.

Ho! workers of the old time styled
The Gentle Craft of Leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the ooden merry manner!
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has
grown
A quick and merry clamor.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed
girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock
dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;

For you, the dizzy goatherd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd
homes,
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the
wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-
call,
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,—
Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your
pride,
And duty done, your honor.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's
wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to
hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
On carpet, or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap! — your stout and bluff bro-
gan,
With footsteps slow and weary,

May wander where the sky's blue span
Shuts down upon the prairie.
On Beauty's foot, your slippers glance,
By Saratoga's fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth com-
mand,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household
maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honor.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming,—
“All honor to the good old Craft,
Its merry men and women!”
Call out again your long array,
In the old time's pleasant manner;
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out his blazoned banner!

THE DROVERS.

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower
and sun,
Still onward cheerly driving!
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.
But see! the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us;
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our foot-sore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.
The landlord beckons from his door,
His beechen fire is glowing;
These ample barns, with feed in store,
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across
By brows of rugged mountains;
From hillsides where, through spongy
moss,
Gush out the river fountains;
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,
And bright with blooming clover;
From vales of corn the wandering
crow
No richer hovers over;

Day after day our way has been,
O'er many a hill and hollow;
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,
Our stately drove we follow.
Through dust-clouds rising thick and
dun,
As smoke of battle o'er us,
Their white horns glisten in the sun,
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill,
As slow behind it sinking;
Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.
Now crowding in the narrow road,
In thick and struggling masses,
They glare upon the teamster's load,
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,
And paw of hoof, and bellow,
They leap some farmer's broken pale,
O'er meadow-close or fallow.
Forth comes the startled goodman;
forth
Wife, children, house-dog, sally,
Till once more on their dusty path
The baffled truants rally.

We drive no starvelings, scraggy
grown,
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,
Like those who grind their noses
down
On pastures bare and stony,—
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows too lean for shadows,
Disputing feebly with the frogs
The crop of saw-grass meadows!

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanness rattle;
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are
there,
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.
Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest
nooks,
The freshest feed is growing,
By sweetest springs and clearest
brooks
Through honeysuckle flowing;
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,
Are bright with early grasses,
Or, tracking green the lowland's
drouth,
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool,
The woods are dim before us,
The white fog of the wayside pool
Is creeping slowly o'er us.
The cricket to the frog's bassoon
His shrillest time is keeping;
The sickle of yon setting moon
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,
Our footsore beasts are weary,
And through yon elms the tavern sign
Looks out upon us cheery.
To-morrow, eastward with our charge
We'll go to meet the dawning,
Ere yet the pines of Kéarsarge
Have seen the sun of morning.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen
earth,
Instead of birds, are flitting;
When children throng the glowing
hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting;
While in the fire-light strong and
clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,

To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,
From many a mountain pasture,
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
And speed the long night faster.
Then let us on, through shower and
sun,
And heat and cold, be driving;
There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

THE FISHERMEN.

HURRAH! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,
And the lighthouse from the sand;
And the scattered pines are waving
Their farewell from the land.
One glance, my lads, behind us,
For the homes we leave one sigh,
Ere we take the change and chances
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below,
And the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening unto morn,

A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,
With the white cross on its crown!
Hurrah! for Meccatina,
And its mountains bare and brown!
Where the Caribou's tall antlers
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,
And the footstep of the Mickmack
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather
Old Ocean's treasures in,
Where'er the mottled mackerel
Turns up a steel-dark fin.
The sea's our field of harvest,
Its scaly tribes our grain;
We'll reap the teeming waters
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come.
As the demon fled the chamber
Where the fish of Tobit lay,
So ours from all our dwellings
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets
In the bitter air congeals
And our lines wind stiff and slowly
From off the frozen reels;
Though the fog be dark around us,
And the storm blow high and
loud,
We will whistle down the wild
wind,
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is his hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah! — hurrah! — the west-wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling, —
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed, —
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed!

THE HUSKERS.

IT was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noon tide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why ;
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weathercocks ;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye ;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear ;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters ; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain ;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one !

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay ;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below ;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart ;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of
flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting
grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of
June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

THE LUMBERMEN.

WILDLY round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.
Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,
Screams the gray wild-goose;
On the night-frost sounds the treading
Of the brindled moose.
Noiseless creeping, while we're sleep-ing,
Frost his task-work plies;
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thun-
der,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river break asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear
them
To the saw-mill's wheel,

Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear
them
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,
In these vales below,
When the earliest beams of sunlight
Streak the mountain's snow,
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,
To our hurrying feet,
And the forest echoes clearly
All our blows repeat.

Where the crystal Ambijejis
Stretches broad and clear,
And Millnoket's pine-black ridges
Hide the browsing deer:
Where, through lakes and wide mo-
rasses,
Or through rocky walls,
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses
given
Of Katahdin's sides,—
Rock and forest piled to heaven,
Torn and ploughed by slides!
Far below, the Indian trapping,
In the sunshine warm;
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fading leaves;
And a music wild and solemn,
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning
For our toil to-day;
And the welcome of returning
Shall our loss repay,
When, like seamen from the waters,
From the woods we come,
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,
Angels of our home!

Not for us the measured ringing
From the village spire,
Not for us the Sabbath singing
Of the sweet-voiced choir:
Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines!

Through each branch-enwoven sky-
light,
Speaks He in the breeze,
As of old beneath the twilight
Of lost Eden's trees!
For his ear, the inward feeling
Needs no outward tongue;
He can see the spirit kneeling
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning
From the false and dim,
Lamp of toil or altar burning
Are alike to Him.
Strike, then, comrades! — Trade is
waiting
On our rugged toil;
Far ships waiting for the freighting
Of our woodland spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links these high-
lands,
Bleak and cold, of ours,
With the citron-planted islands
Of a clime of flowers;
To our frosts the tribute bringing
Of eternal heats;
In our lap of winter flinging
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike!—With every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks, with wondering eye!

Loud behind us grow the murmurs
Of the age to come;
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,
Bearing harvest home!
Here her virgin lap with treasures
Shall the green earth fill;
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
Take the smooth-shorn plain,—
Give to us the cedar valleys,
Rocks and hills of Maine!

In our North-land, wild and woody,
Let us still have part:
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
Hold us to thy heart!

O, our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow;
And our tread is all the firmer
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's
Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens
Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades! up and doing!
Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
Through the world our way!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

“Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!”
Who is losing? who is winning?—“Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain.”

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more.
“Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena! “Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

“ Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
 Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s charging lance!
 Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
 Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on:
 Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won?
 “ Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
 O’er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them all!

“ Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!
 I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
 Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;
 Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

“ O my heart’s love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee:
 Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?
 O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
 On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o’er!”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
 Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
 Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said:
 To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
 Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
 But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
 She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
 With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
 But she heard the youth’s low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
 And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled:
 Was that pitying face his mother’s? did she watch beside her child?
 All his stranger words with meaning her woman’s heart supplied;
 With her kiss upon his forehead, “ Mother! ” murmured he, and died!

“ A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
 From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the North!”
 Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
 And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! “ Like a cloud before the wind
 Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
 Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
 Hide your faces, holy angels! oh thou Christ of God, forgive!”

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray shadows fall;
 Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
 Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
 In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
 Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food;
 Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
 And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
 Upward, through it blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
 From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had
 been
 Abused, its kindness answered with
 foul wrong;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-
 men,
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled
 among
 The green mounds of the village bur-
 ial-place;
 Where, pondering how all human
 love and hate
 Find one sad level; and how, soon
 or late,
 Wronged and wrongdoer, each with
 meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still
 heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our com-
 mon grave.
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence
 none depart.
 Awed for myself, and pitying my
 race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty
 wave,
 Swept all my pride away, and trem-
 bling I forgave!

BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving-girl,
 Prompt to please her master;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
 Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding;
 And, to all he saw and heard,
 Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords
 swinging,
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and froward;
 Quoth the foremost, "Ride him
 down!"

Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sun-burned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!"

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll
teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end":
Quoth the Laird of Ury,

"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

"Give me joy that in his name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were
seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

"When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing
down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy
night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
 Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
 Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
 O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
 Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
 In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
 Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
 From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of
 grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
 Paint the golden morrow!

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

MADDENED by Earth's wrong and
evil,
 “Lord!” I cried in sudden ire,
“From thy right hand, clothed with
 thunder,
Shake the bolted fire!

“Love is lost, and Faith is dying;
With the brute the man is sold;
And the dropping blood of labor
 Hardens into gold.

“Here the dying wail of Famine,
There the battle's groan of pain;
And, in silence, smooth-face Mammon
 Reaping men like grain.—

“‘Where is God, that we should fear
 Him?’
Thus the earth-born Titans say;
‘God! if thou art living, hear us!’
 Thus the weak ones pray.”

“Thou, the patient Heaven upbraiding,”
 Spake a solemn Voice within;
“Weary of our Lord's forbearance,
Art thou free from sin?

“Fearless brow to Him uplifting,
 Canst thou for his thunders call,
Knowing that to guilt's attraction
 Evermore they fall?

“Know'st thou not all germs of evil
 In thy heart await their time?
Not thyself, but God's restraining,
 Stays their growth of crime.

“Couldst thou boast, O child of weakness!
 O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
 In thy path of life?

“Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
 From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
 Searching for the sea.

“Glideth one through greenest valleys,
 Kissing them with lips still sweet;
One, mad roaring down the mountains,
 Stagnates at their feet.

“Is it choice whereby the Parsee
 Kneels before his mother's fire?
In his black tent did the Tartar
 Choose his wandering sire?

“He alone, whose hand is bounding
 Human power and human will,
Looking through each soul's surrounding,
 Knows its good or ill.

"For thyself, while wrong and sorrow
Make to thee their strong appeal,
Coward wert thou not to utter
What the heart must feel.

"Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or
burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

"But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.

"Not the less shall stern-eyed Duty
To thy lips her trumpet set,
But with harsher blasts shall mingle
Wailings of regret."

Cease not, Voice of holy speaking,
Teacher sent of God, be near,
Whispering through the day's cool
silence,
Let my spirit hear!

So, when thoughts of evil-doers
Waken scorn, or hatred move,
Shall a mournful fellow-feeling
Temper all with love.

TO DELAWARE.

[Written during the discussion in the Legislature of that State, in the winter of 1846-47, of a bill for the abolition of slavery.]

THRICE welcome to thy sisters of the
East,
To the strong tillers of a rugged
home,
With spray-wet locks to Northern
winds released,
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean's
foam;
And to the young nymphs of the golden
West,

Whose harvest mantles, fringed with
prairie bloom,
Trail in the sunset,—O redeemed
and blest,
To the warm welcome of thy sisters
come!
Broad Pennsylvania, down her sail-
white bay
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from
her plains,
And the great lakes, where echo, free
alway,
Moaned never shoreward with the
clank of chains,
Shall weave new sun-bows in their
tossing spray,
And all their waves keep grateful holi-
day.
And, smiling on thee through her
mountain rains,
Vermont shall bless thee; and the
Granite peaks,
And vast Katahdin o'er his woods,
shall wear
Their snow-crowns brighter in the
cold keen air;
And Massachusetts, with her rugged
cheeks
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn
to thee,
When, at thy bidding, the electric
wire
Shall tremble northward with its
words of fire;
Glory and praise to God! another
State is free!

WORSHIP.

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before
God and the Father is this: To visit the
widows and the fatherless in their affliction,
and to keep himself unspotted from the
world."—James i. 27.

THE Pagan's myths through marble
lips are spoken,
And ghosts of old Beliefs still flit
and moan

Round fane and altar overthrown and
broken,
O'er tree-grown barrow and gray
ring of stone.

Blind Faith had martyrs in those old
high places,
The Syrian hill grove and the Druid's
wood,
With mother's offering, to the Fiend's
embraces,
Bone of their bone, and blood of
their own blood.

Red altars, kindling through that night
of error,
Smoked with warm blood beneath the
cruel eye
Of lawless Power and sanguinary
Terror,
Throned on the circle of a pitiless
sky;

Beneath whose baleful shadow, over-
casting
All heaven above, and blighting
earth below,
The scourge grew red, the lip grew
pale with fasting,
And man's oblation was his fear and
woe!

Then through great temples swelled
the dismal moaning
Of dirge-like music and sepulchral
prayer;
Pale wizard priests, o'er occult symbols
droning,
Swung their white censers in the
burdened air:

As if the pomp of rituals, and the
savor
Of gums and spices could the Un-
seen One please;
As if his ear could bend, with childish
favor,
To the poor flattery of the organ
keys!

Feet red from war-fields trod the
church aisles holy,
With trembling reverence: and the
oppressor there,
Kneeling before his priest, abased and
lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath his
knee of prayer.

Not such the service the benignant
Father
Requireth at his earthly children's
hands:
Not the poor offering of vain rites, but
rather
The simple duty man from man
demands.

For Earth he asks it: the full joy of
Heaven
Knoweth no change of waning or
increase;
The great heart of the Infinite beats
even,
Untroubled flows the river of his
peace.

He asks no taper lights, on high sur-
rounding
The priestly altar and the saintly
grave,
No dolorous chant nor organ music
sounding,
Nor incense clouding up the twi-
light nave.

For he whom Jesus loved hath truly
spoken:
The holier worship which he deigns
to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit
broken,
And feeds the widow and the father-
less!

Types of our human weakness and
our sorrow!
Who lives unhaunted by his loved
ones dead?

Who, with vain longing, seeketh not
to borrow
From stranger eyes the home lights
which have fled?

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy
brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of
God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each
other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly
deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great
example
Of Him whose holy work was
“doing good”;
So shall the wide earth seem our
Father’s temple,
Each loving life a psalm of grati-
tude.

Then shall all shackles fall; the
stormy clangor
Of wild war music o’er the earth
shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of
anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of
peace!

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman’s
room,
And eats his meat and drinks his
ale,
And beats the maid with her unused
broom,
And the lazy lout with his idle flail,
But he sweeps the floor and threshes
the corn,
And hies him away ere the break of
dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the
sun,

And the Cocklane ghost from the
barnloft cheer,
The fiend of Faust was a faithful
one,
Agrippa’s demon wrought in fear,
And the devil of Martin Luther sat
By the stout monk’s side in social
chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck
of him
Who seven times crossed the deep,
Twined closely each lean and with-
ered limb,
Like the nightmare in one’s sleep.
But he drank of the wine, and Sin-
bad cast
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by
day
To my quiet room and fireside nook,
Where the casement light falls dim
and gray
On faded painting and ancient book,
Is a sorrier one than any whose names
Are chronicled well by good King
James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,
No runner of errands like Ariel,
He comes in the shape of a fat old
man,
Without rap of knuckle or pull of
bell;
And whence he comes, or whither he
goes,
I know as I do of the wind which
blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat
Slouched heavily down to his dark,
red nose,
And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,
Looking through glasses with iron
bows.
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who
can,
Guard well your doors from that old
man!

He comes with a careless "How d' ye do?"

And seats himself in my elbow-chair;

And my morning paper and pamphlet new

Fall forthwith under his special care,

And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,

And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,

In a low and husky asthmatic tone,
With the stolid sameness of posture
and look

Of one who reads to himself alone;
And hour after hour on my senses come

That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,

The poet's song and the lover's glee,

The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,

The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,

All reach my ear in the selfsame tone,—

I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on!

O, sweet as the lapse of water at noon

O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,

The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,

Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,

Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems

To float through the slumbering singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,

As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read by turns from the selfsame book,—

Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,

Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low

Her voice sinks down like a moan afar;

And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,

And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,

Her voice is glad as an April bird's,
And when the tale is of war and wrong,

A trumpet's summons is in her words,

And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,

And see the tossing of plume and spear!—

O, pity me then, when, day by day,
The stout fiend darkens my parlor door;

And reads me perchance the selfsame lay

Which melted in music, the night before,

From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet!

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,

I flourish my cane above his head,
And stir up the fire to roast him out;

I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,
And press my hands on my ears, in vain!

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat
Of demons of every name and size,
Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,
But never a hint and never a line
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,
And laid the Primer above them all,
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,
And hung a wig to my parlor wall
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,
At Salem court in the witchcraft day!

*“Conjuro te, sceleratissime,
Abire ad tuum locum!”*—still
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me,—
The exorcism has lost its skill;
And I hear again in my haunted room
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum!

Ah!—commend me to Mary Magdalene
With her sevenfold plagues,—to the wandering Jew,
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when
The furies his midnight curtains drew,
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,
That reading demon, that fat old man!

THE PUMPKIN.

O, GREENLY and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,

And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,

When wood-grapes were purpling and
brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in
its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a
candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-
heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lan-
tern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled
like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two
rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none
sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled
a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry
more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its
baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is
too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may
never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be length-
ened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pump-
kin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last
sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own
Pumpkin pie!

EXTRACT FROM "A NEW ENGLAND LEGEND."

How has New England's romance fled,
Even as a vision of the morning!
Its rights foredone,—its guardians
dead,—
Its priestesses, bereft of dread,
Waking the veriest urchin's scorn-
ing!
Gone like the Indian wizard's yell
And fire-dance round the magic
rock,

Forgotten like the Druid's spell
At moonrise by his holy oak!
No more along the shadowy glen,
Glide the dim ghosts of murdered men;
No more the unquiet churchyard dead
Glimpse upward from their turf-y bed,
Startling the traveller, late and lone;
As, on some night of starless weather,
They silently commune together,
Each sitting on his own head-stone!
The roofless house, decayed, deserted,
Its living tenants all departed,
No longer rings with midnight revel
Of witch, or ghost, or goblin evil;
No pale blue flame sends out its flashes
Through creviced roof and shattered
sashes!—
The witch-grass round the hazel spring
May sharply to the night-air sing,
But there no more shall withered hags
Refresh at ease their broomstick nags,
Or taste those hazel-shadowed waters
As beverage meet for Satan's daugh-
ters;
No more their mimic tones be heard,—
The mew of cat,—the chirp of bird,—
Shrill bending with the hoarser laugh-
ter
Of the fell demon following after!
The cautious goodman nails no more
A horseshoe on his outer door,
Lest some unseemly hag should fit
To his own mouth her bridle-bit,—
The goodwife's churn no more refuses
Its wonted culinary uses
Until, with heated needle burned,
The witch has to her place returned!
Our witches are no longer old
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
But young and gay and laughing crea-
tures,
With the heart's sunshine on their
features,—
Their sorcery—the light which dances
Where the raised lid unveils its
glances;
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,
The music of Love's twilight hours,
Soft, dreamlike, as a fairy's moan
Above her nightly closing flowers,

Sweeter than that which sighed of yore,
 Along the charmed Ausonian shore!
 Even she, our own weird heroine,
 Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,
 Sleeps calmly where the living laid her;
 And the wide realm of sorcery,
 Left by its latest mistress free,
 Hath found no gray and skilled invader:
 So perished Albion's "glammarye,"
 With him in Melrose Abbey sleeping,
 His charmed torch beside his knee,
 That even the dead himself might see
 The magic scroll within his keeping,
 And now our modern Yankee sees
 Nor omens, spells, nor mysteries;
 And naught above, below, around,
 Of life or death, of sight or sound,
 Whate'er its nature, form, or look,
 Excites his terror or surprise,—
 All seeming to his knowing eyes
 Familiar as his "catechize,"
 Or "Webster's Spelling-Book."

HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
 Where, miles away,
 Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
 A luminous belt, a misty light,
 Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes
 of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the Sea!
 Against its ground
 Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
 Still as a picture, clear and free,
 With varying outline mark the coast
 for miles around.

On—on—we tread with loose-flung
 rein
 Our seaward way,

Through dark-green fields and blossoming grain,
 Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,
 And bends above our heads the flowing locust spray.

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
 Comes this fresh breeze,
 Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
 While through my being seems to flow
 The breath of a new life,—the healing of the seas!

Now rest we, where this grassy mound
 His feet hath set
 In the great waters, which have bound
 His granite ankles greenly round
 With long and tangled moss, and weeds
 with cool spray wet.

Good by to pain and care! I take
 Mine ease to-day:
 Here where these sunny waters break,
 And ripples this keen breeze, I shake
 All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
 Like all I see—
 Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
 Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
 And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
 The soul may know
 No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
 But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem

No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished Past upon
the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in summer's northern night

The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with
the soul's new morning.

I sit alone; in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks which, stern
and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through
mossy cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand

To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down!

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind,
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

But look, thou dreamer!—wave and shore
In shadow lie;
The night-wind warns me back once more
To where, my native hill-tops o'er,
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset sky.

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!

I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell,
But long and oft shall Memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of mus-
ing by the Sea.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH
OF SILAS WRIGHT OF NEW YORK.

As they who, tossing midst the storm at night,
While turning shoreward, where a beacon shone,
Meet the walled blackness of the heaven alone,
So, on the turbulent waves of party tossed,
In gloom and tempest, men have seen thy light
Quenched in the darkness. At thy hour of noon,
While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,
And, day by day, within thy spirit grew
A holier hope than young Ambition knew,
As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,
Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry of pain,
Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon!
Portents at which the bravest stand aghast,—
The birth-throes of a Future, strange and vast,
Alarm the land; yet thou, so wise and strong,
Suddenly summoned to the burial bed, Lapped in its slumbers deep and ever long,
Hear'st not the tumult surging overhead.

Who now shall rally Freedom's scattering host?
 Who wear the mantle of the leader lost?
 Who stay the march of slavery? He whose voice
 Hath called thee from thy task-field
 shall not lack
 Yet bolder champions, to beat bravely back
 The wrong which, through his poor ones, reaches Him:
 Yet firmer hands shall Freedom's torchlights trim,
 And wave them high across the abysmal black,
 Till bound, dumb millions there shall see them and rejoice.

10th mo., 1847.

LINES,

ACCOMPANYING MANUSCRIPTS PRESENTED TO A FRIEND.

'T IS said that in the Holy Land
 The angels of the place have blessed
 The pilgrim's bed of desert sand,
 Like Jacob's stone of rest.

That down the hush of Syrian skies
 Some sweet-voiced saint at twilight sings
 The song whose holy symphonies
 Are beat by unseen wings;

Till starting from his sandy bed,
 The wayworn wanderer looks to see
 The halo of an angel's head
 Shine through the tamarisk-tree.

So through the shadows of my way
 Thy smile hath fallen soft and clear,
 So at the weary close of day
 Hath seemed thy voice of cheer.

That pilgrim pressing to his goal
 May pause not for the vision's sake,
 Yet all fair things within his soul
 The thought of it shall wake;

The graceful palm-tree by the well,
 Seen on the far horizon's rim;
 The dark eyes of the fleet gazelle,
 Bent timidly on him;

Each pictured saint, whose golden hair
 Streams sunlike through the convent's gloom;
 Pale shrines of martyrs young and fair,
 And loving Mary's tomb;

And thus each tint or shade which falls,
 From sunset cloud or waving tree,
 Along my pilgrim path, recalls
 The pleasant thought of thee.

Of one in sun and shade the same,
 In weal and woe my steady friend,
 Whatever by that holy name
 The angels comprehend.

Not blind to faults and follies, thou
 Hast never failed the good to see,
 Nor judged by one unseemly bough
 The upward-struggling tree.

These light leaves at thy feet I lay,—
 Poor common thoughts on common things,
 Which time is shaking, day by day,
 Like feathers from his wings,—

Chance shootings from a frail life-tree,
 To nurturing care but little known,
 Their good was partly learned of thee
 Their folly is my own.

That tree still clasps the kindly mould,
 Its leaves still drink the twilight dew,
 And weaving its pale green with gold,
 Still shines the sunlight through.

There still the morning zephyrs play,
And there at times the spring bird
sings,
And mossy trunk and fading spray
Are flowered with glossy wings.

Yet, even in genial sun and rain,
Root, branch, and leaflet fail and
fade;
The wanderer on its lonely plain
Erelong shall miss its shade.

O friend beloved, whose curious skill
Keeps bright the last year's leaves
and flowers,
With warm, glad summer thoughts
to fill
The cold, dark, winter hours!

Pressed on thy heart, the leaves I
bring
May well defy the wintry cold,
Until, in Heaven's eternal spring,
Life's fairer ones unfold.

THE REWARD.

WHO, looking backward from his
manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent
time?

And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick be-
hind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the
wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil
force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Re-
morse?—
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his mem-
.ory's book,
At times, a sad and half-reluctant
look,
Regretful of the Past?

Alas!—the evil which we fain would
shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good
undone:
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone
to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er
his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grate-
ful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling
cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour
of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his
creed
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while
he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves
and lives,
With thankful heart;
He gazes backward, and with hope
before,
Knowing that from his works he
nevermore
Can henceforth part.

RAPHAEL.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight :
The glow of autumn's westering
day,
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
The fair face of a musing boy;

Yet, while I gazed, a sense of awe
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print : — the graceful flow
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,
And fresh young lip and cheek, and
brow
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose
I saw the inward spirit shine ;
It was as if before me rose
The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,
The hidden life, the man within,
Dissevered from its frame and mould,
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,
The waving of that pictured hand ?
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—
space,
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes
of grace
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil
wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal
face,
O Mother, beautiful and mild !
Enfolding in one dear embrace
Thy Saviour and thy Child !

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;
The awful glory of that day
When all the Father's brightness
shone
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophet forms, and
wild
Dark visions of the days of old,
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
Through locks of brown and gold !

There Fornarina's fair young face
Once more upon her lover shone,
Whose model of an angel's grace
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my
view,
But not the lesson which it taught ;
The soft, calm shadows which it threw
Still rested on my thought :

The truth, that painter, bard, and
sage,
Even in Earth's cold and change-
ful clime,
Plant for their deathless heritage
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered
here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died ?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side ?

O no ! — We live our life again :
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,—
Man's works shall follow him !

LUCY HOOPER.

THEY tell me, Lucy, thou art dead,—
 That all of thee we loved and
 cherished
 Has with thy summer roses per-
 ished :
 And left, as its young beauty fled,
 An ashen memory in its stead,—
 The twilight of a parted day
 Whose fading light is cold and
 vain ;
 The heart's faint echo of a strain
 Of low, sweet music passed away.
 That true and loving heart,—that gift
 Of a mind, earnest, clear, profound,
 Bestowing, with a glad unthrift,
 Its sunny light on all around,
 Affinities which only could
 Cleave to the pure, the true, and good ;
 And sympathies which found no rest,
 Save with the loveliest and best.
 Of them —of thee —remains there
 naught
 But sorrow in the mourner's
 breast?—
 A shadow in the land of thought?
 No!—Even my weak and trembling
 faith
 Can lift for thee the veil which doubt
 And human fear have drawn about
 The all-awaiting scene of death.

Even as thou wast I see thee still ;
 And, save the absence of all ill
 And pain and weariness, which here
 Summoned the sigh or wrung the tear,
 The same as when, two summers back,
 Beside our childhood's Merrimack,
 I saw thy dark eye wander o'er
 Stream, sunny upland, rocky shore,
 And heard thy low, soft voice alone
 Midst lapse of waters, and the tone
 Of pine-leaves by the west-wind blown,
 There's not a charm of soul or brow,—
 Of all we knew and loved in thee,—
 But lives in holier beauty now,
 Baptized in immortality!
 Not mine the sad and freezing dream

Of souls that, with their earthly
 mould,
 Cast off the loves and joys of old.—
 Unbodied,—like a pale moonbeam,
 As pure, as passionless, and cold ;
 Nor mine the hope of Indra's son,
 Of slumbering in oblivion's rest,
 Life's myriads blending into one,—
 In blank annihilation blest ;
 Dust-atoms of the infinite,—
 Sparks scattered from the central light,
 And winning back through mortal
 pain
 Their old unconsciousness again.
 No!—I have FRIENDS in Spirit
 Land,—
 Not shadows in a shadowy band,
 Not others, but themselves are they.
 And still I think of them the same
 As when the Master's summons came ;
 Their change,—the holy morn-light
 breaking
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper, wak-
 ing,—
 A change from twilight into day.

They've laid thee midst the household
 graves,
 Where father, brother, sister lie ;
 Below thee sweep the dark blue waves,
 Above thee bends the summer sky.
 Thy own loved church in sadness read
 Her solemn ritual o'er thy head,
 And blessed and hallowed with her
 prayer
 The turf laid lightly o'er thee there.
 That church, whose rites and liturgy,
 Sublime and old, were truth to thee,
 Undoubted to thy bosom taken,
 As symbols of a faith unshaken.
 Even I, of simpler views, could feel
 The beauty of thy trust and zeal ;
 And, owning not thy creed, could see
 How deep a truth it seemed to thee,
 And how thy fervent heart had thrown
 O'er all, a coloring of its own,
 And kindled up, intense and warm,
 A life in every rite and form,
 As, when on Chebar's banks of old,
 The Hebrew's gorgeous vision rolled,

A spirit filled the vast machine,—
A life “within the wheels” was seen.

Farewell! A little time, and we
Who knew thee well, and loved thee
here,
One after one shall follow thee
As pilgrims through the gate of fear,
Which opens on eternity.

Yet shall we cherish not the less
All that is left our hearts meanwhile;
The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway
smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has
set,—
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of
duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things
wrong,—

The truth, the strength, the graceful
beauty
Which blended in thy song.
All lovely things, by thee beloved,
Shall whisper to our hearts of thee;
These green hills, where thy child-
hood roved,—

Yon river winding to the sea,—
The sunset light of autumn eves
Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Cloud, crimson sky, and trembling
leaves
Of rainbow-tinted woods,—
These, in our view, shall henceforth
take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake;
And all thou lovedst of earth and sky,
Seem sacred to thy memory.

CHANNING.

NOT vainly did old poets tell,
Nor vainly did old genius paint
God’s great and crowning miracle,—
The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day
Can we our sainted ones discern;

And feel, while with them on the way,
Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen
Which, world-wide, echo CHAN-
NING’s fame,
As one of Heaven’s anointed men,
Have sanctified his name.

In vain shall Rome her portals bar,
And shut from him her saintly prize,
Whom, in the world’s great calendar,
All men shall canonize.

By Narragansett’s sunny bay,
Beneath his green embowering
wood,
To me it seems but yesterday
Since at his side I stood.

The slopes lay green with summer
rains,
The western wind blew fresh and
free,
And glimmered down the orchard
lanes
The white surf of the sea.

With us was one, who, calm and true,
Life’s highest purpose understood,
And, like his blessed Master, knew
The joy of doing good.

Unlearned, unknown to lettered fame,
Yet on the lips of England’s poor
And toiling millions dwelt his name,
With blessings evermore.

Unknown to power or place, yet where
The sun looks o’er the Carib sea,
It blended with the freeman’s prayer
And song of jubilee.

He told of England’s sin and wrong,—
The ills her suffering children
know,—
The squalor of the city’s throng,—
The green field’s want and woe.

O'er Channing's face the tenderness
Of sympathetic sorrow stole,
Like a still shadow, passionless,—
The sorrow of the soul.

But when the generous Briton told
How hearts were answering to his
own,
And Freedom's rising murmur rolled
Up to the dull-eared throne,

I saw, methought, a glad surprise
Thrill through that frail and pain-
worn frame,
And, kindling in those deep, calm
eyes,
A still and earnest flame.

His few, brief words were such as move
The human heart,—the Faith-sown
seeds

Which ripen in the soil of love
To high heroic deeds.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,—
The Babel strife of tongues had
ceased,—

And at one common altar knelt
The Quaker and the priest.

And not in vain: with strength re-
newed,
And zeal refreshed, and hope less
dim,
For that brief meeting, each pursued
The path allotted him.

How echoes yet each Western hill
And vale with Channing's dying
word!

How are the hearts of freemen still
By that great warning stirred!

The stranger treads his native soil.
And pleads, with zeal unfelt before
The honest right of British toil,
The claim of England's poor.

Before him time-wrought barriers fall,
Old fears subside, old hatreds melt,

And, stretching o'er the sea's blue
wall,
The Saxon greets the Celt.

The yeoman on the Scottish lines,
The Sheffield grinder, worn and
grim,
The delver in the Cornwall mines,
Look up with hope to him.

Swart smiters of the glowing steel,
Dark feeders of the forge's flame,
Pale watchers at the loom and wheel,
Repeat his honored name.

And thus the influence of that hour
Of converse on Rhode Island's
strand,
Lives in the calm, resistless power
Which moves our father-land.

God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds,
And Truth, at his requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

Where is the victory of the grave?
What dust upon the spirit lies?
God keeps the sacred life he gave,—
The prophet never dies!

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES B. STORRS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RE-
SERVE COLLEGE.

THOU hast fallen in thine armor,
Thou martyr of the Lord!
With thy last breath crying,—“On-
ward!”
And thy hand upon the sword.
The haughty heart derideth,
And the sinful lip reviles,
But the blessing of the perishing
Around thy pillow smiles!

When to our cup of trembling,
The added drop is given,

And the long-suspended thunder
Falls terribly from Heaven,—
When a new and fearful freedom
Is proffered of the Lord
To the slow-consuming Famine,—
The Pestilence and Sword!—

When the refuges of Falsehood
Shall be swept away in wrath,
And the temple shall be shaken,
With its idol, to the earth,—
Shall not thy words of warning
Be all remembered then?
And thy now unheeded message
Burn in the hearts of men?

Oppression's hand may scatter
Its nettles on thy tomb,
And even Christian bosoms
Deny thy memory room;
For lying lips shall torture
Thy mercy into crime,
And the slanderer shall flourish
As the bay-tree for a time.

But where the south-wind lingers
On Carolina's pines,
Or falls the careless sunbeam
Down Georgia's golden mines,—
Where now beneath his burthen
The toiling slave is driven,—
Where now a tyrant's mockery
Is offered unto Heaven,—

Where Mammon hath its altars
Wet o'er with human blood,
And pride and lust debases
The workmanship of God,—
There shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeemed from Falsehood's ban,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the *slave* shall be a *man*!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!
A thousand hearts are warm,—
A thousand kindred bosoms
Are baring to the storm.
What though red-handed Violence
With secret Fraud combine?

The wall of fire is round us,—
Our Present Help was thine.

Lo,—the waking up of nations,
From Slavery's fatal sleep,—
The murmur of a Universe,—
Deep calling unto Deep!
Joy to thy spirit, brother!
On every wind of heaven
The onward cheer and summons
Of FREEDOM'S VOICE is given!

Glory to God forever!
Beyond the despot's will
The soul of Freedom liveth
Imperishable still.
The words which thou hast uttered
Are of that soul a part,
And the good seed thou hast scattered
Is springing from the heart.

In the evil days before us,
And the trials yet to come,—
In the shadow of the prison,
Or the cruel martyrdom,—
We will think of thee, O brother!
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive,
And the anthem of the free.

1834.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF S. O. TORREY.

GONE before us, O our brother,
To the spirit-land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
Who shall offer youth and beauty
On the wasting shrine
Of a stern and lofty duty,
With a faith like thine?

O, thy gentle smile of greeting
Who again shall see?
Who amidst the solemn meeting
Gaze again on thee?—

Who, when peril gathers o'er us,
Wear so calm a brow?
Who, with evil men before us,
So serene as thou?

Early hath the spoiler found thee,
Brother of our love!
Autumn's faded earth around thee,
And its storms above!
Evermore that turf lie lightly,
And, with future showers,
O'er thy slumbers fresh and brightly
Blow the summer flowers!

In the locks thy forehead gracing,
Not a silvery streak;
Nor a line of sorrow's tracing
On thy fair young cheek;
Eyes of light and lips of roses,
Such as Hylas wore,—
Over all that curtain closes,
Which shall rise no more!

Will the vigil Love is keeping
Round that grave of thine,
Mournfully, like Jazer weeping
Over Sibmah's vine,—
Will the pleasant memories, swelling
Gentle hearts, of thee,
In the spirit's distant dwelling
All unheeded be?

If the spirit ever gazes,
From its journeyings, back;
If the immortal ever traces
O'er its mortal track;
Wilt thou not, O brother, meet us
Sometimes on our way,
And, in hours of sadness, greet us
As a spirit may?

Peace be with thee, O our brother,
In the spirit-land!
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
Unto Truth and Freedom giving
All thy early powers,
Be thy virtues with the living,
And thy spirit ours!

A LAMENT.

"The parted spirit,
Knoweth it not our sorrow? Answereth
not
Its blessing to our tears?"

THE circle is broken,—one seat is
forsaken,—
One bud from the tree of our friend-
ship is shaken,—
One heart from among us no longer
shall thrill
With joy in our gladness, or grief in
our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slum-
bering now
The light of her glances, the pride of
her brow,
Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen
in vain
To hear the soft tones of her welcome
again.

Give our tears to the dead! For hu-
manity's claim
From its silence and darkness is ever
the same;
The hope of that World whose exist-
ence is bliss
May not stifle the tears of the mourn-
ers of this.

For, oh! if one glance the freed spirit
can throw
On the scene of its troubled proba-
tion below,
Than the pride of the marble, the
pomp of the dead,
To that glance will be dearer the tears
which we shed.

O, who can forget the mild light of
her smile,
Over lips moved with music and feel-
ing the while—
The eye's deep enchantment, dark,
dream-like, and clear,

In the glow of its gladness, the shade
of its tear.

And the charm of her features, while
over the whole
Played the hues of the heart and the
sunshine of soul,—
And the tones of her voice, like the
music which seems
Murmured low in our ears by the
Angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories
hold
Those treasures of feeling, more pre-
cious than gold,—
The love and the kindness and pity
which gave
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green
wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to Charity's
claim,
Unmoved from its purpose by censure
and blame,
While vainly alike on her eye and her
ear
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the
jesting and jeer.

How true to our hearts was that beau-
tiful sleeper!
With smiles for the joyful, with tears
for the weeper!—
Yet, evermore prompt, whether mourn-
ful or gay,
With warnings in love to the passing
astray.

For, though spotless herself, she could
sorrow for them
Who sullied with evil the spirit's pure
gem;
And a sigh or a tear could the erring
reprove,
And the sting of reproof was still tem-
pered by love.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting
in heaven,

As a star that is lost when the day-
light is given,
As a glad dream of slumber, which
wakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the
holy from this.

DANIEL WHEELER.

[DANIEL WHEELER, a minister of the Society of Friends, and who had labored in the cause of his Divine Master in Great Britain, Russia, and the islands of the Pacific, died in New York in the spring of 1840, while on a religious visit to this country.]

O DEARLY loved!
And worthy of our love!—No more
Thy aged form shall rise before
The hushed and waiting worshipper,
In meek obedience utterance giving
To words of truth, so fresh and living,
That, even to the inward sense,
They bore unquestioned evidence
Of an anointed Messenger!
Or, bowing down thy silver hair
In reverent awfulness of prayer,—
The world, its time and sense, shut
out,—
The brightness of Faith's holy trance
Gathered upon thy countenance,
As if each lingering cloud of
doubt,—
The cold, dark shadows resting here
In Time's unluminous atmosphere,—
Were lifted by an angel's hand,
And through them on thy spiritual eye
Shone down the blessedness on high,
The glory of the Better Land!

The oak has fallen!
While, meet for no good work, the vine
May yet its worthless branches twine.
Who knoweth not that with thee fell
A great man in our Israel?
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
And in thy hand retaining yet
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell!

Unharmed and safe, where, wild and free,

Across the Neva's cold morass
The breezes from the Frozen Sea

With winter's arrowy keenness pass ;
Or where the unwarning tropic gale
Smote to the waves thy tattered sail,
Or where the noon-hour's fervid heat
Against Tahiti's mountains beat ;

The same mysterious Hand which gave

Deliverance upon land and wave,
Tempered for thee the blasts which blew

Ladaga's frozen surface o'er,
And blessed for thee the baleful dew
Of evening upon Eimeo's shore,
Beneath this sunny heaven of ours,
Midst our soft airs and opening flowers
Hath given thee a grave !

His will be done,
Who seeth not as man, whose way
Is not as ours!—'T is well with thee!

Nor anxious doubt nor dark dismay
Disquieted thy closing day,
But, evermore, thy soul could say,
" My Father careth still for me!"
Called from thy hearth and home,—
from her,

The last bud on thy household tree,
The last dear one to minister

In duty and in love to thee,
From all which nature holdeth dear,
Feeble with 'years and worn with
pain,

To seek our distant land again,
Bound in the spirit, yet unknowing
The things which should befall thee
here,

Whether for labor or for death,
In childlike trust serenely going
To that last trial of thy faith!

O, far away,
Where never shines our Northern star
On that dark waste which Balboa
saw

From Darien's mountains stretching far,

So strange, heaven-broad, and lone,
that there,

With forehead to its damp wind bare,
He bent his mailed knee in awe ;

In many an isle whose coral feet
The surges of that ocean beat,

In thy palm shadows, Oahu,

And Honolulu's silver bay,
Amidst Owyhee's hills of blue,

And taro-plains of Tooboonai,
Are gentle hearts, which long shall be
Sad as our own at thought of thee,—
Worn sowers of Truth's holy seed,
Whose souls in weariness and need
Were strengthened and refreshed
by thine.

For blessed by our Father's hand
Was thy deep love and tender care,
Thy ministry and fervent prayer,—
Grateful as Eschol's clustered vine
To Israel in a weary land!

And they who drew
By thousands round thee, in the hour
Of prayerful waiting, hushed and deep,

That He who bade the islands keep
Silence before him, might renew
Their strength with his unslumbering power,
They too shall mourn that thou art gone,

That nevermore thy aged lip
Shall soothe the weak, the erring warn,
Of those who first, rejoicing, heard
Through thee the Gospel's glorious word,—

Seals of thy true apostleship.
And, if the brightest diadem,
Whose gems of glory purely burn
Around the ransomed ones in bliss,
Be evermore reserved for them
Who here, through toil and sorrow,
turn

Many to righteousness,—
May we not think of thee as wearing
That star-like crown of light, and bearing,

Amidst Heaven's white and blissful band,
The fadeless palm-branch in thy hand ;
And joining with a seraph's tongue
In that new song the elders sung,
Ascribing to its blessed Giver
Thanksgiving, love, and praise forever!

Farewell !

And though the ways of Zion mourn
When her strong ones are called away,
Who like thyself have calmly borne
The heat and burden of the day,
Yet He who slumbereth not nor sleepeth

His ancient watch around us keepeth ;
Still, sent from his creating hand,
New witnesses for Truth shall stand,—
New instruments to sound abroad
The Gospel of a risen Lord ;

To gather to the fold once more
The desolate and gone astray,
The scattered of a cloudy day,

And Zion's broken walls restore ;
And, through the travail and the toil
Of true obedience, minister

Beauty for ashes, and the oil
Of joy for mourning, unto her !
So shall her holy bounds increase
With walls of praise and gates of peace :

So shall the Vine, which martyr tears
And blood sustained in other years,
With fresher life be clothed upon ;
And to the world in beauty show
Like the rose-plant of Jericho,
And glorious as Lebanon !

DANIEL NEALL.

I.

FRIEND of the Slave, and yet the friend of all ;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when
The need of battling Freedom called for men

To plant the banner on the outer wall ;
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
Like some gray rock from which the waves are tossed !
Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were right,—
Who tranquilly in Life's great task-field wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white :
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man !—
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace ;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still :
And, while "Lord, Lord !" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,

That, by his loss alone we know its
worth,
And feel how true a man has walked
with us on earth.

6th 6th month, 1846.

TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

THINE is a grief, the depth of which
another
May never know;
Yet, o'er the waters, O my stricken
brother!
To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee, sadly fold-
ing
Thy hand in mine;
With even the weakness of my soul
upholding
The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear de-
parted;
I stood not by
When, in calm trust, the pure and
tranquil-hearted
Lay down to die.

And on thy ears my words of weak
condoling
Must vainly fall:
The funeral bell which in thy heart is
tolling,
Sounds over all!

I will not mock thee with the poor
world's common
And heartless phrase,
Nor wrong the memory of a sainted
woman
With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great
affliction,
The soul sits dumb!

Yet, would I say what thy own heart
approveth:
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom
He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn
angel
Hath evil wrought;
Her funeral anthem is a glad evan-
gel,—
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose
not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and
deed, as truly
As in his heaven.

And she is with thee; in thy path of
trial
She walketh yet;
Still with the baptism of thy self-
denial
Her locks are wet.

Up, then, my brother! Lo, the fields
of harvest
Lie white in view!
She lives and loves thee, and the
God thou servest
To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle! — England's toil-
worn peasants
Thy call abide;
And she thou mourn'st, a pure and
holy presence,
Shall glean beside!

GONE.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with Angel-
steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

Dur young and gentle friend, whose
smile
Made brighter summer hours,
Amidst the frosts of autumn time
Has left us with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned us of decay ;
No shadow from the Silent Land
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow
seemed
Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her
voice,—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her foot-
steps pressed
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look ;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book :

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move ;
The breathing of an inward psalm ;
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth-fire's light ;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good-night!"

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers ;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled ;
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling,
here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

THE LAKE-SIDE.

THE shadows round the inland sea
Are deepening into night ;
Slow up the slopes of Ossipee
They chase the lessening light.
Tired of the long day's blinding heat,
I rest my languid eye,
Lake of the Hills! where, cool and
sweet,
Thy sunset waters lie!

Along the sky, in wavy lines,
O'er isle and reach and bay,
Green-belted with eternal pines,
The mountains stretch away.
Below, the maple masses sleep
Where shore with water blends,
While midway on the tranquil deep
The evening light descends.

So seemed it when yon hill's red crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And, through the sunset air, looked down
Upon the Smile of God.
To him of light and shade the laws
No forest sceptic taught ;
Their living and eternal Cause
His truer instinct sought.

He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines ;
This lake, in summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pines.
God near him seemed ; from earth and skies
His loving voice he heard,
As, face to face, in Paradise,
Man stood before the Lord.

Thanks, O our Father ! that, like him,
Thy tender love I see,
In radiant hill and woodland dim,
And tinted sunset sea.
For not in mockery dost thou fill
Our earth with light and grace ;
Thou hid'st no dark and cruel will
Behind thy smiling face !

THE HILL-TOP.

THE burly driver at my side,
We slowly climbed the hill,
Whose summit, in the hot noon tide,
Seemed rising, rising still.
At last, our short noon-shadows hid
The top-stone, bare and brown,
From whence, like Gizeh's pyramid,
The rough mass slanted down.

I felt the cool breath of the North ;
Between me and the sun,
O'er deep, still lake, and ridgy earth,
I saw the cloud-shades run.
Before me, stretched for glistening miles,
Lay mountain-girdled Squam ;

Like green-winged birds, the leafy isles
Upon its bosom swam.

And, glimmering through the sun-haze warm,
Far as the eye could roam,
Dark billows of an earthquake storm
Beflecked with clouds like foam,
Their vales in misty shadow deep,
Their rugged peaks in shine,
I saw the mountain ranges sweep
The horizon's northern line.

There towered Chocorua's peak ; and west,
Moosehillock's woods were seen,
With many a nameless slide-scarred crest
And pine-dark gorge between.
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,
The great Notch mountains shone,
Watched over by the solemn-browed
And awful face of stone !

“A good look-off !” the driver spake :
“About this time, last year,
I drove a party to the Lake,
And stopped, at evening, here.
’T was duskish down below ; but all
These hills stood in the sun,
Till, dipped behind yon purple wall,
He left them, one by one.

“A lady, who, from Thornton hill,
Had held her place outside,
And, as a pleasant woman will,
Had cheered the long, dull ride,
Besought me, with so sweet a smile,
That — though I hate delays —
I could not choose but rest awhile, —
(These women have such ways !)

“On yonder mossy ledge she sat,
Her sketch upon her knees,
A stray brown lock beneath her hat
Unrolling in the breeze ;
Her sweet face, in the sunset light
Upraised and glorified, —

I never saw a prettier sight
In all my mountain ride.

"As good as fair; it seemed her joy
To comfort and to give;
My poor, sick wife, and cripple boy,
Will bless her while they live!"
The tremor in the driver's tone
His manhood did not shame:
"I dare say, sir, you may have
known—" He named a well-known name.

Then sank the pyramidal mounds,
The blue lake fled away;
For mountain-scope a parlor's bounds,
A lighted hearth for day!
From lonely years and weary miles
The shadows fell apart;
Kind voices cheered, sweet human
smiles
Shone warm into my heart.

We journeyed on; but earth and sky
Had power to charm no more;
Still dreamed my inward-turning eye
The dream of memory o'er.
Ah! human kindness, human love,—
To few who seek denied,—
Too late we learn to prize above
The whole round world beside!

ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPE- RIOR.

ALL day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,
And, on thy Eagle's plume,
Rides forth, like Sinbad on his bird,
Or witch upon her broom!

Below me roar the rocking pines,
Before me spreads the lake

Whose long and solemn-sounding
waves
Against the sunset break.

I hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh
The grain he has not sown;
I see, with flashing scythe of fire,
The prairie harvest mown!

I hear the far-off voyager's horn;
I see the Yankee's trail,—
His foot on every mountain-pass,
On every stream his sail.

By forest, lake, and waterfall,
I see his pedler show;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded wain;
He's measuring o'er the Pictured
Rocks,
With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
The axe-stroke in the dell,
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit chapel bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs;
And war-chiefs with their painted
brows,
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch
canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where
soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find,—
The raw material of a State,
Its muscle and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which
leads
The New World in its train
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindling on its way;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Then blessings on thy eagle quill,
As, wandering far and wide,
I thank thee for this twilight dream
And Fancy's airy ride!

Yet, welcomer than regal plumes,
Which Western trappers find,
Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance
sown,
Like feathers on the wind.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,
Whose glistening quill I hold;
Thy home the ample air of hope,
And memory's sunset gold!

In thee, let joy with duty join,
And strength unite with love,
The eagle's pinions folding round
The warm heart of the dove!

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale
Where still the blind bird clings,
The sunshine of the upper sky
Shall glitter on thy wings!

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air,
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of
pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair;
A seeming child in everything,
Save thoughtful brow and ripening
charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful
bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was
mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthen-
ing chain
Of memory, at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have
lain,
Old dreams, come thronging back
again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I leaned to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear
than they!

Ere this, thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When, half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,

And folly's self seemed wise in thee ;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward
stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's
power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on, and left their
trace
Of graver care and deeper thought ;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
More wide, perchance, for blame than
praise,
The school-boy's humble name has
flown ;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Diverge our pathways, one in youth ;
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Derby dalesman's simple truth.
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day, and solemn psalm ;
For me, the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has worn not out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see,
Lingering, even yet, thy way about ;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flow-
ers.

Thus, while at times before our eyes
The shadows melt, and fall apart,
And, smiling through them, round us
lies

The warm light of our morning
skies,—

The Indian Summer of the heart !—
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may
find
Our early dreams not wholly vain !

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.

THE day is closing dark and cold,
With roaring blast and sleety
showers ;
And through the dusk the lilacs wear
The bloom of snow, instead of
flowers.

I turn me from the gloom without,
To ponder o'er a tale of old,
A legend of the age of Faith,
By dreaming monk or abbess told.

On Tintoretto's canvas lives
That fancy of a loving heart,
In graceful lines and shapes of power,
And hues immortal as his art.

In Provence (so the story runs)
There lived a lord, to whom, as
slave,
A peasant-boy of tender years
The chance of trade or conquest
gave.

Forth-looking from the castle tower,
Beyond the hills with almonds dark,
The straining eye could scarce discern
The chapel of the good St. Mark.

And there, when bitter word or fare
The service of the youth repaid,
By stealth, before that holy shrine,
For grace to bear his wrong, he
prayed.

The steed stamped at the castle gate,
The boar-hunt sounded on the hill ;

Why stayed the Baron from the chase,
With looks so stern, and words so ill?

"Go, bind yon slave! and let him learn,
By scath of fire and strain of cord,
How ill they speed who give dead saints
The homage due their living lord!"

They bound him on the fearful rack,
When, through the dungeon's vaulted dark,
He saw the light of shining robes,
And knew the face of good St. Mark.

Then sank the iron rack apart,
The cords released their cruel clasp,
The pincers, with their teeth of fire,
Fell broken from the torturer's grasp.

And lo! before the Youth and Saint,
Barred door and wall of stone gave way;
And up from bondage and the night
They passed to freedom and the day!

O dreaming monk! thy tale is true;—
O painter! true thy pencil's art;
In tones of hope and prophecy,
Ye whisper to my listening heart!

Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by his tender eye,
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!
The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at his lightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain,

God's angel, like the good St. Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain!

O weary ones! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight;
Nor hear the sound of silver wings
Slow beating through the hush of night!

But not the less gray Dothan shone,
With sunbright watchers bending low,
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who, like the Seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain-side
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down his pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.

Let such, for earth's despairing ones,
Hopeless, yet longing to be free,
Breathe once again the Prophet's prayer:
"Lord, ope their eyes, that they may see!"

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.

CALM on the breast of Loch Maree
A little isle reposes;
A shadow woven of the oak
And willow o'er it closes.

Within, a Druid's mound is seen,
Set round with stony warders;
A fountain, gushing through the turf,
Flows o'er its grassy borders.

And whoso bathes therein his brow,
With care or madness burning,
Feels once again his healthful thought
And sense of peace returning.

O restless heart and fevered brain,
Unquiet and unstable,
That holy well of Loch Maree
Is more than idle fable!

Life's changes vex, its discords stun,
Its glaring sunshine blindeth,
And blest is he who on his way
That fount of healing findeth!

The shadows of a humbled will
And contrite heart are o'er it;
Go read its legend—"TRUST IN
GOD"—
On Faith's white stones before it.

TO MY SISTER;

WITH A COPY OF "SUPERNATURALISM OF NEW ENGLAND."

DEAR SISTER!—while the wise and sage
Turn coldly from my playful page,
And count it strange that ripened age
Should stoop to boyhood's folly;
I know that thou wilt judge aright
Of all which makes the heart more light,
Or lends one star-gleam to the night
Of clouded Melancholy.

Away with weary cares and themes!—
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies.

Lo! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's whitewashed wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery-folks and witches.

Dear heart!—the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again,
And calling back from care and pain,
And death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The clustering groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

And, knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,
A long, harsh strife with strong-willed men,

Thou wilt not chide my turning
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of Morning!

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

FROM "MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL."

GONE hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray,
"An emblem of myself thou art";
"Not so," the Earth did seem to say,
"For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer sun and softer rain,
And wait to hear the sound of streams
And songs of merry birds again.

But thou, from whom the Spring hath
gone,
For whom the flowers no longer
blow,
Who standest blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow :

No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy Winter shall no more depart ;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart.

CALEF IN BOSTON.
1692.

In the solemn days of old,
Two men met in Boston town,
One a tradesman frank and bold,
One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone,—
“Poisoner of the wells of truth!
Satan’s hireling, thou hast sown
With his tares the heart of youth!”

Spake the simple tradesman then,—
“God be judge ‘twixt thou and I;
All thou knowest of truth hath been
Unto men like thee a lie.

“Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.

“God is good and God is light,
In this faith I rest secure;
Evil can but serve the right,
Over all shall love endure.

“Of your spectral puppet play
I have traced the cunning wires;
Come what will, I needs must say,
God is true, and ye are liars.”

When the thought of man is free,
Error fears its lightest tones;
So the priest cried, “Sadducee!”
And the people took up stones.

In the ancient burying-ground,
Side by side the twain now lie,—
One with humble grassy mound,
One with marbles pale and high.

But the Lord hath blessed the seed
Which that tradesman scattered
then,
And the preacher’s spectral creed
Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known
Perfect love which casts out fear,
While the other’s joys atone
For the wrong he suffered here.

TO PIUS IX.

THE cannon’s brazen lips are cold;
No red shell blazes down the air;
And street and tower, and temple old,
Are silent as despair.

The Lombard stands no more at
bay,—
Rome’s fresh young life has bled in
vain;
The ravens scattered by the day
Come back with night again.

Now, while the fratricides of France
Are treading on the neck of Rome,
Hider at Gaeta,—seize thy chance!
Coward and cruel, come!

Creep now from Naples’ bloody skirt;
Thy mummer’s part was acted well,
While Rome, with steel and fire be-
girt,
Before thy crusade fell!

Her death-groans answered to thy
prayer;
Thy chant, the drum and bugle-call;

Thy lights, the burning villa's glare ;
Thy beads, the shell and ball !

Let Austria clear thy way, with hands
Foul from Ancona's cruel sack,
And Naples, with his dastard bands
Of murderers, lead thee back !

Rome's lips are dumb ; the orphan's
wail,
The mother's shriek, thou mayst
not hear

Above the faithless Frenchman's hail,
The unsexed shaveling's cheer !

Go, bind on Rome her cast-off weight,
The double curse of crook and
crown,

Though woman's scorn and man-
hood's hate
From wall and roof flash down !

Nor heed those blood-stains on the
wall,

Not Tiber's flood can wash away,
Where, in thy stately Quirinal,
Thy mangled victims lay !

Let the world murmur ; let its cry
Of horror and disgust be heard ; —
Truth stands alone ; thy coward lie
Is backed by lance and sword !

The cannon of St. Angelo,
And chanting priest and clanging
bell,
And beat of drum and bugle blow,
Shall greet thy coming well !

Let lips of iron and tongues of slaves
Fit welcome give thee ; — for her
part,
Rome, frowning o'er her new-made
graves,
Shall curse thee from her heart !

No wreaths of sad Campagna's flowers
Shall childhood in thy pathway fling ;
No garlands from their ravaged bowers
Shall Terni's maidens bring ;

But, hateful as that tyrant old,
The mocking witness of his crime,
In thee shall loathing eyes behold
The Nero of our time !

Stand where Rome's blood was freest
shed,
Mock Heaven with impious thanks,
and call
Its curses on the patriot dead,
Its blessings on the Gaul !

Or sit upon thy throne of lies,
A poor, mean idol, blood-be-
smeared,
Whom even its worshippers despise,—
Unhonored, unrevered !

Yet, Scandal of the World ! from thee
One needful truth mankind shall
learn,—

That kings and priests to Liberty
And God are false in turn.

Earth wearies of them ; and the long
Meek sufferance of the Heavens
doth fail ;

Woe for weak tyrants, when the
strong
Wake, struggle, and prevail !

Not vainly Roman hearts have bled
To feed the Crozier and the Crown,
If, roused thereby, the world shall
tread

The twin-born vampires down !

ELLIOTT.

HANDS off ! thou tithe-fat plunderer !
play

No trick of priestcraft here !

Back, puny lordling ! darest thou lay
A hand on Elliott's bier ?

Alive, your rank and pomp, as dust,
Beneath his feet he trod :

He knew the locust swarm that cursed
The harvest-fields of God.

On these pale lips, the smothered thought

Which England's millions feel,
A fierce and fearful splendor caught,
As from his forge the steel.

Strong-armed as Thor,—a shower of fire

His smitten anvil flung;
God's curse, Earth's wrong, dumb Hunger's ire,—
He gave them all a tongue!

Then let the poor man's horny hands
Bear up the mighty dead,
And labor's swart and stalwart bands
Behind as mourners tread.

Leave cant and craft their baptized bounds,
Leave rank its minster floor;
Give England's green and daisied grounds
The poet of the poor!

Lay down upon his Sheaf's green verge

That brave old heart of oak,
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,

And pall of furnace smoke!
Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,

And axe and sledge are swung,
And, timing to their stormy sounds,
His stormy lays are sung.

There let the peasant's step be heard,
The grinder chant his rhyme;

Nor patron's praise nor dainty word
Befits the man or time.

No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh
For him whose words were bread,—
The Runic rhyme and spell whereby
The foodless poor were fed!

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,
O England, as thou wilt!

With pomp to nameless worth denied,
Emblazon titled guilt!

No part or lot in these we claim;
But, o'er the sounding wave,

A common right to Elliott's name,
A freehold in his grave!

ICHABOD!

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend
Unrest
Goaded from shore to shore ;
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic
quest,
The leaves of empire o'er.
Simple of faith, and bearing in their
hearts
The love of man and God,
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient
marts,
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

Where the long shadows of the fir and
pine
In the night sun are cast,
And the deep heart of many a Norland
mine
Quakes at each riving blast ;
Where, in barbaric grandeur, Moskwa
stands,
A baptized Scythian queen,
With Europe's arts and Asia's jewelled
hands,
The North and East between !

Where still, through vales of Grecian
fable, stray
The classic forms of yore,
And Beauty smiles, new risen from the
spray,
And Dian weeps once more ;
Where every tongue in Smyrna's mart
resounds ;
And Stamboul from the sea
Lifts her tall minarets over burial-
grounds
Black with the cypress-tree !

From Malta's temples to the gates of
Rome,
Following the track of Paul,
And where the Alps gird round the
Switzer's home
Their vast, eternal wall ;
They paused not by the ruins of old
time,
They scanned no pictures rare,

Nor lingered where the snow-locked
mountains climb
The cold abyss of air !

But unto prisons, where men lay in
chains,
To haunts where Hunger pined,
To kings and courts forgetful of the
pains
And wants of human-kind,
Scattering sweet words, and quiet
deeds of good,
Along their way, like flowers,
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only
could,
With princes and with powers ;

Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
Of Truth, from day to day,
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
They held their pilgrim way.
Yet dream not, hence, the beautiful
and old
Were wasted on their sight,
Who in the school of Christ had
learned to hold
All outward things aright.

Not less to them the breath of vine-
yards blown
From off the Cyprian shore,
Not less for them the Alps in sunset
shone,
That man they valued more.
A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought ;
And fairest forms and sweetest harmo-
nies
Make glad its way, unsought.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,
The singing waters run ;
And sunset mountains wear in light
above
The smile of duty done ;
Sure stands the promise,—ever to the
meek
A heritage is given ;

Nor lose they Earth who, single-hearted, seek
The righteousness of Heaven!

THE MEN OF OLD.

WELL speed thy mission, bold Ikonoclast!

Yet all unworthy of its trust thou art,
If, with dry eye, and cold, unloving heart,

Thou tread'st the solemn Pantheon of the Past,

By the great Future's dazzling hope made blind

To all the beauty, power, and truth behind.

Not without reverent awe shouldst thou put by

The cypress branches and the amaranth blooms,

Where, with clasped hands of prayer, upon their tombs

The effigies of old confessors lie,
God's witnesses; the voices of his will, Heard in the slow march of the centuries still!

Such were the men at whose rebuking frown,

Dark with God's wrath, the tyrant's knee went down;

Such from the terrors of the guilty drew

The vassal's freedom and the poor man's due.

St. Anselm (may he rest forevermore In Heaven's sweet peace!) forbade, of old, the sale

Of men as slaves, and from the sacred pale

Hurled the Northumbrian buyers of the poor.

To ransom souls from bonds and evil fate

St. Ambrose melted down the sacred plate,—

Image of saint, the chalice, and the pix,

Crosses of gold, and silver candlesticks.

"MAN IS WORTH MORE THAN TEMPLES!" he replied

To such as came his holy work to chide.

And brave Cesarius, stripping altars bare,

And coining from the Abbey's golden hoard

The captive's freedom, answered to the prayer

Or threat of those whose fierce zeal for the Lord

Stifled their love of man,— "An earthen dish

The last sad supper of the Master bore:

Most miserable sinners! do ye wish More than your Lord, and grudge his dying poor

What your own pride and not his need requires?

Souls, than these shining gauds, He values more;

Mercy, not sacrifice, his heart desires!"

O faithful worthies! resting far behind

In your dark ages, since ye fell asleep, Much has been done for truth and human-kind,—

Shadows are scattered wherein ye groped blind;

Man claims his birthright, freer pulses leap

Through peoples driven in your day like sheep;

Yet, like your own, our age's sphere of light,

Though widening still, is walled around by night;

With slow, reluctant eye, the Church has read,

Sceptic at heart, the lessons of its Head;

Counting, too oft, its living members less

Than the wall's garnish and the pulpit's dress;

World-moving zeal, with power to
bless and feed
Life's fainting pilgrims, to their utter
need,
Instead of bread, holds out the stone
of creed;
Sect builds and worships where its
wealth and pride
And vanity stand shrined and deified,
Careless that in the shadow of its walls
God's living temple into ruin falls.
We need, methinks, the prophet-hero
still,
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong
of will,
To tread the land, even now, as Xavier
trod
The streets of Goa, barefoot, with
his bell,
Proclaiming freedom in the name of
God,
And startling tyrants with the fear
of hell!
Soft words, smooth prophecies, are
doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
We need the souls of fire, the hearts
of that old time!

THE PEACE CONVENTION AT BRUSSELS.

STILL in thy streets, O Paris! doth
the stain
Of blood defy the cleansing autumn
rain;
Still breaks the smoke Messina's ruins
through,
And Naples mourns that new Bartholomew,
When squalid beggary, for a dole of
bread,
At a crowned murderer's beck of
license, fed
The yawning trenches with her noble
dead;
Still, doomed Vienna, through thy
stately halls

The shell goes crashing and the red
shot falls,
And, leagued to crush thee, on the
Danube's side,
The bearded Croat and Bosniak spear-
man ride;
Still in that vale where Himalaya's
snow
Melts round the cornfields and the
vines below,
The Sikh's hot cannon, answering
ball for ball,
Flames in the breach of Moultan's
shattered wall;
On Chenab's side the vulture seeks
the slain,
And Sutlej paints with blood its banks
again.
“What folly, then,” the faithless critic
cries,
With sneering lip, and wise, world-
knowing eyes,
“While fort to fort, and post to post,
repeat
The ceaseless challenge of the war-
drum's beat,
And round the green earth, to the
church-bell's chime,
The morning drum-roll of the camp
keeps time,
To dream of peace amidst a world in
arms,
Of swords to ploughshares changed by
Scriptural charms,
Of nations, drunken with the wine of
blood,
Staggering to take the Pledge of
Brotherhood,
Like tipplers answering Father
Mathew's call,—
The sullen Spaniard, and the mad-cap
Gaul,
The bull-dog Briton, yielding but with
life,
The Yankee swaggering with his
bowie-knife,
The Russ, from banquets with the
vulture shared,
The blood still dripping from his
amber beard,

Quitting their mad Berserker dance to hear
 The dull, meek droning of a drab-coat seer;
 Leaving the sport of Presidents and Kings,
 Where men for dice each titled gambler flings,
 To meet alternate on the Seine and Thames,
 For tea and gossip, like old country dames!
 No! let the cravens plead the weakling's cant,
 Let Cobden cipher, and let Vincent rant,
 Let Sturge preach peace to democratic throngs,
 And Burritt, stammering through his hundred tongues,
 Repeat, in all, his ghostly lessons o'er,
 Timed to the pauses of the battery's roar;
 Check Ban or Kaiser with the barricade
 Of 'Olive-leaves' and Resolutions made,
 Spike guns with pointed Scripture-texts, and hope
 To capsize navies with a windy trope:
 Still shall the glory and the pomp of War
 Along their train the shouting millions draw;
 Still dusty Labor to the passing Brave
 His cap shall doff, and Beauty's kerchief wave;
 Still shall the bard to Valor tune his song,
 Still Hero-worship kneel before the Strong;
 Rosy and sleek, the sable-gowned divine,
 O'er his third bottle of suggestive wine,
 To plumed and sworded auditors, shall prove
 Their trade accordant with the Law of Love;

And Church for State, and State for Church, shall fight,
 And both agree, that Might alone is Right!"
 Despite of sneers like these, O faithful few,
 Who dare to hold God's word and witness true,
 Whose clear-eyed faith transcends our evil time,
 And o'er the present wilderness of crime,
 Sees the calm future, with its robes of green,
 Its fleece-flecked mountains, and soft streams between,—
 Still keep the path which duty bids ye tread,
 Though worldly wisdom shake the cautious head;
 No truth from Heaven descends upon our sphere,
 Without the greeting of the sceptic's sneer;
 Denied and mocked at, till its blessings fall,
 Common as dew and sunshine, over all.
 Then, o'er Earth's war-field, till the strife shall cease,
 Like Morven's harpers, sing your song of peace;
 As in old fable rang the Thracian's lyre,
 Midst howl of fiends and roar of penal fire,
 Till the fierce din to pleasing murmurs fell,
 And love subdued the maddened heart of hell.
 Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
 Which the glad angels of the Advent sung,
 Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth,
 Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!
 Through the mad discord send that calming word

Which wind and wave on wild Genes-
areth heard,
Lift in Christ's name his Cross against
the Sword!
Not vain the vision which the prophets
saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of
war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming
soft and calm
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading
palm.
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so
long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth
of God,—
Evil shall cease and Violence pass
away,
And the tired world breathe free
through a long Sabbath day.

11th mo., 1848.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ASK not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled,—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths
away,—
O, sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known,—
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan,
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day!

OUR STATE.

THE South-land boasts its teeming
cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little
State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

From Autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house
stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of
health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim
Rock;

And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old
Cause!

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire
stands ;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the
school.

ALL'S WELL.

THE clouds, which rise with thunder,
slake
Our thirsty souls with rain ;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain ;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain.
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew !

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow,

Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

Who calls thy glorious service hard ?
Who deems it not its own reward ?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness ?

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field ;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done !

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense ;
'The hope, the trust, the purpose
stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day !

TO A. K.

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF SEA-MOSSES.

THANKS for thy gift
Of ocean flowers,
Born where the golden drift
Of the slant sunshine falls
Down the green, tremulous walls
Of water, to the cool still coral bow-
ers,
Where, under rainbows of perpetual
showers,
God's gardens of the deep
His patient angels keep ;
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude
With fairest forms and hues, and
thus
Forever teaching us
The lesson which the many-colored
skies,
The flowers, and leaves, and painted
butterflies,
The deer's branched antlers, the gay
bird that flings
The tropic sunshine from its golden
wings,

The brightness of the human countenance,
Its play of smiles, the magic of a glance,
Forevermore repeat,
In varied tones and sweet,
That beauty, in and of itself, is good.

O kind and generous friend, o'er whom

The sunset hues of Time are cast,
Painting, upon the overpast
And scattered clouds of noonday sorrow

The promise of a fairer morrow,
An earnest of the better life to come ;

The binding of the spirit broken,
The warning to the erring spoken,

The comfort of the sad,

The eye to see, the hand to cull
Of common things the beautiful,

The absent heart made glad
By simple gift or graceful token
Of love it needs as daily food,
All own one Source, and all are good!

Hence, tracking sunny cove and reach,

Where spent waves glimmer up the beach,
And toss their gifts of weed and shell

From foamy curve and combing swell,

No unbefitting task was thine
To weave these flowers so soft
and fair

In unison with His design
Who loveth beauty everywhere ;
And makes in every zone and clime,

In ocean and in upper air,
“ All things beautiful in their time.”

For not alone in tones of awe and power
He speaks to man ;

The cloudy horror of the thunder-shower

His rainbows span ;
And where the caravan

Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air

The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,

He gives the weary eye

The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,

And on its branches dry

Calls out the acacia's flowers ;

And where the dark shaft pierces down

Beneath the mountain roots, Seen by the miner's lamp alone,

The star-like crystal shoots ;

So, where, the winds and waves below,

The coral-branched gardens grow,

His climbing weeds and mosses show,

Like foliage, on each stony bough,
Of varied hues more strangely gay

Than forest leaves in autumn's day ; —

Thus evermore,
On sky, and wave, and shore,

An all-pervading beauty seems to say :

God's love and power are one ;
and they,

Who, like the thunder of a sultry day,

Smite to restore,
And they, who, like the gentle wind,

uplift
The petals of the dew-wet flowers, and drift

Their perfume on the air,

Alike may serve Him, each, with their own gift,

Making their lives a prayer !

THE CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS, AND OTHER
POEMS, 1852.

“I do believe, and yet, in grief,
I pray for help to unbelief;
For needful strength aside to lay
The daily cumberings of my way.

“I’m sick at heart of craft and cant,
Sick of the crazed enthusiast’s rant,
Profession’s smooth hypocrisies,
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

“I ponder o’er the sacred word,
I read the record of our Lord;
And, weak and troubled, envy them
Who touched his seamless garment’s
hem;—

“Who saw the tears of love he wept
Above the grave where Lazarus slept;
And heard, amidst the shadows dim
Of Olivet, his evening hymn.

“How blessed the swineherd’s low
estate,
The beggar crouching at the gate,
The leper loathly and abhorred,
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!

“O sacred soil his sandals pressed!
Sweet fountains of his noonday rest!
O light and air of Palestine.
Impregnate with his life divine!

“O, bear me thither! Let me look
On Siloa’s pool, and Kedron’s brook,—
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by
Genesaret walk, before I die!

“Methinks this cold and northern
night
Would melt before that Orient light;
And, wet by Hermon’s dew and rain,
My childhood’s faith revive again!”

So spake my friend, one autumn day,
Where the still river slid away
Beneath us, and above the brown
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I,— for I could not brook
The mute appealing of his look,—
“I, too, am weak, and faith is small,
And blindness happeneth unto all.

“Yet, sometimes glimpses on my
sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal
right;
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

“That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,—
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

“Thou weariest of thy present state;
What gain to thee time’s holiest date?
The doubter now perchance had been
As High Priest or as Pilate then!

“What thought Chorazin’s scribes?
What faith
In Him had Nain and Nazareth?
Of the few followers whom He led
One sold him,— all forsook and fled.

“O friend! we need nor rock nor
sand,
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land;
The heavens are glassed in Merri-
mack,—
What more could Jordan render back?

“We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient’s marvels here;—

The still small voice in autumn's
hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

"For still the new transcends the
old,
In signs and tokens manifold ;—
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle graves !

"Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds
of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

"That song of Love, now low and
far,
Erelong shall swell from star to star !
That light, the breaking day, which
tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse!"

Then, when my good friend shook
his head,
And, sighing, sadly smiled, I said :
"Thou mind'st me of a story told
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold."

And while the slanted sunbeams wove
The shadows of the frost-stained
grove,
And, picturing all, the river ran
O'er cloud and wood, I thus began :

In Mount Valerien's chestnut wood
The Chapel of the Hermits stood ;
And thither, at the close of day,
Came two old pilgrims, worn and
gray.

One, whose impetuous youth defied
The storms of Baikal's wintry side,
And mused and dreamed where tropic
day
Flamed o'er his lost Virginia's bay.

His simple tale of love and woe
All hearts had melted, high or low ;—

A blissful pain, a sweet distress,
Immortal in its tenderness.

Yet, while above his charm'd page
Beat quick the young heart of his age,
He walked amidst the crowd unknown,
A sorrowing old man, strange and
lone.

A homeless, troubled age,—the gray
Pale setting of a weary day ;
Too dull his ear for voice of praise,
Too sadly worn his brow for bays.

Pride, lust of power and glory, slept ;
Yet still his heart its young dream
kept,
And, wandering like the deluge-dove,
Still sought the resting-place of love.

And, mateless, childless, envied more
The peasant's welcome from his door
By smiling eyes at eventide,
Than kingly gifts or lettered pride.

Until, in place of wife and child,
All-pitying Nature on him smiled,
And gave to him the golden keys
To all her inmost sanctities.

Mild Druid of her wood-paths dim !
She laid her great heart bare to him,
Its loves and sweet accords ;— he saw
The beauty of her perfect law.

The language of her signs he knew,
What notes her cloudy clarion blew ;
The rhythm of autumn's forest dyes,
The hymn of sunset's painted skies.

And thus he seemed to hear the song
Which swept, of old, the stars along ;
And to his eyes the earth once more
Its fresh and primal beauty wore.

Who sought with him, from summer
air,
And field and wood, a balm for care ;
And bathed in light of sunset skies
His tortured nerves and weary eyes ?

His fame on all the winds had flown ;
 His words had shaken crypt and throne ;
 Like fire, on camp and court and cell
 They dropped, and kindled as they fell.

Beneath the pomps of state, below
 The mitred juggler's masque and show,
 A prophecy — a vague hope — ran
 His burning thought from man to man.

For peace or rest too well he saw
 The fraud of priests, the wrong of law ;
 And felt how hard, between the two,
 Their breath of pain the millions drew.

A prophet-utterance, strong and wild,
 The weakness of an unweaned child,
 A sun-bright hope for human-kind,
 And self-despair, in him combined.

He loathed the false, yet lived not true
 To half the glorious truths he knew ;
 The doubt, the discord, and the sin,
 He mourned without, he felt within.

Untrod by him the path he showed,
 Sweet pictures on his easel glowed
 Of simple faith, and loves of home,
 And virtue's golden days to come.

But weakness, shame, and folly made
 The foil to all his pen portrayed ;
 Still, where his dreamy splendors shone,
 The shadow of himself was thrown.

Lord, what is man, whose thought, at times,
 Up to thy sevenfold brightness climbs,
 While still his grosser instinct clings
 To earth, like other creeping things !

So rich in words, in acts so mean ;
 So high, so low ; chance-swung
 between

The foulness of the penal pit
 And Truth's clear sky, millennium-lit !

Vain pride of star-lent genius ! — vain
 Quick fancy and creative brain,
 Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,
 Absurdly great, or weakly wise !

Midst yearnings for a truer life,
 Without were fears, within was strife ;
 And still his wayward act denied
 The perfect good for which he sighed.

The love he sent forth void returned ;
 The fame that crowned him scorched
 and burned,
 Burning, yet cold and drear and lone, —
 A fire-mount in a frozen zone !

Like that the gray-haired sea-king
 passed,
 Seen southward from his sleety mast,
 About whose brows of changeless frost
 A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

Far round the mournful beauty played
 Of lambent light and purple shade,
 Lost on the fixed and dumb despair
 Of frozen earth and sea and air !

A man apart, unknown, unloved
 By those whose wrongs his soul had moved,
 He bore the ban of Church and State.
 The good man's fear, the bigot's hate !

Forth from the city's noise and throng,
 Its pomp and shame, its sin and wrong,
 The twain that summer day had strayed
 To Mount Valerien's chestnut shade.

To them the green fields and the wood
 Lent something of their quietude,
 And golden-tinted sunset seemed
 Prophetic of all they dreamed.

The hermits from their simple cares
The bell was calling home to prayers,
And, listening to its sound, the twain
Seemed lapped in childhood's trust
again.

Wide open stood the chapel door;
A sweet old music, swelling o'er
Low prayerful murmurs, issued
thence,—
The Litanies of Providence!

Then Rousseau spake: "Where two
or three
In His name meet, He there will be!"
And then, in silence, on their knees
They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

As to the blind returning light,
As daybreak to the Arctic night,
Old faith revived: the doubts of years
Dissolved in reverential tears.

That gush of feeling overpast,
"Ah me!" Bernardin sighed at last.
"I would thy bitterest foes could see
Thy heart as it is seen of me!"

"No church of God hast thou denied;
Thou hast but spurned in scorn aside
A base and hollow counterfeit,
Profaning the pure name of it!"

"With dry dead moss and marsh
weeds
His fire the western herdsman feeds,
And greener from the ashen plain
The sweet spring grasses rise again.

"Nor thunder-peal nor mighty wind
Disturb the solid sky behind;
And through the cloud the red bolt
rends
The calm, still smile of Heaven
descends!

"Thus through the world, like bolt
and blast,
And scourging fire, thy words have
passed.

Clouds break,— the steadfast heavens
remain;
Weeds burn,— the ashes feed the
grain!

"But whoso strives with wrong may
find
Its touch pollute, its darkness blind;
And learn, as latent fraud is shown
In others' faith, to doubt his own.

"With dream and falsehood, simple
trust
And pious hope we tread in dust;
Lost the calm faith in goodness,—
lost
The baptism of the Pentecost!

"Alas!— the blows for error meant
Too oft on truth itself are spent,
As through the false and vile and
base
Looks forth her sad, rebuking face.

"Not ours the Theban's charméd life;
We come not scathless from the strife!
The Python's coil about us clings,
The trampled Hydra bites and stings!

"Meanwhile, the sport of seeming
chance,
The plastic shapes of circumstance,
What might have been we fondly
guess,
If earlier born, or tempted less.

"And thou, in these wild, troubled
days,
Misjudged alike in blame and praise,
Unsought and undeserved the same
The sceptic's praise, the bigot's
blame;—

"I cannot doubt, if thou hadst been
Among the highly favored men
Who walked on earth with Fenelon,
He would have owned thee as his
son;

“ And, bright with wings of cherubim
Visibly waving over him,
Seen through his life, the Church had
seemed
All that its old confessors dreamed.

“ I would have been,” Jean Jaques
replied,
“ The humblest servant at his side,
Obscure, unknown, content to see
How beautiful man’s life may be!

“ O, more than thrice-blest relic, more
Than solemn rite or sacred lore,
The holy life of one who trod
The foot-marks of the Christ of God!

“ Amidst a blinded world he saw
The oneness of the Dual law;
That Heaven’s sweet peace on Earth
began.
And God was loved through love of
man.

“ He lived the Truth which reconciled
The strong man Reason, Faith the
child:
In him belief and act were one,
The homilies of duty done!”

So speaking, through the twilight
gray
The two old pilgrims went their way.
What seeds of life that day were sown,
The heavenly watchers knew alone.

Time passed, and Autumn came to
fold
Green Summer in her brown and gold;
Time passed, and Winter’s tears of
snow
Dropped on the grave-mound of Rous-
seau.

“ The tree remaineth where it fell,
The pained on earth is pained in hell!”
So priestcraft from its altars cursed
The mournful doubts its falsehood
nursed.

Ah! well of old the Psalmist prayed,
“ Thy hand, not man’s, on me be
laid!”

Earth frowns below, Heaven weeps
above,
And man is hate, but God is love!

No Hermits now the wanderer sees,
Nor chapel with its chestnut-trees;
A morning dream, a tale that’s told,
The wave of change o’er all has rolled.

Yet lives the lesson of that day;
And from its twilight cool and gray
Comes up a low, sad whisper, “ Make
The truth thine own, for truth’s own
sake.

“ Why wait to see in thy brief span
Its perfect flower and fruit in man?
No saintly touch can save; no balm
Of healing hath the martyr’s palm.

“ Midst soulless forms, and false pre-
tence
Of spiritual pride and pampered
sense,
A voice saith, ‘ What is that to thee?
Be true thyself, and follow Me!’

“ In days when throne and altar
heard
The wanton’s wish, the bigot’s word,
And pomp of state and ritual show
Scarce hid the loathsome death be-
low, —

“ Midst fawning priests and courtiers
foul,
The losel swarm of crown and cowl,
White-robed walked François Fene-
lon,
Stainless as Uriel in the sun!

“ Yet in his time the stake blazed
red,
The poor were eaten up like bread;
Men knew him not: his garment’s
hem
No healing virtue had for them.

"Alas! no present saint we find;
The white cymar gleams far behind,
Revealed in outline vague, sublime,
Through telescopic mists of time!"

"Trust not in man with passing
breath,
But in the Lord, old Scripture saith;
The truth which saves thou mayst not
blend
With false professor, faithless friend."

"Search thine own heart. What
paineth thee
In others in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek!"

"Where now with pain thou treadest,
trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were
set,
The light which led them shineth yet."

"The footprints of the life divine,
Which marked their path, remain in
thine;
And that great Life, transfused in
theirs,
Awaits thy faith, thy love, thy
prayers!"

A lesson which I well may heed,
A word of fitness to my need;
So from that twilight cool and gray
Still saith a voice, or seems to say.

We rose, and slowly homeward
turned,

While down the west the sunset
burned;
And, in its light, hill, wood, and
tide,
And human forms seemed glorified.

The village homes transfigured
stood,
And purple bluffs, whose belting
wood
Across the waters leaned to hold
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold.

Then spake my friend: "Thy words
are true;
Forever old, forever new,
These home-seen splendors are the
same
Which over Eden's sunsets came."

"To these bowed heavens let wood
and hill
Lift voiceless praise and anthem still;
Fall, warm with blessing, over them,
Light of the New Jerusalem!"

"Flow on, sweet river, like the stream
Of John's Apocalyptic dream!
This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,
Yon green-banked lake our Galilee!"

"Henceforth my heart shall sigh no
more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and
there,
Are now and here and everywhere."

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

And the angel that was sent unto me, whose name was Uriel, gave me an answer, and said,

"Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High?"

Then said I, "Yea, my Lord."

Then said he unto me, "Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past." — *2 Esdras, chap. iv.*

A BENDING staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without

A shield against the shafts of doubt.

And yet, at times, when over all
A darker mystery seems to fall,
(May God forgive the child of dust,
Who seeks to *know*, where Faith
should *trust!*)

I raise the questions, old and dark,
Of Uzdom's tempted patriarch.
And, speech-confounded, build again
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centred self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the Future from the Past;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Thorough the vastness, arching all,
I see the great stars rise and fall,
The rounding seasons come and go,
The tided oceans ebb and flow;

The tokens of a central force,
Whose circles, in their widening course,

O'erlap and move the universe;
The workings of the law whence springs

The rhythmic harmony of things,
Which shapes in earth the darkling spar,

And orbs in heaven the morning star.
Of all I see, in earth and sky,—
Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part have I?

This conscious life,—is it the same
Which thrills the universal frame,
Whereby the caverned crystal shoots,
And mounts the sap from forest roots,

Whereby the exiled wood-bird tells
When Spring makes green her native dells?

How feels the stone the pang of birth,
Which brings its sparkling prism forth?

The forest-tree the throb which gives
The life-blood to its new-born leaves?
Do bird and blossom feel, like me,
Life's many-folded mystery,—
The wonder which it is TO BE?
Or stand I severed and distinct,
From Nature's chain of life unlinked?
Allied to all, yet not the less
Prisoned in separate consciousness,
Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence?

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds
The riddle of her sights and sounds;
Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives.

What sings the brook? What oracle
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell?
What may the wind's low burden be?
The meaning of the moaning sea?
The hieroglyphics of the stars?
Or clouded sunset's crimson bars?

I vainly ask, for mocks my skill
The trick of Nature's cipher still.

I turn from Nature unto men,
I ask the stylus and the pen ;
What sang the bards of old? What
meant

The prophets of the Orient?
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid
In painted tomb and pyramid?
What mean Idumea's arrowy lines,
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs?
How speaks the primal thought of
man

From the grim carvings of Copan?
Where rests the secret? Where the
keys

Of the old death-bolted mysteries?
Alas! the dead retain their trust;
Dust hath no answer from the dust.

The great enigma still unguessed,
Unanswered the eternal quest;
I gather up the scattered rays
Of wisdom in the early days,
Faint gleams and broken, like the
light

Of meteors in a northern night,
Betraying to the darkling earth
The unseen sun which gave them
birth;

I listen to the sibyl's chant,
The voice of priest and hierophant;
I know what Indian Kreesha saith,
And what of life and what of death
The demon taught to Socrates;
And what, beneath his garden-trees
Slow pacing, with a dream-like tread,
The solemn-thoughted Plato said;
Nor lack I tokenes, great or small,
Of God's clear light in each and all,
While holding with more dear regard
The scroll of Hebrew seer and bard,
The starry pages promise-lit
With Christ's Evangel over-writ,
Thy miracle of life and death,
O holy one of Nazareth!

On Aztec ruins, gray and lone,
The circling serpent coils in stone,—

Type of the endless and unknown;
Whereof we seek the clew to find,
With groping fingers of the blind!
Forever sought, and never found,
We trace that serpent-symbol round
Our resting-place, our starting bound!
O thriftlessness of dream and guess!
O wisdom which is foolishness!
Why idly seek from outward things
The answer inward silence brings;
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near?
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
A nearer view of heaven to gain?
In lowliest depths of bosky dells
The hermit Contemplation dwells.
A fountain's pine-hung slope his seat,
And lotus-twined his silent feet,
Whence, piercing heaven, with
screened sight,
He sees at noon the stars, whose
light
Shall glorify the coming night.

Here let me pause, my quest forego;
Enough for me to feel and know
That he in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend,—
Who, girt with his immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades,—
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,
But waves the spring-time's grassy
spires,
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy, and worlds
create,
But whispers in my spirit's ear,
In tones of love, or warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.

To Him, from wanderings long and
wild,
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade his peace to find,
Like dew-fall settling on my mind.
Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,

I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,
 Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream
 Of power, impersonal and cold,
 Controlling all, itself controlled,
 Maker and slave of iron laws,
 Alike the subject and the cause ;
 From vain philosophies, that try
 The sevenfold gates of mystery,
 And, baffled ever, babble still,
 Word-prodigal of fate and will ;
 From Nature, and her mockery, Art,
 And book and speech of men apart,
 To the still witness in my heart ;
 With reverence waiting to behold
 His Avatár of love untold,
 The Eternal Beauty new and old !

THE PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

I HAVE been thinking of the victims bound
 In Naples, dying for the lack of air
 And sunshine, in their close, damp cells of pain,
 Where hope is not, and innocence in vain
 Appeals against the torture and the chain !
 Unfortunates ! whose crime it was to share
 Our common love of freedom, and to dare,
 In its behalf, Rome's harlot triple-crowned,
 And her base pander, the most hateful thing
 Who upon Christian or on Pagan ground
 Makes vile the old heroic name of king.
 O God most merciful ! Father just and kind !
 Whom man hath bound let thy right hand unbind.
 Or, if thy purposes of good behind
 Their ills lie hidden, let the sufferers find

Strong consolation ; leave them not to doubt
 Thy providential care, nor yet without
 The hope which all thy attributes inspire,
 That not in vain the martyr's robe of fire
 Is worn, nor the sad prisoner's fretting chain ;
 Since all who suffer for thy truth send forth,
 Electrical, with every throb of pain,
 Unquenchable sparks, thy own baptismal rain
 Of fire and spirit over all the earth,
 Making the dead in slavery live again.
 Let this great hope be with them, as they lie
 Shut from the light, the greenness, and the sky, —
 From the cool waters and the pleasant breeze,
 The smell of flowers, and shade of summer trees ;
 Bound with the felon lepers, whom disease
 And sins abhorred make loathsome ;
 let them share
 Pellico's faith, Foresti's strength to bear
 Years of unutterable torment, stern and still,
 As the chained Titan victor through his will !
 Comfort them with thy future ; let them see
 The day-dawn of Italian liberty ;
 For that, with all good things, is hid with Thee,
 And, perfect in thy thought, awaits its time to be !

I, who have spoken for freedom at the cost
 Of some weak friendships, or some paltry prize
 Of name or place, and more than I have lost

Have gained in wider reach of sympathies,
And free communion with the good and wise,—
May God forbid that I should ever boast
Such easy self-denial, or repine
That the strong pulse of health no more is mine;
That, overworn at noonday, I must yield
To other hands the gleaning of the field,—
A tired on-looker through the day's decline.
For blest beyond deserving still, and knowing
That kindly Providence its care is showing
In the withdrawal as in the bestowing,
Scarcely I dare for more or less to pray.
Beautiful yet for me this autumn day
Melts on its sunset hills; and, far away,
For me the Ocean lifts its solemn psalm,
To me the pine-woods whisper; and for me
Yon river, winding through its vales of calm,
By greenest banks, with asters purple-starred,
And gentian bloom and golden-rod made gay,
Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,
Like a pure spirit to its great reward!

Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden. For such gifts to me
What shall I render, O my God, to thee?
Let me not dwell upon my lighter share
Of pain and ill that human life must bear;

Save me from selfish pining; let my heart,
Drawn from itself in sympathy, forget
The bitter longings of a vain regret,
The anguish of its own peculiar smart.
Remembering others, as I have to-day,
In their great sorrows, let me live alway
Not for myself alone, but have a part,
Such as a frail and erring spirit may,
In love which is of Thee, and which indeed Thou art!

MOLOCH IN STATE STREET.

THE moon has set: while yet the dawn
Breaks cold and gray,
Between the midnight and the morn
Bear off your prey!

On, swift and still!—the conscious street
Is panged and stirred;
Tread light!—that fall of serried feet
The dead have heard!

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins
Gushed where ye tread;
Lo! through the dusk the martyr-stains
Blush darkly red! .

Beneath the slowly waning stars
And whitening day,
What stern and awful presence bars
That sacred way?

What faces frown upon ye, dark
With shame and pain?
Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim bark?
Is that young Vane?

Who, dimly beckoning, speed ye on
With mocking cheer?
Lo! spectral Andros, Hutchinson,
And Gage are here!

For ready mart or favoring blast
Through Moloch's fire
Flesh of his flesh, unsparing, passed
The Tyrian sire.

Ye make that ancient sacrifice
Of Man to Gain,
Your traffic thrives, where Freedom
dies,
Beneath the chain.

Ye sow to-day, your harvest, scorn
And hate, is near ;
How think ye freemen, mountain-born,
The tale will hear ?

Thank God ! our mother State can yet
Her fame retrieve ;
To you and to your children let
The scandal cleave.

Chain Hall and Pulpit, Court and
Press,
Make gods of gold ;
Let honor, truth, and manliness
Like wares be sold.

Your hoards are great, your walls are
strong,
But God is just ;
The gilded chambers built by wrong
Invite the rust.

What ! know ye not the gains of Crime
Are dust and dross ;
Its ventures on the waves of time
Foredoomed to loss !

And still the Pilgrim State remains
What she hath been ;
Her inland hills, her seaward plains,
Still nurture men !

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart,—
Her olden blood
Through many a free and generous
heart
Still pours its flood.

That brave old blood, quick-flowing
yet,
Shall know no check,
Till a free people's foot is set
On Slavery's neck.

Even now, the peel of bell and gun,
And hills aflame,
Tell of the first great triumph won
In Freedom's name.

The long night dies : the welcome gray
Of dawn we see ;
Speed up the heavens thy perfect day,
God of the free !

1851.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

1852.

“GREAT peace in Europe ! Order
reigns
From Tiber's hills to Danube's
plains !”
So say her kings and priests ; so say
The lying prophets of our day.

Go lay to earth a listening ear ;
The tramp of measured marches
hear,—
The rolling of the cannon's wheel,
The shotted musket's murderous peal,
The night alarm, the sentry's call,
The quick-eared spy in hut and hall !
From Polar sea and tropic fen
The dying-groans of exiled men !
The bolted cell, the galley's chains,
The scaffold smoking with its stains !
Order,— the hush of brooding slaves !
Peace,— in the dungeon-vaults and
graves !

O Fisher ! of the world-wide net,
With meshes in all waters set,
Whose fabled keys of heaven and hell
Bolt hard the patriot's prison-cell,
And open wide the banquet-hall,
Where kings and priests hold carnival !
Weak vassal tricked in royal guise,

Boy Kaiser with thy lip of lies ;
 Base gambler for Napoleon's crown,
 Barnacle on his dead renown !
 Thou, Bourbon Neapolitan,
 Crowned scandal, loathed of God and
 man ;
 And thou, fell Spider of the North !
 Stretching thy giant feelers forth,
 Within whose web the freedom dies
 Of nations eaten up like flies !
 Speak, Prince and Kaiser, Priest and
 Czar !
 If this be Peace, pray what is War ?

White Angel of the Lord ! unmeet
 That soil accursed for thy pure feet.
 Never in Slavery's desert flows
 The fountain of thy charmed repose ;
 No tyrant's hand thy chaplet weaves
 Of lilies and of olive-leaves ;
 Not with the wicked shalt thou dwell,
 Thus saith the Eternal Oracle ;
 Thy home is with the pure and free !
 Stern herald of thy better day,
 Before thee, to prepare thy way,
 The Baptist Shade of Liberty,
 Gray, scarred and hairy-robed, must
 press
 With bleeding feet the wilderness !
 O that its voice might pierce the ear
 Of princes, trembling while they hear
 A cry as of the Hebrew seer :
 Repent ! God's kingdom draweth near !

WORDSWORTH.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF HIS
 MEMOIRS.

DEAR friends, who read the world
 aright,
 And in its common forms discern
 A beauty and a harmony
 The many never learn !

Kindred in soul of him who found
 In simple flower and leaf and stone
 The impulse of the sweetest lays
 Our Saxon tongue has known, —

Accept this record of a life
 As sweet and pure, as calm and good,
 As a long day of blandest June
 In green field and in wood.

How welcome to our ears, long pained
 By strife of sect and party noise,
 The brook-like murmur of his song
 Of nature's simple joys !

The violet by its mossy stone,
 The primrose by the river's brim,
 And chance-sown daffodil, have found
 Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
 The rosy tints his sunset brought,
 World-seen, are gladdening all the
 vales
 And mountain-peaks of thought.

Art builds on sand ; the works of pride
 And human passion change and fall ;
 But that which shares the life of God
 With him surviveth all.

TO —.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER
 DAY'S EXCURSION.

FAIR Nature's priestesses ! to whom,
 In hieroglyph of bud and bloom,
 Her mysteries are told ;
 Who, wise in lore of wood and mead,
 The seasons' pictured scrolls can read,
 In lessons manifold !

Thanks for the courtesy, and gay
 Good-humor, which on Washing Day
 Our ill-timed visit bore ;
 Thanks for your graceful oars, which
 broke
 The morning dreams of Artichoke,
 Along his wooded shore !

Varied as varying Nature's ways,
 Sprites of the river, woodland fays,
 Or mountain nymphs, ye seem ;

Free-limbed Dianas on the green,
Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,
Upon your favorite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,
The fair benignities of old,
Were doubtless such as you ;
What more than Artichoke the rill
Of Helicon ? Than Pipe-stave hill
Arcadia's mountain view ?

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,
In wild Hymettus' scented shade,
Than those you dwell among ;
Snow-flowered azalias, intertwined
With roses, over banks inclined
With trembling harebells hung !

A charméd life unknown to death,
Immortal freshness Nature hath ;
Her fabled fount and glen
Are now and here : Dodona's shrine
Still murmurs in the wind-swept
pine,—
All is that e'er hath been.

The Beauty which old Greece or
Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at
home ;
We need but eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of gods to hear !

IN PEACE.

A TRACK of moonlight on a quiet lake,
Whose small waves on a silver-
sanded shore
Whisper of peace, and with the low
winds make
Such harmonies as keep the woods
awake,
And listening all night long for their
sweet sake
A green-waved slope of meadow,
hovered o'er

By angel-troops of lilies, swaying
light
On viewless stems, with folded wings
of white ;
A slumberous stretch of mountain-
land, far seen
Where the low westering day, with
gold and green,
Purple and amber, softly blended, fills
The wooded vales, and melts among
the hills ;
A vine-fringed river, winding to its rest
On the calm bosom of a stormless
sea,
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,
With earthly flowers and heavenly
stars impressed,
The hues of time and of eternity :
Such are the pictures which the thought
of thee,
O friend, awakeneth, — charming the
keen pain
Of thy departure, and our sense of
loss
Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.
Lo ! on the quiet grave thy life-borne
cross,
Dropped only at its side, methinks
doth shine,
Of thy beatitude the radiant sign !
No sob of grief, no wild lament be
there,
To break the Sabbath of the holy
air ;
But, in theirstead, the silent-breathing
prayer
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like
thine.
O spirit redeemed ! Forgive us, if
henceforth,
With sweet and pure similitudes of
earth,
We keep thy pleasant memory
freshly green,
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,
Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe,
is seen
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,
With pencil dipped alone in colors
of the heart.

BENEDICITE.

GOD'S love and peace be with thee,
where

Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements
comes

Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our
tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-
word, nor

The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from
me,
What should, dear heart, its burden
be?

The sighing of a shaken reed,—

What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love,—unchanging, pure, and
true,—

The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace,—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

PICTURES.

I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting green-
ness, and o'er all
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether,
raining down
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed
town,
The freshening meadows, and the
hillsides brown ;
Voice of the west-wind from the
hills of pine,
And the brimmed river from its dis-
tant fall,
Low hum of bees, and joyous inter-
lude
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirt-
ing wood,—
Heralds and prophecies of sound
and sight,
Blessed forerunners of the warmth
and light,
Attendant angels to the house of
prayer,
With reverent footsteps keeping
pace with mine,—
Once more, through God's great love,
with you I share
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in Pal-
estine,
Immortal Love uprising in fresh
bloom

From the dark night and winter of
the tomb!

5th mo., 2d, 1852.

II.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the
pathway winds
Before me; dust is on the shrunken
grass,
And on the trees beneath whose
boughs I pass;
Frail screen against the Hunter of
the sky,
Who, glaring on me with his lidless
eye,
While mounting with his dog-
star high and higher
Ambushed in light intolerable, un-
binds
The burnished quiver of his
shafts of fire
Between me and the hot fields of
his South
A tremulous glow, as from a fur-
nace-mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my
dazzled sight,
As if the burning arrows of his
ire
Broke as they fell, and shattered
into light;
Yet on my cheek I feel the western
wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard
trees,
And to the faint and flower-forsaken
bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with
constant streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool
behind,
Where in moist dells the purple
orchis gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's
bower is twined.
So the o'erworned pilgrim, as he
fares
Along life's summer waste, at times
is fanned,

Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet
airs

Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dew-
fall bland.

Breath of the blessed Heaven for
which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills!— make
glad our earthly way!

8th mo., 1852.

DERNE.

NIGHT on the city of the Moor!
On mosque and tomb, and white-
walled shore,
On sea-waves, to whose ceaseless
knock
The narrow harbor-gates unlock,
On corsair's galley, carack tall,
And plundered Christian caraval!
The sounds of Moslem life are still;
No mule-bell tinkles down the hill;
Stretched in the broad court of the
khan,
The dusty Bornou caravan
Lies heaped in slumber, beast and
man;
The Sheik is dreaming in his tent,
His noisy Arab tongue o'erspent;
The kiosk's glimmering lights are
gone,
The merchant with his wares with-
drawn;
Rough pillow'd on some pirate breast,
The dancing-girl has sunk to rest;
And, save where measured footsteps
fall
Along the Bashaw's guarded wall,
Or where, like some bad dream, the
Jew
Creeps stealthily his quarter through,
Or counts with fear his golden heaps,
The City of the Corsair sleeps!

But where yon prison long and low
Stands black against the pale star-
glow,
Chafed by the ceaseless wash of waves,

There watch and pine the Christian
slaves ; —

Rough-bearded men, whose far-off
wives

Wear out with grief their lonely lives ;
And youth, still flashing from his
eyes

The clear blue of New England skies,
A treasured lock of whose soft hair
Now wakes some sorrowing mother's
prayer ;

Or, worn upon some maiden breast,
Stirs with the loving heart's unrest !

A bitter cup each life must drain,
The groaning earth is cursed with
pain,

And, like the scroll the angel bore
The shuddering Hebrew seer before,
O'erwrit alike, without, within,
With all the woes which follow sin ;
But, bitterest of the ills beneath
Whose load man totters down to
death,

Is that which plucks the regal crown
Of Freedom from his forehead down,
And snatches from his powerless
hand

The sceptred sign of self-command,
Effacing with the chain and rod
The image and the seal of God ;
Till from his nature, day by day,
The manly virtues fall away,
And leave him naked, blind, and
mute,
The godlike merging in the brute !

Why mourn the quiet ones who die
Beneath affection's tender eye,
Unto their household and their kin
Like ripened corn-sheaves gathered
in ?

O weeper, from that tranquil sod,
That holy harvest-home of God,
Turn to the quick and suffering,—
shed

Thy tears upon the living dead !
Thank God above thy dear ones'
graves,

They sleep with Him,— they are not
slaves.

What dark mass, down the mountain-
sides

Swift-pouring, like a stream divides ?—
A long, loose, straggling caravan,

Camel and horse and arméd man.
The moon's low crescent, glimmering
o'er

Its grave of waters to the shore,
Lights up that mountain cavalcade,
And glints from gun and spear and
blade

Near and more near !— now o'er
them falls

The shadow of the city walls.
Hark to the sentry's challenge,
drowned

In the fierce trumpet's charging
sound !—

The rush of men, the musket's peal,
The short, sharp clang of meeting
steel !

Vain, Moslem, vain thy lifeblood
poured

So freely on thy foeman's sword !
Not to the swift nor to the strong
The battles of the right belong ;
For he who strikes for Freedom wears
The armor of the captive's prayers,
And Nature proffers to his cause
The strength of her eternal laws ;
While he whose arm essays to bind
And herd with common brutes his
kind

Strives evermore at fearful odds
With Nature and the jealous gods,
And dares the dread recoil which late
Or soon their right shall vindicate.

"T is done, — the hornéd crescent falls !
The star-flag flouts the broken walls !
Joy to the captive husband ! joy
To thy sick heart, O brown-locked
boy !

In sullen wrath the conquered Moor
Wide open flings your dungeon-door,
And leaves ye free from cell and chain,

The owners of yourselves again.
Dark as his allies desert-born,
Soiled with the battle's stain, and worn
With the long marches of his band
Through hottest wastes of rock and
sand,—

Scorched by the sun and furnace-breath
Of the red desert's wind of death,
With welcome words and grasping
hands,
The victor and deliverer stands!

The tale is one of distant skies ;
The dust of half a century lies
Upon it ; yet its hero's name
Still lingers on the lips of Fame.
Men speak the praise of him who
gave

Deliverance to the Moorman's slave,
Yet dared to brand with shame and
crime

The heroes of our land and time,—
The self-forgetful ones, who stake
Home, name, and life for Freedom's
sake.

God mend his heart who cannot feel
The impulse of a holy zeal,
And sees not, with his sordid eyes,
The beauty of self-sacrifice!

Though in the sacred place he stands,
Uplifting consecrated hands,
Unworthy are his lips to tell
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle,
Or name aright that dread embrace
Of suffering for a fallen race!

ASTRÆA.

“ Jove means to settle
Astraea in her seat again,
And let down from his golden chain
An age of better metal.”

BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old !
Thy words are prophecies ;
Forward the age of gold,
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer
And hope are not in vain ;
Rise, brothers ! and prepare
The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes
From labor's board and can ;
Perish shall all which makes
A spaniel of the man !

Free from its bonds the mind,
The body from the rod ;
Broken all chains that bind
The image of our God.

Just men no longer pine
Behind their prison-bars ;
Through the rent dungeon shine
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man !

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth
The money-changers driven,
And God's will done on earth,
As now in heaven !

INVOCATION.

THROUGH thy clear spaces, Lord, of
old,
Formless and void the dead earth
rolled ;
Deaf to thy heaven's sweet music, blind
To the great lights which o'er it
shined ;
No sound, no ray, no warmth, no
breath,—
A dumb despair, a wandering death.

To that dark, weltering horror came
Thy spirit, like a subtle flame,—
A breath of life electrical,
Awakening and transforming all,

Till beat and thrilled in every part
The pulses of a living heart.

Then knew their bounds the land and sea;
Then smiled the bloom of mead and tree;
From flower to moth, from beast to man,
The quick creative impulse ran;
And earth, with life from thee renewed,
Was in thy holy eyesight good.

As lost and void, as dark and cold
And formless as that earth of old,—
A wandering waste of storm and night,
Midst spheres of song and realms of light,—
A blot upon thy holy sky,
Untouched, unwarned of thee, am I.

O thou who movest on the deep
Of spirits, wake my own from sleep!
Its darkness melt, its coldness warm,
The lost restore, the ill transform,
That flower and fruit henceforth may be
Its grateful offering, worthy thee.

THE CROSS.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DILLINGHAM, IN THE NASHVILLE PENITENTIARY.

“THE cross, if rightly borne, shall be
No burden, but support to thee”;¹
So, moved of old time for our sake,
The holy monk of Kempen spake.

Thou brave and true one! upon whom
Was laid the cross of martyrdom,
How didst thou, in thy generous youth,
Bear witness to this blessed truth!

Thy cross of suffering and of shame
A staff within thy hands became,
In paths where faith alone could see
The Master’s steps supporting thee.

Thine was the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest-time is hid with Him.

Yet, unforgotten where it lies,
That seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

EVA.

DRY the tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her;
Of the form so soft and fair
Give to earth the tender care.

For the golden locks of Eva
Let the sunny south-land give her
Flowery pillow of repose,—
Orange-bloom and budding rose.

In the better home of Eva
Let the shining ones receive her,
With the welcome-voicéd psalm,
Harp of gold and waving palm!

All is light and peace with Eva;
There the darkness cometh never;
Tears are wiped, and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve
her;
Care and pain and weariness
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listener at the Master’s knee,
“Suffer such to come to me.”

¹ Thomas à Kempis. *Imit. Christ.*

O, for faith like thine, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river,
And the blessings of the poor
Wafting to the heavenly shore!

TO FREDRIKA BREMER.

SEERESS of the misty Norland,
Daughter of the Vikings bold,
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,
Which thy fathers sought of old!

Soft as flow of Silja's waters,
When the moon of summer shines,
Strong as Winter from his mountains
Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened
To thy saga, rune, and song,
As a household joy and presence
We have known and loved thee
long.

By the mansion's marble mantel,
Round the log-walled cabin's hearth,
Thy sweet thoughts and northern
fancies
Meet and mingle with our mirth.

And o'er weary spirits keeping
Sorrow's night-watch, long and
chill,
Shine they like thy sun of summer
Over midnight vale and hill.

We alone to thee are strangers,
Thou our friend and teacher art;
Come, and know us as we know thee;
Let us meet thee heart to heart!

To our homes and household altars
We, in turn, thy steps would lead,
As thy loving hand has led us
O'er the threshold of the Swede.

APRIL.

"The spring comes slowly up this way."
Christabel.

T IS the noon of the spring-time, yet
never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple
is heard;
For green meadow-grasses wide levels
of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the cro-
cus should blow;
Where wind-flower and violet, amber
and white.
On south-sloping brooksides should
smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-
waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal
shoots;
And, longing for light, under wind-
driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the
ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized
of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which
should burst into flowers!
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind
of the south!
For the touch of thy light wings, the
kiss of thy mouth;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest
from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of
the sod!
Up our long river-valley, for days, have
not ceased
The wail and the shriek of the bitter
northeast,—
Raw and chill, as if winnowed through
ices and snow,
All the way from the land of the wild
Esquimaui,—
Until all our dreams of the land of the
blest,
Like that red hunter's, turn to the
sunny southwest.

O soul of the spring-time, its light
and its breath,
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring
life to this death ;
Renew the great miracle ; let us be-
hold
The stone from the mouth of the
sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of
old !
Let our faith, which in darkness and
coldness has lain,
Revive with the warmth and the
brightness again,
And in blooming of flower and budding
of tree
The symbols and types of our destiny
see ;
The life of the spring-time, the life of
the whole,
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love
to the soul !

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

1850.

THE evil days have come,— the poor
Are made a prey ;
Bar up the hospitable door,
Put out the fire-lights, point no more
The wanderer's way.

For Pity now is crime ; the chain
Which binds our States
Is melted at her hearth in twain,
Is rusted by her tears' soft rain :
Close up her gates.

Our Union, like a glacier stirred
By voice below,
Or bell of kine, or wing of bird,
A beggar's crust, a kindly word
May overthrow !

Poor, whispering tremblers ! — yet we
boast
Our blood and name ;

Bursting its century-bolted frost,
Each gray cairn on the Northman's
coast
Cries out for shame !

O for the open firmament,
The prairie free,
The desert hillside, cavern-rent,
The Pawnee's lodge, the Arab's tent,
The Bushman's tree !

Than web of Persian loom most rare,
Or soft divan,
Better the rough rock, bleak and bare,
Or hollow tree, which man may share
With suffering man.

I hear a voice : " Thus saith the Law,
Let Love be dumb ;
Clasping her liberal hands in awe,
Let sweet-lipped Charity withdraw
From hearth and home."

I hear another voice : " The poor
Are thine to feed ;
Turn not the outcast from thy door,
Nor give to bonds and wrong once
more
Whom God hath freed."

Dear Lord ! between that law and
thee
No choice remains ;
Yet not untrue to man's decree,
Though spurning its rewards, is he
Who bears its pains.

Not mine Sedition's trumpet-blast
And threatening word ;
I read the lesson of the Past,
That firm endurance wins at last
More than the sword.

O clear-eyed Faith, and Patience, thou
So calm and strong !
Lend strength to weakness, teach us
how
The sleepless eyes of God look through
This night of wrong !

A SABBATH SCENE.

SCARCE had the solemn Sabbath-bell
Ceased quivering in the steeple,
Scarce had the parson to his desk
Walked stately through his people,

When down the summer-shaded street
A wasted female figure,
With dusky brow and naked feet,
Came rushing wild and eager.

She saw the white spire through the trees,
She heard the sweet hymn swelling :
O pitying Christ! a refuge give
That poor one in thy dwelling!

Like a scared fawn before the hounds,
Right up the aisle she glided,
While close behind her, whip in hand,
A lank-haired hunter strided.

She raised a keen and bitter cry,
To Heaven and Earth appealing ; —
Were manhood's generous pulses dead?
Had woman's heart no feeling?

A score of stout hands rose between
The hunter and the flying :
Age clenched his staff, and maiden eyes
Flashed tearful, yet defying.

“Who dares profane this house and day?”
Cried out the angry pastor.
“Why, bless your soul, the wench's a slave,
And I'm her lord and master!

“I've law and gospel on my side,
And who shall dare refuse me?”
Down came the parson, bowing low,
“My good sir, pray excuse me!

“Of course I know your right divine
To own and work and whip her;

Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglott
Before the wench, and trip her!”

Plump dropped the holy tome, and o'er
Its sacred pages stumbling,
Bound hand and foot, a slave once more,
The hapless wretch lay trembling.

I saw the parson tie the knots,
The while his flock addressing,
The Scriptural claims of slavery
With text on text impressing.

“Although,” said he, “on Sabbath day,
All secular occupations
Are deadly sins, we must fulfil
Our moral obligations :

“And this commands itself as one
To every conscience tender ;
As Paul sent back Onesimus,
My Christian friends, we send her!”

Shriek rose on shriek,—the Sabbath air
Her wild cries tore asunder ;
I listened, with hushed breath, to hear
God answering with his thunder !

All still!—the very altar's cloth
Had smothered down her shrieking,
And, dumb, she turned from face to face,
For human pity seeking !

I saw her dragged along the aisle,
Her shackles harshly clanking ;
I heard the parson, over all,
The Lord devoutly thanking !

My brain took fire : “Is this,” I cried,
“The end of prayer and preaching ?
Then down with pulpit, down with priest,
And give us Nature's teaching !

“Foul shame and scorn be on ye all
Who turn the good to evil,

And steal the Bible from the Lord,
To give it to the Devil!

"Than garbled text or parchment law
I own a statute higher;
And God is true, though every book
And every man's a liar!"

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
In wrath my coat-tail seize on;
I heard the priest cry, "Infidel!"
The lawyer mutter, "Treason!"

I started up,— where now were
church,
Slave, master, priest, and people?
I only heard the supper-bell,
Instead of clanging steeple.

But, on the open window's sill,
O'er which the white blooms
drifted,
The pages of a good old Book
The wind of summer lifted.

And flower and vine, like angel wings
Around the Holy Mother,
Waved softly there, as if God's truth
And Mercy kissed each other.

And freely from the cherry-bough
Above the casement swinging,
With golden bosom to the sun,
The oriole was singing.

As bird and flower made plain of old
The lesson of the Teacher,
So now I heard the written Word
Interpreted by Nature!

For to my ear methought the breeze
Bore Freedom's blessed word on;
THUS SAITH THE LORD: BREAK
EVERY YOKE,
UNDO THE HEAVY BURDEN!

REMEMBRANCE.

WITH COPIES OF THE AUTHOR'S WRITINGS.

FRIEND of mine! whose lot was cast
With me in the distant past,—
Where, like shadows flitting fast,

Fact and fancy, thought and theme,
Word and work, begin to seem
Like a half-remembered dream!

Touched by change have all things
been,
Yet I think of thee as when
We had speech of lip and pen.

For the calm thy kindness lent
To a path of discontent,
Rough with trial and dissent;

Gentle words where such were few,
Softening blame where blame was true,
Praising where small praise was due;

For a waking dream made good,
For an ideal understood,
For thy Christian womanhood;

For thy marvellous gift to cull
From our common life and dull
Whatsoe'er is beautiful;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees
Dropping sweetness; true heart's-ease
Of congenial sympathies; —

Still for these I own my debt;
Memory, with her eyelids wet,
Fain would thank thee even yet!

And as one who scatters flowers
Where the Queen of May's sweet
hours
Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed
bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing,
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,
So I pay the debt I'm owing.

To thy full thoughts, gay or sad,
Sunny-hued or sober clad,
Something of my own I add;

Well assured that thou wilt take
Even the offering which I make
Kindly for the giver's sake.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

THE proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!

Who serves to-day upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor,
The weak is strong to-day;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no
more
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust,—

While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

TRUST.

THE same old baffling questions! O
my friend,
I cannot answer them. In vain I send
My soul into the dark, where never
burn
The lamps of science, nor the natural
light
Of Reason's sun and stars! I cannot
learn
Their great and solemn meanings, nor
discern
The awful secrets of the eyes which
turn
Evermore on us through the day
and night
With silent challenge and a dumb
demand,
Proffering the riddles of the dread un-
known,
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their
eyes of stone,
Questioning the centuries from their
veils of sand!
I have no answer for myself or thee,
Save that I learned beside my mother's
knee;
“All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good.” Let this suffice
us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon his
will
Who moves to his great ends un-
thwarted by the ill.

KATHLEEN.

O NORAH, lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he ;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved
the kern,
And drove away the poor ;
“ Ah, woe is me ! ” the old lord said,
“ I rue my bargain sore ! ”

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,
And nightly round the shealing-fires
Of her the gleeman sung.

“ As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall ” ;
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

“ O come to me, my daughter dear !
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother’s own I see ! ”

He smoothed and smoothed her hair
away,
He kissed her forehead fair ;
“ It is my darling Mary’s brow,
It is my darling’s hair ! ”

O, then spake up the angry dame,
“ Get up, get up,” quoth she,
“ I ’ll sell ye over Ireland,
I ’ll sell ye o’er the sea ! ”

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk,
And gave her one of tow,

And sent her down to Limerick town,
And to a seaman sold

This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

The lord he smote upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray ;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee
howled
To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folks, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through
the trees,
And glimmering down the hill ;
They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still !

“ Get up, old man ! the wake-lights
shine ! ”
“ Ye murthinger witch,” quoth he,
“ So I ’m rid of your tongue, I little
care
If they shine for you or me.

“ O, whoso brings my daughter back,
My gold and land shall have ! ”
O, then spake up his handsome page,
“ No gold nor land I crave ! ”

“ But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me,
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I ’ll bring her back to thee.”

“ My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me.”

He sailed east, he sailed west,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea.

“ O, have ye seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland ? ”

Ye'll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow-white hand!"

Out spake an ancient man, "I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,
And she is called Kathleen."

"No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet well by loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite."

So up they walked through Boston town,
And met a maiden fair,
A little basket on her arm
So snowy-white and bare.

"Come hither, child, and say hast thou
This young man ever seen?"
They wept within each other's arms,
The page and young Kathleen.

"O give to me this darling child,
And take my purse of gold."
"Nay, not by me," her master said,
"Shall sweet Kathleen be sold."

"We loved her in the place of one
The Lord hath early ta'en;
But, since her heart's in Ireland,
We give her back again!"

O, for that same the saints in heaven
For his poor soul shall pray,
And Mary Mother wash with tears
His heresies away.

Sure now they dwell in Ireland,
As you go up Claremore
Ye'll see their castle looking down
The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,

For he sits beside his own Kathleen,
With her darling on his knee.

FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS.

IN calm and cool and silence, once again
I find my old accustomed place among
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear
The still small voice which reached the prophet's ear;
Read in my heart a still diviner law
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!
There let me strive with each besetting sin,
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
And, as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein,
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,—
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone!

KOSSUTH.

TYPE of two mighty continents!—
combining
The strength of Europe with the
warmth and glow
Of Asian song and prophecy,— the
shining
Of Orient splendors over Northern
snow!
Who shall receive him? Who, un-
blushing, speak
Welcome to him, who, while he strove
to break
The Austrian yoke from Magyar
necks, smote off
At the same blow the fetters of the
serf,—
Rearing the altar of his Father-land
On the firm base of freedom, and
thereby
Lifting to Heaven a patriot's stainless
hand,
Mocked not the God of Justice with
a lie!
Who shall be Freedom's mouth-piece?
Who shall give
Her welcoming cheer to the great
fugitive?
Not he who, all her sacred trusts be-
traying,
Is scourging back to slavery's hell
of pain
The swarthy Kossuths of our land
again!
Not he whose utterance now from lips
designed
The bugle-march of Liberty to
wind,
And call her hosts beneath the break-
ing light,—
The keen reveille of her morn of
fight,—
Is but the hoarse note of the blood-
hound's baying,
The wolf's long howl behind the bond-
man's flight!
O for the tongue of him who lies at
rest

In Quincy's shade of patrimonial
trees,—
Last of the Puritan tribunes and the
best,—
To lend a voice to Freedom's sym-
pathies,
And hail the coming of the noblest
guest
The Old World's wrong has given the
New World of the West!

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

AN EPISTLE NOT AFTER THE MAN-
NER OF HORACE.

OLD friend, kind friend! lightly down
Drop time's snow-flakes on thy crown!
Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness;
Care, that kills the cat, may plough
Wrinkles in the miser's brow,
Deepen envy's spiteful frown,
Draw the mouths of bigots down,
Plague ambition's dream, and sit
Heavy on the hypocrite,
Haunt the rich man's door, and ride
In the gilded coach of pride;—
Let the fiend pass! — what can he
Find to do with such as thee?
Seldom comes that evil guest
Where the conscience lies at rest,
And brown health and quiet wit
Smiling on the threshold sit.

I, the urchin unto whom,
In that smoked and dingy room,
Where the district gave thee rule
O'er its ragged winter school,
Thou didst teach the mysteries
Of those weary A B C's,—
Where, to fill the every pause
Of thy wise and learned saws,
Through the cracked and crazy wall
Came the cradle-rock and squall,
And the goodman's voice, at strife
With his shrill and tipsy wife,—
Luring us by stories old,
With a comic unction told,

More than by the eloquence
Of terse birchen arguments
(Doubtful gain, I fear), to look
With complacence on a book! —
Where the genial pedagogue
Half forgot his rogues to flog,
Citing tale or apologue,
Wise and merry in its drift
As old Phædrus' twofold gift,
Had the little rebels known it,
Risum et prudentiam monet!
I,—the man of middle years,
In whose sable locks appears
Many a warning fleck of gray,—
Looking back to that far day,
And thy primal lessons, feel
Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
As, remembering thee, I blend
Olden teacher, present friend,
Wise with antiquarian search,
In the scrolls of State and Church;
Named on history's title-page,
Parish-clerk and justice sage;
For the ferule's wholesome awe
Wielding now the sword of law.

Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,
Gathering up the scattered leaves
Which the wrinkled sibyl cast
Careless from her as she passed,—
Twofold citizen art thou,
Freeman of the past and now.
He who bore thy name of old
Midway in the heavens did hold
Over Gibeon moon and sun;
Thou hast bidden them backward run;
Of to-day the present ray
Flinging over yesterday!

Let the busy ones deride
What I deem of right thy pride;
Let the fools their tread-mills grind,
Look not forward nor behind,
Shuffle in and wriggle out,
Veer with every breeze about,
Turning like a windmill sail,
Or a dog that seeks his tail;
Let them laugh to see thee fast
Tabernacled in the Past,
Working out with eye and lip,

Riddles of old penmanship,
Patient as Belzoni there
Sorting out, with loving care,
Mummies of dead questions stripped
From their sevenfold manuscript!

Dabbling, in their noisy way,
In the puddles of to-day,
Little know they of that vast
Solemn ocean of the past,
On whose margin, wreck-bespread,
Thou art walking with the dead,
Questioning the stranded years,
Waking smiles, by turns, and tears,
As thou callest up again
Shapes the dust has long o'erlain,—
Fair-haired woman, bearded man,
Cavalier and Puritan;
In an age whose eager view
Seeks but present things, and new,
Mad for party, sect, and gold,
Teaching reverence for the old.

On that shore, with fowler's tact,
Coolly bagging fact on fact,
Naught amiss to thee can float,
Tale, or song, or anecdote;
Village gossip, centuries old,
Scandals by our grandams told,
What the pilgrim's table spread,
Where he lived, and whom he wed,
Long-drawn bill of wine and beer
For his ordination cheer,
Or the flip that wellnigh made
Glad his funeral cavalcade;
Weary prose, and poet's lines,
Flavored by their age, like wines,
Eulogistic of some quaint,
Doubtful, puritanic saint;
Lays that quickened husking jigs,
Jests that shook grave pcriwigs,
When the parson had his jokes
And his glass, like other folks;
Sermons that, for mortal hours,
Taxed our fathers' vital powers,
As the long nineteenthlies poured
Downward from the sounding-board,
And, for fire of Pentecost,
Touched their beards December's
frost.

Time is hastening on, and we
 What our fathers are shall be, —
 Shadow-shapes of memory!
 Joined to that vast multitude
 Where the great are but the good,
 And the mind of strength shall
 prove
 Weaker than the heart of love ;
 Pride of graybeard wisdom less
 Than the infant's guilelessness,
 And his song of sorrow more
 Than the crown the Psalmist wore !
 Who shall then, with pious zeal,
 At our moss-grown thresholds kneel,
 From a stained and stony page
 Reading to a careless age,
 With a patient eye like thine,
 Prosing tale and limping line,
 Names and words the hoary rime
 Of the Past has made sublime ?
 Who shall work for us as well
 The antiquarian's miracle ?
 Who to seeming life recall
 Teacher grave and pupil small ?
 Who shall give to thee and me
 Freeholds in futurity ?

Well, whatever lot be mine,
 Long and happy days be thine,
 Ere thy full and honored age
 Dates of time its latest page !
 Squire for master, State for school,
 Wisely lenient, live and rule ;
 Over grown-up knave and rogue
 Play the watchful pedagogue ;

Or, while pleasure smiles on duty,
 At the call of youth and beauty,
 Speak for them the spell of law
 Which shall bar and bolt withdraw,
 And the flaming sword remove
 From the Paradise of Love
 Still, with undimmed eyesight, pore
 Ancient tome and record o'er ;
 Still thy week-day lyrics croon,
 Pitch in church the Sunday tune,
 Showing something, in thy part,
 Of the old Puritanic art,
 Singer after Sternhold's heart !
 In thy pew, for many a year,
 Homilies from Oldbug hear,
 Who to wit like that of South,
 And the Syrian's golden mouth,
 Doth the homely pathos add ;
 Which the pilgrim preachers had ;
 Breaking, like a child at play,
 Gilded idols of the day,
 Cant of knave and pomp of fool
 Tossing with his ridicule,
 Yet, in earnest or in jest,
 Ever keeping truth abreast.
 And, when thou art called, at last,
 To thy townsmen of the past,
 Not as stranger shalt thou come ;
 Thou shalt find thyself at home !
 With the little and the big,
 Woollen cap and periwig,
 Madam in her high-laced ruff,
 Goody in her home-made stuff, —
 Wise and simple, rich and poor,
 Thou hast known them all before !

THE PANORAMA, AND OTHER POEMS, 1856.

"A ! fredome is a nobill thing!
 Fredome mayse man to haif liking.
 Fredome all solace to man giffis ;
 He levys at ese that frely levys !
 A nobil hart may haif nane ese
 Na ellys nocht that may him plesse
 Gyff Fredome failythe."

ARCHDEACON BARBOUR.

THROUGH the long hall the shuttered windows shed
 A dubious light on every upturned head,—
 On locks like those of Absalom the fair,
 On the bald apex ringed with scanty hair,
 On blank indifference and on curious stare ;
 On the pale Showman reading from his stage
 The hieroglyphics of that facial page ;
 Half sad, half scornful, listening to the bruit
 Of restless cane-tap and impatient foot,
 And the shrill call, across the general din,
 " Roll up your curtain ! Let the show begin ! "

At length a murmur like the winds that break
 Into green waves the prairie's grassy lake,
 Deepened and swelled to music clear and loud,
 And, as the west-wind lifts a summer cloud,
 The curtain rose, disclosing wide and far
 A green land stretching to the evening star,
 Fair rivers, skirted by primeval trees

And flowers hummed over by the desert bees,
 Marked by tall bluffs whose slopes of greenness show
 Fantastic outcrops of the rock below,—
 The slow result of patient Nature's pains,
 And plastic fingering of her sun and rains,—
 Arch, tower, and gate, grotesquely windowed hall,
 And long escarpment of half-crumbled wall,
 Huger than those which, from steep hills of vine,
 Stare through their loopholes on the travelled Rhine ;
 Suggesting vaguely to the gazer's mind
 A fancy, idle as the prairie wind,
 Of the land's dwellers in an age unguessed,—
 The unsung Jotuns of the mystic West.
 Beyond, the prairie's sea-like swells surpass
 The Tartar's marvels of his Land of Grass,
 Vast as the sky against whose sunset shores
 Wave after wave the billowy greenness pours ;
 And, onward still, like islands in that main

Loom the rough peaks of many a mountain chain,
Whence east and west a thousand waters run
From winter lingering under summer's sun.
And, still beyond, long lines of foam and sand
Tell where Pacific rolls his waves a-land,
From many a wide-lapped port and land-locked bay,
Opening with thunderous pomp the world's highway
To Indian isles of spice, and marts of far Cathay.

"Such," said the Showman, as the curtain fell,
"Is the new Canaan of our Israel,—
The land of promise to the swarming North,
Which, hive-like, sends its annual surplus forth,
To the poor Southron on his worn-out soil,
Scathed by the curses of unnatural toil;
To Europe's exiles seeking home and rest,
And the lank nomads of the wandering west,
Who, asking neither, in their love of change
And the free bison's amplitude of range,
Rear the log hut, for present shelter meant,
Not future comfort, like an Arab's tent."

Then spake a shrewd on-looker,
"Sir," said he,
"I like your picture, but I fain would see
A sketch of what your promised land will be
When, with electric nerve, and fiery-brained,

With Nature's forces to its chariot chained,
The future grasping by the past obeyed,
The twentieth century rounds a new decade."

Then said the Showman, sadly:
"He who grieves
Over the scattering of the sibyl's leaves
Unwisely mourns. Suffice it, that we know
What needs must ripen from the seed we sow;
That present time is but the mould wherein
We cast the shapes of holiness and sin.
A painful watcher of the passing hour,
Its lust of gold, its strife for place and power;
Its lack of manhood, honor, reverence, truth,
Wise-thoughted age, and generous-hearted youth;
Nor yet unmindful of each better sign,—
The low, far lights, which on th' horizon shine,
Like those which sometimes tremble on the rim
Of clouded skies when day is closing dim,
Flashing athwart the purple spears of rain
The hope of sunshine on the hills again:—
I need no prophet's word, nor shapes that pass
Like clouding shadows o'er a magic glass;
For now, as ever, passionless and cold,
Doth the dread angel of the future hold
Evil and good before us, with no voice
Or warning look to guide us in our choice;

With spectral hands outreaching
through the gloom
The shadowy contrasts of the coming
doom.
Transferred from these, it now remains
to give
The sun and shade of Fate's alterna-
tive."

Then, with a burst of music, touch-
ing all
The keys of thrifty life,—the mill-
stream's fall,
The engine's pant along its quivering
rails,
The anvil's ring, the measured beat of
flails,
The sweep of scythes, the reaper's
whistled tune,
Answering the summons of the bells
of noon,
The woodman's hail along the river
shores,
The steamboat's signal, and the dip of
oars,—
Slowly the curtain rose from off a land
Fair as God's garden. Broad on
either hand
The golden wheat-fields glimmered in
the sun,
And the tall maize its yellow tassels
spun.
Smooth highways set with hedge-
rows living green,
With steeped towns through shaded
vistas seen,
The school-house murmuring with its
hive-like swarm,
The brook-bank whitening in the
grist-mill's storm,
The painted farm-house shining
through the leaves
Of fruited orchards bending at its
eaves,
Where live again, around the West-
ern hearth,
The homely old-time virtues of the
North;
Where the blithe housewife rises with
the day,

And well-paid labor counts his task a
play.
And, grateful tokens of a Bible
free,
And the free Gospel of Humanity,
Of diverse sects and differing names
the shrines,
One in their faith, whate'er their out-
ward signs,
Like varying strophes of the same
sweet hymn
From many a prairie's swell and
river's brim,
A thousand church-spires sanctify the
air
Of the calm Sabbath, with their sign
of prayer.

Like sudden nightfall over bloom
and green
The curtain dropped: and, momently,
between
The clank of fetter and the crack of
thong,
Half sob, half laughter, music swept
along,—
A strange refrain, whose idle words
and low,
Like drunken mourners, kept the time
of woe;
As if the revellers at a masquer-
ade
Heard in the distance funeral marches
played.
Such music, dashing all his smiles
with tears,
The thoughtful voyager on Ponchar-
train hears,
Where, through the noonday dusk of
wooded shores
The negro boatman, singing to his
oars,
With a wild pathos borrowed of his
wrong
Redeems the jargon of his senseless
song.
“Look,” said the Showman, sternly,
as he rolled
His curtain upward; “Fate's reverse
behold!”

A village straggling in loose disarray
 Of vulgar newness, premature decay ;
 A tavern, crazy with its whiskey brawls,
 With "Slaves at Auction!" garnishing its walls.
 Without, surrounded by a motley crowd,
 The shrewd-eyed salesman, garrulous and loud,
 A squire or colonel in his pride of place,
 Known at free fights, the caucus, and the race,
 Prompt to proclaim his honor without blot,
 And silence doubters with a ten-pace shot,
 Mingling the negro-driving bully's rant
 With pious phrase and democratic cant,
 Yet never scrupling, with a filthy jest,
 To sell the infant from its mother's breast,
 Break through all ties of wedlock, home, and kin,
 Yield shrinking girlhood up to gray-beard sin ;
 Sell all the virtues with his human stock,
 The Christian graces on his auction-block,
 And coolly count on shrewdest bargains driven
 In hearts regenerate, and in souls forgiven !

Look once again ! The moving canvas shows
 A slave plantation's slovenly repose,
 Where, in rude cabins rotting midst their weeds,
 The human chattel eats, and sleeps, and breeds ;
 And, held a brute, in practice, as in law,
 Becomes in fact the thing he's taken for.

There, early summoned to the hemp and corn,
 The nursing mother leaves her child new-born ;
 There haggard sickness, weak and deathly faint,
 Crawls to his task, and fears to make complaint ;
 And sad-eyed Rachels, childless in decay,
 Weep for their lost ones sold and torn away !
 Of ampler size the master's dwelling stands,
 In shabby keeping with his half-tilled lands, —
 The gates unhinged, the yard with weeds unclean,
 The cracked veranda with a tipsy lean.
 Without, loose-scattered like a wreck adrift,
 Signs of misrule and tokens of unthrift ;
 Within, profusion to discomfort joined,
 The listless body and the vacant mind ;
 The fear, the hate, the theft and falsehood, born
 In menial hearts of toil, and stripes, and scorn !
 There, all the vices, which, like birds obscene,
 Batten on slavery loathsome and unclean,
 From the foul kitchen to the parlor rise,
 Pollute the nursery where the child-heir lies,
 Taint infant lips beyond all after cure,
 With the fell poison of a breast impure ;
 Touch boyhood's passions with the breath of flame,
 From girlhood's instincts steal the blush of shame.
 So swells, from low to high, from weak to strong,
 The tragic chorus of the baleful wrong ;

Guilty or guiltless, all within its range
Feel the blind justice of its sure revenge.

Still scenes like these the moving chart reveals.
Up the long western steppes the blighting steals;
Down the Pacific slope the evil Fate Glides like a shadow to the Golden Gate:
From sea to sea the drear eclipse is thrown,
From sea to sea the *Mauvaises Terres* have grown,
A belt of curses on the New World's zone!

The curtain fell. All drew a freer breath,
As men are wont to do when mournful death Is covered from their sight. The Showman stood With drooping brow in sorrow's attitude
One moment, then with sudden gesture shook His loose hair back, and with the air and look Of one who felt, beyond the narrow stage And listening group, the presence of the age, And heard the footsteps of the things to be, Poured out his soul in earnest words and free.

"O friends!" he said, "in this poor trick of paint You see the semblance, incomplete and faint, Of the two-fronted Future, which, to-day, Stands dim and silent, waiting in your way. To-day, your servant, subject to your will;

To-morrow, master, or for good or ill. If the dark face of Slavery on you turns, If the mad curse its paper barrier spurns, If the world granary of the West is made The last foul market of the slaver's trade, Why rail at fate? The mischief is your own. Why hate your neighbor? Blame yourselves alone!

"Men of the North! The South you charge with wrong Is weak and poor, while you are rich and strong. If questions,—idle and absurd as those The old-time monks and Paduan doctors chose,— Mere ghosts of questions, tariffs, and dead banks, And scarecrow pontiffs, never broke your ranks, Your thews united could, at once, roll back The jostled nation to its primal track. Nay, were you simply steadfast, manly, just, True to the faith your fathers left in trust, If stainless honor outweighed in your scale A codfish quintal or a factory bale, Full many a noble heart, (and such remain In all the South, like Lot in Siddim's plain, Who watch and wait, and from the wrong's control Keep white and pure their chastity of soul,) Now sick to loathing of your weak complaints, Your tricks as sinners, and your prayers as saints, Would half-way meet the frankness of your tone,

And feel their pulses beating with your own.

“ The North! the South! no geographic line
 Can fix the boundary or the point define,
 Since each with each so closely inter-blends,
 Where Slavery rises, and where Freedom ends.
 Beneath your rocks the roots, far-reaching, hide
 Of the fell Upas on the Southern side ;
 The tree whose branches in your north winds wave
 Dropped its young blossoms on Mount Vernon’s grave ;
 The nursling growth of Monticello’s crest
 Is now the glory of the free Northwest ;
 To the wise maxims of her olden school
 Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul ;
 Seward’s words of power, and Sumner’s fresh renown,
 Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down !
 And when, at length, her years of madness o’er,
 Like the crowned grazer on Euphrates’ shore,
 From her long lapse to savagery, her mouth
 Bitter with baneful herbage, turns the South,
 Resumes her old attire, and seeks to smooth
 Her unkempt tresses at the glass of truth,
 Her early faith shall find a tongue again,
 New Wythes and Pinckneys swell that old refrain,
 Her sons with yours renew the ancient pact,
 The myth of Union prove at last a fact !

Then, if one murmur mars the wide content,
 Some Northern lip will drawl the last dissent,
 Some Union-saving patriot of your own
 Lament to find his occupation gone.

“ Grant that the North’s insulted, scorned, betrayed,
 O’erreached in bargains with her neighbor made,
 When selfish thrift and party held the scales
 For peddling dicker, not for honest sales, —
 Whom shall we strike ? Who most deserves our blame ?
 The braggart Southron, open in his aim,
 And bold as wicked, crashing straight through all
 That bars his purpose, like a cannon-ball ?
 Or the mean traitor, breathing northern air,
 With nasal speech and puritanic hair,
 Whose cant the loss of principle survives,
 As the mud-turtle e’en its head out-lives ;
 Who, caught, chin-buried in some foul offence,
 Puts on a look of injured innocence,
 And consecrates his baseness to the cause
 Of constitution, union, and the laws ?

“ Praise to the place-man who can hold aloof
 His still unpurchased manhood, office-proof ;
 Who on his round of duty walks erect,
 And leaves it only rich in self-respect.—
 As MORE maintained his virtue’s lofty port
 In the Eighth Henry’s base and bloody court.
 But, if exceptions here and there are found,

Who tread thus safely on enchanted ground,
The normal type, the fitting symbol still
Of those who fatten at the public mill,
Is the chained dog beside his master's door,
Or CIRCE's victim, feeding on all four!

"Give me the heroes who, at tuck of drum,
Salute thy staff, immortal Quattlebum!
Or they who, doubly armed with vote and gun,
Following thy lead, illustrious Atchison,
Their drunken franchise shift from scene to scene.
As tile-beard Jourdan did his guillotine!—
Rather than him who, born beneath our skies,
To Slavery's hand its supplest tool supplies,—
The party felon whose unblushing face
Looks from the pillory of his bribe of place,
And coolly makes a merit of disgrace,—
Points to the footmarks of indignant scorn,
Shows the deep scars of satire's tossing horn;
And passes to his credit side the sum
Of all that makes a scoundrel's martyrdom!

"Bane of the North, its canker and its moth!—
These modern Esaus, bartering rights for broth!
Taxing our justice, with their double claim,
As fools for pity, and as knaves for blame;
Who, urged by party, sect, or trade, within
The fell embrace of Slavery's sphere of sin,

Part at the outset with their moral sense,
The watchful angel set for Truth's defence;
Confound all contrasts, good and ill; reverse
The poles of life, its blessing and its curse;
And lose thenceforth from their perverted sight
The eternal difference 'twixt the wrong and right;
To them the Law is but the iron span
That girds the ankles of imbruted man;
To them the Gospel has no higher aim
Than simple sanction of the master's claim,
Dragged in the slime of Slavery's loathsome trail,
Like Chalier's Bible at his ass's tail!

"Such are the men who, with instinctive dread,
Whenever Freedom lifts her drooping head,
Make prophet-tripods of their office-stools,
And scare the nurseries and the village schools
With dire presage of ruin grim and great,
A broken Union and a foundered State!
Such are the patriots, self-bound to the stake
Of office, martyrs for their country's sake:
Who fill themselves the hungry jaws of Fate,
And by their loss of manhood save the State.
In the wide gulf themselves like Curtius throw,
And test the virtues of cohesive dough;
As tropic monkeys, linking heads and tails,
Bridge o'er some torrent of Ecuador's vales!

“ Such are the men who in your churches rave
 To swearing-point, at mention of the slave,
 When some poor parson, haply un-aware,
 Stammers of freedom in his timid prayers ;
 Who, if some foot-sore negro through the town
 Steals northward, volunteer to hunt him down.
 Or, if some neighbor, flying from disease,
 Courts the mild balsam of the Southern breeze,
 With hue and cry pursue him on his track,
 And write *Free-soiler* on the poor man’s back.
 Such are the men who leave the pedler’s cart,
 While faring South, to learn the driver’s art,
 Or, in white neckcloth, soothe with pious aim
 The graceful sorrows of some languid dame,
 Who, from the wreck of her bereavement, saves
 The double charm of widowhood and slaves ! —
 Pliant and apt, they lose no chance to show
 To what base depths apostasy can go ;
 Outdo the natives in their readiness
 To roast a negro, or to mob a press ;
 Poise a tarred schoolmate on the lynch-er’s rail,
 Or make a bonfire of their birthplace mail !

“ So some poor wretch, whose lips no longer bear
 The sacred burden of his mother’s prayer,
 By fear impelled, or lust of gold enticed,
 Turns to the Crescent from the Cross of Christ,

And, over-acting in superfluous zeal,
 Crawls prostrate where the faithful only kneel,
 Out-howl the Dervish, hugs his rags to court
 The squalid Santon’s sanctity of dirt ;
 And, when beneath the city gateway’s span
 Files slow and long the Meccan caravan,
 And through its midst, pursued by Islam’s prayers,
 The prophet’s Word some favored camel bears,
 The marked apostate has his place assigned
 The Koran-bearer’s sacred rump behind,
 With brush and pitcher following, grave and mute,
 In meek attendance on the holy brute !

“ Men of the North ! beneath your very eyes,
 By hearth and home, your real danger lies.
 Still day by day some hold of freedom falls,
 Through home-bred traitors fed within its walls. —
 Men whom yourselves with vote and purse sustain,
 At posts of honor, influence, and gain ;
 The right of Slavery to your sons to teach,
 And “ South-side ” Gospels in your pulpits preach,
 Transfix the Law to ancient freedom dear
 On the sharp point of her subverted spear,
 And imitate upon her cushion plump
 The mad Missourian lynching from his stump ;
 Or, in your name, upon the Senate’s floor
 Yield up to Slavery all it asks, and more ;

And, ere your dull eyes open to the cheat,
Sell your old homestead underneath your feet!
While such as these your loftiest outlooks hold,
While truth and conscience with your wares are sold,
While grave-browed merchants band themselves to aid
An annual man-hunt for their Southern trade,
What moral power within your grasp remains
To stay the mischief on Nebraska's plains?—
High as the tides of generous impulse flow.
As far rolls back the selfish undertow :
And all your brave resolves, though aimed as true
As the horse-pistol Balmawhapple drew,
To Slavery's bastions lend as slight a shock
As the poor trooper's shot to Stirling rock!

“ Yet, while the need of Freedom's cause demands
The earnest efforts of your hearts and hands,
Urged by all motives that can prompt the heart
To prayer and toil and manhood's manliest part ;
Though to the soul's deep tocsin
Nature joins
The warning whisper of her Orphic pines,
The north-wind's anger, and the south-wind's sigh,
The midnight sword-dance of the northern sky,
And, to the ear that bends above the sod
Of the green grave-mounds in the Fields of God,
In low, deep murmurs of rebuke or cheer,

The land's dead fathers speak their hope or fear,
Yet let not Passion wrest from Reason's hand
The guiding rein and symbol of command.
Blame not the caution proffering to your zeal
A well-meant drag upon its hurrying wheel ;
Nor chide the man whose honest doubt extends
To the means only, not the righteous ends ;
Nor fail to weigh the scruples and the fears
Of milder natures and serener years.
In the long strife with evil which began
With the first lapse of new-created man,
Wisely and well has Providence assigned
To each his part,— some forward, some behind ;
And they, too, serve who temper and restrain
The o'erwarm heart that sets on fire the brain.
True to yourselves, feed Freedom's altar-flame
With what you have ; let others do the same.
Spare timid doubters ; set like flint your face
Against the self-sold knaves of gain and place :
Pity the weak ; but with unsparing hand
Cast out the traitors who infest the land,—
From bar, press, pulpit, cast them everywhere,
By dint of fasting, if you fail by prayer.
And in their place bring men of antique mould,
Like the grave fathers of your Age of Gold,—
Statesmen like those who sought the primal fount

Of righteous law, the Sermon on the Mount ;
 Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our day
 Still spared, Heaven bless him !) honor more than pay,
 And Christian jurists, starry-pure, like Jay ;
 Preachers like Woolman, or like them who bore
 The faith of Wesley to our Western shore,
 And held no convert genuine till he broke
 Alike his servants' and the Devil's yoke ;
 And priests like him who Newport's market trod,
 And o'er its slave-ships shook the bolts of God !
 So shall your power, with a wise prudence used,
 Strong but forbearing, firm but not abused,
 In kindly keeping with the good of all,
 The nobler maxims of the past recall,
 Her natural home-born right to Freedom give,
 And leave her foe his robber-right,— to live.
 Live, as the snake does in his noisome fen !
 Live, as the wolf does in his bone-strewn den !
 Live, clothed with cursing like a robe of flame,
 The focal point of million-fingered shame !
 Live, till the Southron, who, with all his faults,
 Has manly instincts, in his pride revolts,
 Dashes from off him, midst the glad world's cheers,
 The hideous nightmare of his dream of years,
 And lifts, self-prompted, with his own right hand,

The vile encumbrance from his glorious land !
 “ So, wheresoe'er our destiny sends forth
 Its widening circles to the South or North,
 Where'er our banner flaunts beneath the stars
 Its mimic splendors and its cloudlike bars,
 There shall Free Labor's hardy children stand
 The equal sovereigns of a slaveless land.
 And when at last the hunted bison tires,
 And dies o'er taken by the squatter's fires ;
 And westward, wave on wave, the living flood
 Breaks on the snow-line of majestic Hood ;
 And lonely Shasta listening hears the tread
 Of Europe's fair-haired children, Hesper-led ;
 And, gazing downward through his hoar-lock's, sees
 The tawny Asian climb his giant knees,
 The Eastern sea shall hush his waves to hear
 Pacific's surf-beat answer Freedom's cheer,
 And one long rolling fire of triumph run
 Between the sunrise and the sunset gun ! ”

My task is done. The Showman and his show,
 Themselves but shadows, into shadows go ;
 And, if no song of idlesse I have sung,
 Nor tints of beauty on the canvas flung, —

If the harsh numbers grate on tender ears,
 And the rough picture overwrought appears,—
 With deeper coloring, with a sterner blast,
 Before my soul a voice and vision passed,
 Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,
 Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.
 O, not of choice, for themes of public wrong
 I leave the green and pleasant paths of song,—
 The mild, sweet words which soften and adorn,
 For griding taunt and bitter laugh of scorn.
 More dear to me some song of private worth,
 Some homely idyl of my native North,
 Some summer pastoral of her inland vales

And sea-brown hamlets, through whose misty gales
 Flit the dim ghosts of unreturning sails,—
 Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm
 With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's elm;
 Nor private grief nor malice hold my pen;
 I owe but kindness to my fellow-men.
 And, South or North, wherever hearts of prayer
 Their woes and weakness to our Father bear,
 Wherever fruits of Christian love are found
 In holy lives, to me is holy ground.
 But the time passes. It were vain to crave
 A late indulgence. What I had I gave.
 Forget the poet, but his warning heed,
 And shame his poor word with your nobler deed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

I. NOON.

WHITE clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
 Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
 The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm!—O dark, still wood!
 And stiller skies that overbrood
 Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
 Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
 Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
 And softer lights and airs more bland,
 And skies,—the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
 With mine your solemn spirit blends,
 And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
 I know the voice of wave and pine,
 And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
 I lapse into the glad release
 Of nature's own exceeding peace.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away ;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

This western wind hath Lethean
powers,
Yon noonday cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus-flowers !

Even Duty's voice is faint and low,
And slumberous Conscience, waking
slow,
Forgets her blotted scroll to show.

The Shadow which pursues us all,
Whose ever-nearing steps appall,
Whose voice we hear behind us call,—

That Shadow blends with mountain
gray,
It speaks but what the light waves
say,—
Death walks apart from Fear to-day!

Rocked on her breast, these pines
and I
Alike on Nature's love rely ;
And equal seems to live or die.

Assured that He whose presence fills
With light the spaces of these hills
No evil to his creatures wills,

The simple faith remains, that He
Will do, whatever that may be,
The best alike for man and tree.

What mosses over one shall grow,
What light and life the other know,
Unanxious, leaving Him to show.

II. EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with
night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleam-
ing crown

The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks
down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed ! How sharply
show

The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below !

How far and strange the mountains
seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still
light !

The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled
vale,
Hushed by that presence grand
and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes ! whereto the Day and
Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall
break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the
lake !

Farewell ! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in
bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may
stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than
I :

Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky ;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay ;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day ;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering
here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering
dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of
pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall ;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all !

O, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy
face,

Lake of the Northland ! keep thy
dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of
power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

THE HERMIT OF THE THEBAID.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,
From inmost founts of life ye start,—
The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart !

From pastoral toil, from traffic's din,
Alone, in crowds, at home, abroad,
Unheard of man, ye enter in
The ear of God.

Ye brook no forced and measured
tasks,
Nor weary rote, nor formal chains ;
The simple heart, that freely asks
In love, obtains.

For man the living temple is :
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in
deeds,
And wearies Heaven for naught above
Our common needs.

Which brings to God's all-perfect will
That trust of his undoubting child
Whereby all seeming good and ill
Are reconciled.

And, seeking not for special signs
Of favor, is content to fall
Within the providence which shines
And rains on all.

Alone, the Thebaid hermit leaned
At noontime o'er the sacred word.
Was it an angel or a fiend
Whose voice he heard ?

It broke the desert's hush of awe,
A human utterance, sweet and
mild ;
And, looking up, the hermit saw
A little child.

A child, with wonder-widened eyes,
O'erawed and troubled by the sight
Of hot, red sands, and brazen skies,
And anchorite.

“ What dost thou here, poor man ?
No shade
Of cool, green doums, nor grass,
nor well,
Nor corn, nor vines.” The hermit
said :
“ With God I dwell.

“Alone with Him in this great calm,
I live not by the outward sense;
My Nile his love, my sheltering palm
His providence.”

The child gazed round him. “Does
God live
Here only?—where the desert’s
rim
Is green with corn, at morn and eve,
We pray to Him.

“My brother tills beside the Nile
His little field: beneath the leaves
My sisters sit and spin the while,
My mother weaves.

“And when the millet’s ripe heads
fall,
And all the bean-field hangs in pod,
My mother smiles, and says that all
Are gifts from God.

“And when to share our evening
meal,
She calls the stranger at the door,
She says God fills the hands that deal
Food to the poor.”

Adown the hermit’s wasted cheeks
Glistened the flow of human tears;
“Dear Lord!” he said, “thy angel
speaks,
Thy servant hears.”

Within his arms the child he took,
And thought of home and life with
men;
And all his pilgrim feet forsook
Returned again.

The palmy shadows cool and long,
The eyes that smiled through lavish
locks,
Home’s cradle-hymn and harvest-
song,
And bleat of flocks.

“O child!” he said, “thou teachest
me

There is no place where God is not;
That love will make, where’er it be,
A holy spot.”

He rose from off the desert sand,
And, leaning on his staff of thorn,
Went, with the young child, hand-in-
hand,
Like night with morn.

They crossed the desert’s burning
line,
And heard the palm-tree’s rustling
fan,
The Nile-bird’s cry, the low of kine,
And voice of man.

Unquestioning, his childish guide
He followed as the small hand led
To where a woman, gentle-eyed,
Her distaff fed.

She rose, she clasped her truant boy,
She thanked the stranger with her
eyes.
The hermit gazed in doubt and joy
And dumb surprise.

And lo!—with sudden warmth and
light
A tender memory thrilled his frame;
New-born, the world-lost anchorite
A man became.

“O sister of El Zara’s race,
Behold me!—had we not one
mother?”
She gazed into the stranger’s face;—
“Thou art my brother?”

“O kin of blood!—Thy life of use
And patient trust is more than
mine;
And wiser than the gray recluse
This child of thine.

“For, taught of him whom God hath
sent,
That toil is praise, and love is
prayer,

I come, life's cares and pains content
With thee to share."

Even as his foot the threshold crossed,
The hermit's better life began;
Its holiest saint the Thebaid lost,
And found a man!

BURNS.

ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER
IN BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong
To Scottish maid and lover;
Sown in the common soil of song,
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and
showers,
The minstrel and the heather,
The deathless singer and the flowers
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
How, at their mention, memory turns
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold
And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows
hold
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and
soil
From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky, that flecked the ground of
toil
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,
The early harvest mowing,
The sky with sun and clouds at play,
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,
The locust in the haying;

And, like the fabled hunter's horn,
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang with Burns the hours away,
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, over-
head
I heard the squirrels leaping,
The good dog listened while I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood
I read "*The Twa Dogs'*" story,
And half believed he understood
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs!—The golden
hours
Grew brighter for that singing,
From brook and bird and meadow
flowers
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature
beamed,
New glory over Woman;
And daily life and duty seemed
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth
Of fact and feeling better
Than all the dreams that held my
youth
A still repining debtor:

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,
The themes of sweet discoursing;
The tender idylls of the heart
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

I saw through all familiar things
The romance underlying;

The joys and griefs that plume the
wings
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,
The same sweet fall of even,
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery
hills
The sweet-brier and the clover;
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,
I saw the Man uprising;
No longer common or unclean,
The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eyes I saw the worth
Of life among the lowly;
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,
To lawless love appealing,
Broke in upon the sweet refrain
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,
No inward answer gaining;
No heart had I to see or hear
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings;
Sweet Soul of Song! — I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line
Which tells his lapse from duty,
How kissed the maddening lips of wine
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade be-
tween
The erring one and Heaven,
That he who loved like Magdalen,
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous
chime
Eternal echoes render,—
The mournful Tuscan's haunted
rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes!
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary!

WILLIAM FORSTER.

THE years are many since his hand
Was laid upon my head,
Too weak and young to understand
The serious words he said.

Yet often now the good man's look
Before me seems to swim,
As if some inward feeling took
The outward guise of him.

As if, in passion's heated war,
Or near temptation's charm,
Through him the low-voiced monitor
Forewarned me of the harm.

Stranger and pilgrim! — from that day
Of meeting, first and last,
Wherever Duty's pathway lay,
His reverent steps have passed.

The poor to feed, the lost to seek,
To proffer life to death,
Hope to the erring, — to the weak
The strength of his own faith.

To plead the captive's right ; remove
The sting of hate from Law ;
And soften in the fire of love
The hardened steel of War.

He walked the dark world, in the
mild,
Still guidance of the Light ;
In tearful tenderness a child,
A strong man in the right.

From what great perils, on his way,
He found, in prayer, release ;
Through what abysmal shadows lay
His pathway unto peace,

God knoweth : we could only see
The tranquil strength he gained ;
The bondage lost in liberty,
The fear in love unfeigned.

And I,—my youthful fancies grown
The habit of the man,
Whose field of life by angels sown
The wilding vines o'erran,—

Low bowed in silent gratitude,
My manhood's heart enjoys
That reverence for the pure and good
Which blessed the dreaming boy's.

Still shines the light of holy lives
Like star-beams over doubt ;
Each sainted memory, Christlike,
drives
Some dark possession out.

O friend! O brother! not in vain
Thy life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
The fall of summer dew!

How many burdened hearts have
prayed
Their lives like thine might be!
But more shall pray henceforth for aid
To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
In old age as in youth,

Thy Master found thee sowing still
The good seed of his truth.

As on thy task-field closed the day
In golden-skied decline,
His angel met thee on the'way,
And lent his arm to thine.

Thy latest care for man,—thy last
Of earthly thought a prayer,—
O, who thy mantle, backward cast,
Is worthy now to wear?

Methinks the mound which marks thy
bed
Might bless our land and save,
As rose, of old, to life the dead
Who touched the prophet's grave!

RANTOUL.

ONE day, along the electric wire
His manly word for Freedom sped ;
We came next morn : that tongue of
fire
Said only, " He who spake is dead ! "

Dead ! while his voice was living yet,
In echoes round the pillared dome !
Dead ! while his blotted page lay wet
With themes of state and loves of
home !

Dead ! in that crowning grace of time,
That triumph of life's zenith hour !
Dead ! while we watched his man-
hood's prime
Break from the slow bud into
flower !

Dead ! he so great, and strong, and
wise,
While the mean thousands yet drew
breath ;
How deepened, through that dread
surprise,
The mystery and the awe of death !

From the high place whereon our
votes
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest, fell
His first words, like the prelude notes
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
Our champion waiting in his place
For the last battle of the world,—
The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the
word
Which wins the freedom of a land;
And lift, for human right, the sword
Which dropped from Hampden's
dying hand.

For he had sat at Sidney's feet,
And walked with Pym and Vane
apart;
And, through the centuries, felt the
beat
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's
heart.

He knew the paths the worthies held,
Where England's best and wisest
trod;
And, lingering, drank the springs
that welled
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised and clear, he showed
away
The coolness of his northern night,
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
He pressed where others paused or
failed;
The calm star climb with constant
will,—
The restless meteor flashed and
paled!

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew
And owned the higher ends of Law;

Still rose majestic on his view
The awful Shape the schoolman
saw.

Her home the heart of God; her
voice
The choral harmonies whereby
The stars, through all their spheres,
rejoice,
The rhythmic rule of earth and
sky!

We saw his great powers misapplied
To poor ambitions; yet, through
all,
We saw him take the weaker side,
And right the wronged, and free
the thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North
For one like him in word and act,
To call her old, free spirit forth,
And give her faith the life of fact,—

To break her party bonds of shame,
And labor with the zeal of him
To make the Democratic name
Of Liberty the synonyme,—

We sweep the land from hill to strand,
We seek the strong, the wise, the
brave,
And, sad of heart, return to stand
In silence by a new-made grave!

There, where his breezy hills of home
Look out upon his sail-white seas,
The sounds of winds and waters come,
And shape themselves to words
like these:

“Why, murmuring, mourn that he,
whose power
Was lent to Party over-long,
Heard the still whisper at the hour
He set his foot on Party wrong?

“The human life that closed so well
No lapse of folly now can stain;

The lips whence Freedom's protest fell
No meaner thought can now profane.

“ Mightier than living voice his grave
That lofty protest utters o'er;
Through roaring wind and smiting wave
It speaks his hate of wrong once more.

“ Men of the North! your weak regret
Is wasted here; arise and pay
To freedom and to him your debt,
By following where he led the way!”

THE DREAM OF PIO NONO.

IT chanced, that while the pious troops of France
Fought in the crusade Pio Nono preached,
What time the holy Bourbons stayed
his hands
(The Hur and Aaron meet for such a Moses),
Stretched forth from Naples towards rebellious Rome
To bless the ministry of Oudinot,
And sanctify his iron homilies
And sharp persuasions of the bayonet,
That the great pontiff fell asleep, and dreamed.

He stood by Lake Tiberias, in the sun
Of the bright Orient; and beheld the lame,
The sick, and blind, kneel at the Master's feet,
And rise up whole. And, sweetly over all,
Dropping the ladder of their hymn of praise
From heaven to earth, in silver rounds of song,

He heard the blessed angels sing of peace,
Good-will to man, and glory to the Lord.

Then one, with feet unshod, and leathern face
Hardened and darkened by fierce summer suns
And hot winds of the desert, closer drew
His fisher's haick, and girded up his loins,
. And spake, as one who had authority:
“ Come thou with me.”

Lakeside and eastern sky
And the sweet song of angels passed away,
And, with a dream's alacrity of change,
The priest, and the swart fisher by his side,
Beheld the Eternal City lift its domes
And solemn fanes and monumental pomp
Above the waste Campagna. On the hills
The blaze of burning villas rose and fell,
And momently the mortar's iron throat
Roared from the trenches; and, within the walls,
Sharp crash of shells, low groans of human pain,
Shout, drum beat, and the clangling larum-bell,
And tramp of hosts, sent up a mingled sound,
Half wail and half defiance. As they passed
The gate of San Pancrazio, human blood
Flowed ankle-high about them, and dead men
Choked the long street with gashed and gory piles,—
A ghastly barricade of mangled flesh,

From which, at times, quivered a living hand,
And white lips moved and moaned.
A father tore
His gray hairs, by the body of his son,
In frenzy; and his fair young daughter wept
On his old bosom. Suddenly a flash
Clove the thick sulphurous air, and man and maid
Sank, crushed and mangled by the shattering shell.

Then spake the Galilean: "Thou hast seen
The blessed Master and his works of love;
Look now on thine! Hear'st thou the angels sing
Above this open hell? *Thou* God's high-priest!
Thou the Vicegerent of the Prince of Peace!
Thou the successor of his chosen ones!
I, Peter, fisherman of Galilee,
In the dear Master's name, and for the love
Of his true Church, proclaim thee Anti-christ,
Alien and separate from his holy faith,
Wide as the difference between death and life,
The hate of man and the great love of God!
Hence, and repent!"

Thereat the pontiff woke,
Trembling, and muttering o'er his fearful dream.
"What means he?" cried the Bourbon. "Nothing more
Than that your majesty hath all too well
Catered for your poor guests, and that, in sooth,
The Holy Father's supper troubleth him,"
Said Cardinal Antonelli, with a smile.

TAULER.

TAULER, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed.
Even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden-leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said,
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again,

"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled,
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not his life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy Trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily,
"be it so.
What Hell may be I know not; this I know,—
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord:

One arm, Humility, takes hold upon His dear Humanity; the other, Love, Clasps his Divinity. So where I go He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
While tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where In the noon-brightness the great Minister's tower,
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,

Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,
 "The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes.
 As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
 The dark triangle of its shade alone
 When the clear day is shining on its top,
 So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
 Is but the shadow of God's providence,
 By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
 And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY READING A STATE PAPER, WHEREIN THE HIGHER LAW IS INVOKED TO SUSTAIN THE LOWER ONE.

A PIous magistrate! sound his praise throughout
 The wondering churches. Who shall henceforth doubt
 That the long-wished millennium draweth nigh?
 Sin in high places has become devout,
 Tithes mint, goes painful-faced, and prays its lie
 Straight up to Heaven, and calls it piety!

The pirate, watching from his bloody deck

The weltering galleon, heavy with the gold

Of Acapulco, holding death in check
 While prayers are said, brows crossed, and beads are told,—

The robber, kneeling where the way-side cross

On dark Abruzzo tells of life's dread loss

From his own carbine, glancing still abroad

For some new victim, offering thanks to God!—
 Rome, listening at her altars to the cry
 Of midnight Murder, while her hounds of hell
 Scour France, from baptized cannon and holy bell
 And thousand-throated priesthood, loud and high,
 Pealing Te Deums to the shuddering sky,
 "Thanks to the Lord, who giveth victory!"
 What prove these, but that crime was ne'er so black
 As ghostly cheer and pious thanks to lack?
 Satan is modest. At Heaven's door he lays
 His evil offspring, and, in Scriptural phrase
 And saintly posture, gives to God the praise
 And honor of the monstrous progeny.
 What marvel, then, in our own time to see
 His old devices, smoothly acted o'er,—
 Official piety, locking fast the door
 Of Hope against three million souls of men,—
 Brothers, God's children, Christ's redeemed,—and then,
 With uprolled eyeballs and on bended knee,
 Whining a prayer for help to hide the key!

THE VOICES.

"WHY urge the long, unequal fight,
 Since Truth has fallen in the street,
 Or lift anew the trampled light,
 Quenched by the heedless million's feet?

"Give o'er the thankless task; forsake
 The fools who know not ill from good;

Eat, drink, enjoy thy own, and take
Thine ease among the multitude.

“ Live out thyself; with others share
Thy proper life no more; assume
The unconcern of sun and air,
For life or death, or blight or bloom.

“ The mountain pine looks calmly on
The fires that scourge the plains
below,
Nor heeds the eagle in the sun
The small birds piping in the snow!

“ The world is God’s, not thine; let
him
Work out a change, if change must
be:
The hand that planted best can trim
And nurse the old unfruitful tree.”

So spake the Tempter, when the light
Of sun and stars had left the sky,
I listened, through the cloud and night,
And heard, methought, a voice re-
ply:

“ Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

“ Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven’s benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to
thee.

“ Break off that sacred chain, and turn
Back on thyself thy love and care;
Be thou thine own mean idol, burn
Faith, Hope, and Trust, thy chil-
dren, there.

“ Released from that fraternal law
Which shares the common bale and
bliss,
No sadder lot could Folly draw,
Or Sin provoke from Fate, than this.

“ The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard’st in vain what love
should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

“ A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward
fields,
The harvest-song of inward peace.

“ Free-lipped the liberal streamlets run,
Free shines for all the healthful ray;
The still pool stagnates in the sun,
The lurid earth-fire haunts decay!

“ What is it, that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with
lies?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom’s temple rise?

“ Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another’s day;
And, if denied the victor’s meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler’s pay.

“ Faith shares the future’s promise;
Love’s
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action
moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

“ Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;
The lion’s strength, the eagle’s speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

“ Thy nature, which, through fire and
flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty’s holiest call obey!

“ Strivest thou in darkness?—Foes
without
In league with traitor thoughts
within;

Thy night-watch kept with trembling
Doubt
And pale Remorse the ghost of
Sin?—

“Hast thou not, on some week of
storm,
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking
fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of its tent of prayer?

“So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of the light!”

THE HERO.

“O FOR a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!

“O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen’s field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
The woman’s heart in love!

“O that man once more were manly,
Woman’s pride, and not her scorn :
That once more the pale young mother
Dared to boast ‘a man is born’ !

“But, now life’s slumberous current
No sun-bowed cascade wakes ;
No tall, heroic manhood
The level dulness breaks.

“O for a knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear!
My light glove on his casque of steel,
My love-knot on his spear!”

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
To the time her proud pulse beat,
“Life hath its regal natures yet,—
True, tender, brave, and sweet!

“Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney’s plume of snow.

“Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenean ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

“Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

“Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

“Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

“With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

“He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from his saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

“‘Allah! hu!’ Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

“Hot spurred the turbaned riders ;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled
darkly down
Between the hills and death.

“One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,

And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

"It was very great and noble,"
Said the moist-eyed listener then,
"But one brave deed makes no hero;
Tell me what he since hath been!"

"Still a brave and generous manhood,
Still an honor without stain,
In the prison of the Kaiser,
By the barricades of Seine.

"But dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold
him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor
And childhood's heart of play.

"True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

"As waves in stillest waters,
As stars in noonday skies,
All that wakes to noble action
In his noon of calmness lies.

"Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
Wherever groans a slave,—

"Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sink a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

MY DREAM.

In my dream, methought I trod,
Yesternight, a mountain road;
Narrow as Al Sirat's span,
High as eagle's flight, it ran.

Overhead, a roof of cloud
With its weight of thunder bowed;
Underneath, to left and right,
Blankness and abysmal night.

Here and there a wild-flower blushed,
Now and then a bird-song gushed;
Now and then, through rifts of shade,
Stars shone out, and sunbeams played.

But the goodly company,
Walking in that path with me,
One by one the brink o'erslid,
One by one the darkness hid.

Some with wailing and lament,
Some with cheerful courage went;
But, of all who smiled or mourned,
Never one to us returned.

Anxiously, with eye and ear,
Questioning that shadow drear,
Never hand in token stirred,
Never answering voice I heard!

Steeper, darker!—lo! I felt
From my feet the pathway melt.
Swallowed by the black despair,
And the hungry jaws of air,

Past the stony-throated caves,
Strangled by the wash of waves,
Past the splintered crags, I sank
On a green and flowery bank,—

Soft as fall of thistle-down,
Lightly as a cloud is blown,

Soothingly as childhood pressed
To the bosom of its rest.

Of the sharp-horned rocks instead,
Green the grassy meadows spread,
Bright with waters singing by
Trees that propped a golden sky.

Painless, trustful, sorrow-free,
Old lost faces welcomed me,
With whose sweetness of content
Still expectant hope was blent.

Waking while the dawning gray
Slowly brightened into day,
Pondering that vision fled,
Thus unto myself I said :—

“ Steep, and hung with clouds of strife,
Is our narrow path of life ;
And our death the dreaded fall
Through the dark, awaiting all.

“ So, with painful steps we climb
Up the dizzy ways of time,
Ever in the shadow shed
By the forecast of our dread.

“ Dread of mystery solved alone,
Of the untried and unknown ;
Yet the end thereof may seem
Like the falling of my dream.

“ And this heart-consuming care,
All our fears of here or there,
Change and absence, loss and death,
Prove but simple lack of faith.”

Thou, O Most Compassionate !
Who didst stoop to our estate,
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain,—

Through the doubt and mystery,
Grant to us thy steps to see,
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.

Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,

Whispering, by its open door :
“ Fear not ! He hath gone before ! ”

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim’s jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood’s painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor’s rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee’s morning chase,
Of the wild-flower’s time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole’s nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape’s clusters
shine ;
Of the black wasp’s cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans ! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,

Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,

Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spearèd the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;

Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

PAINTED UPON A PORTE LIVRE.

How strange to greet, this frosty
morn,
In graceful counterfeit of flowers,
These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers !

How well the conscious wood retains
The pictures of its flower-sown
home,—
The lights and shades, the purple
stains,
And golden hues of bloom !

It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and rime
This painted memory of spring,
This dream of summer-time.

Our hearts are lighter for its sake,
Our fancy's age renews its youth,
And dim-remembered fictions take
The guise of present truth.

A wizard of the Merrimack,—
So old ancestral legends say,—
Could call green leaf and blossom
back
To frosted stem and spray.

The dry logs of the cottage wall,
Beneath his touch, put out their
leaves ;
The clay-bound swallow, at his call,
Played round the icy eaves.

The settler saw his oaken flail
Take bud, and bloom before his
eyes ;
From frozen pools he saw the pale,
Sweet summer lilies rise.

To their old homes, by man pro-
faned,
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,
And through their leafy tongues com-
plained
Of household use and wrong.

The beechen platter sprouted wild,
The pipkin wore its old-time
green ;
The cradle o'er the sleeping child
Became a leafy screen.

Haply our gentle friend hath met,
While wandering in her sylvan
quest,
Haunting his native woodlands yet,
That Druid of the West ; —

And, while the dew on leaf and
flower
Glistened in moonlight clear and
still,
Learned the dusk wizard's spell of
power,
And caught his trick of skill.

But welcome, be it new or old,
The gift which makes the day more
bright,
And paints, upon the ground of cold
And darkness, warmth and light !

Without is neither gold nor green ;
Within, for birds, the birch-logs
sing ;
Yet, summer-like, we sit between
The autumn and the spring.

The one, with bridal blush of rose,
And sweetest breath of woodland
balm,
And one whose matron lips unclose
In smiles of saintly calm.

Fill soft and deep, O winter snow !
The sweet azalia's oaken dells,
And hide the bank where roses
blow,
And swing the azure bells !

O'overlay the amber violet's leaves,
The purple aster's brookside home,
Guard all the flowers her pencil gives
A life beyond their bloom.

And she, when spring comes round
again,
By greening slope and singing flood
Shall wander, seeking, not in vain,
Her darlings of the wood.

THE RENDITION.

I HEARD the train's shrill whistle
call,
I saw an earnest look beseech,
And rather by that look than speech
My neighbor told me all.

And, as I thought of Liberty
Marched hand-cuffed down that
sworded street,
The solid earth beneath my feet
Reeled fluid as the sea.

I felt a sense of bitter loss, —
Shame, tearless grief, and stifling
wrath,
And loathing fear, as if my path
A serpent stretched across.

All love of home, all pride of place,
All generous confidence and trust,
Sank smothering in that deep dis-
gust
And anguish of disgrace.

Down on my native hills of June,
And home's green quiet, hiding all,
Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon!

And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,
Blood-drunken, through the black-
ness trod,
Hoarse-shouting in the ear of God
The blasphemy of wrong.

"O Mother, from thy memories proud,
Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,
Lend this dead air a breeze of
health,
And smite with stars this cloud.

"Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,
Rise awful in thy strength," I said;
Ah me! I spake but to the dead;
I stood upon her grave!

6th mo., 1854.

LINES,

ON THE PASSAGE OF THE BILL TO
PROTECT THE RIGHTS AND LIBER-
TIES OF THE PEOPLE OF THE
STATE AGAINST THE FUGITIVE
SLAVE ACT.

I SAID I stood upon thy grave,
My Mother State, when last the
moon
Of blossoms climb the skies of
June.

And, scattering ashes on my head,
I wore, undreaming of relief,
The sackcloth of thy shame and
grief.

Again that moon of blossoms shines
On leaf and flower and folded
wing,
And thou hast risen with the
spring!

Once more thy strong maternal arms
Are round about thy children
flung,—
A lioness that guards her young!

No threat is on thy closéd lips,
But in thine eye a power to smite
The mad wolf backward from its
light.

Southward the baffled robber's track
Henceforth runs only; hereaway,
The fell lycanthrope finds no prey.

Henceforth, within thy sacred gates,
His first low howl shall downward
draw
The thunder of thy righteous law.

Not mindless of thy trade and gain,
But, acting on the wiser plan,
Thou 'rt grown conservative of man.

So shalt thou clothe with life the
hope,
Dream-painted on the sightless eyes
Of him who sang of Paradise,—

The vision of a Christian man,
In virtue as in stature great,
Embodyed in a Christian State.

And thou, amidst thy sisterhood
Forbearing long, yet standing fast,
Shalt win their grateful thanks at
last;

When North and South shall strive
no more,
And all their feuds and fears be lost
In Freedom's holy Pentecost.

6th mo., 1855.

THE FRUIT-GIFT.

LAST night, just as the tints of au-
tumn's sky
Of sunset faded from our hills and
streams,

I sat, vague listening, lapped in
twilights dreams,
To the leaf's rustle, and the cricket's
cry.
Then, like that basket, flush with sum-
mer fruit,
Dropped by the angels at the Prophet's
foot,
Came, unannounced, a gift of clustered
sweetness,
Full-orbed, and glowing with the
prisoned beams
Of summery suns, and, rounded to
completeness
By kisses of the south-wind and the
dew.
Thrilled with a glad surprise, me-
thought I knew
The pleasure of the homeward-turning
Jew,
When Eschol's clusters on his shoul-
ders lay,
Dropping their sweetness on his
desert way.

I said, "This fruit beseems no world
of sin.
Its parent vine, rooted in Para-
dice,
O'ercrept the wall, and never paid
the price
Of the great mischief,—an ambrosial
tree,
Eden's exotic, somehow smuggled in,
To keep the thorns and thistles
company."
Perchance our frail, sad mother
plucked in haste
A single vine-slip as she passed the
gate,
Where the dread sword, alternate
paled and burned,
And the stern angel, pitying her
fate,
Forgave the lovely trespasser, and
turned
Aside his face of fire; and thus the
waste
And fallen world hath yet its annual
taste

Of primal good, to prove of sin the
cost,
And show by one gleaned ear the
mighty harvest lost.

A MEMORY.

HERE, while the loom of Winter
weaves
The shroud of flowers and foun-
tains,
I think of thee and summer eves
Among the Northern mountains.

When thunder tolled the twilight's
close,
And winds the lake were rude on,
And thou wert singing, *Ca' the Yowes*,
The bonny yowes of Cluden!

When, close and closer, hushing
breath,
Our circle narrowed round thee,
And smiles and tears made up the
wreath
Wherewith our silence crowned
thee;

And, strangers all, we felt the ties
Of sisters and of brothers;
Ah! whose of all those kindly eyes
Now smile upon another's?

The sport of Time, who still apart
The waifs of life is flinging;
O, nevermore shall heart to heart
Draw nearer for that singing!

Yet when the panes are frosty-starred,
And twilight's fire is gleaming,
I hear the songs of Scotland's bard
Sound softly through my dreaming!

A song that lends to winter snows
The glow of summer weather,—
Again I hear thee ca' the yowes
To Cluden's hills of heather!

TO C. S.

IF I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong
 Than praise the right; if seldom to thine ear
 My voice hath mingled with the exultant cheer
 Borne upon all our Northern winds along;
 If I have failed to join the fickle throng
 In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong
 In victory, surprised in thee to find Brougham's scathing power with Cann-
 ning's grace combined;
 That he, for whom the ninefold Muses sang,
 From their twined arms a giant athlete sprang,
 Barbing the arrows of his native tongue
 With the spent shafts Latona's archer flung,
 To smite the Python of our land and time,
 Fell as the monster born of Crissa's slime,
 Like the blind bard who in Castalian springs
 Tempered the steel that clove the crest of kings,
 And on the shrine of England's freedom laid
 The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's shade,—
 Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.
 Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess
 That, even though silent, I have not the less
 Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
 With the large future which I shaped for thee,
 When, years ago, beside the summer sea,

White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall
 Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
 That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
 Opposed alone its massive quietude, Calm as a fate; with not a leaf nor vine
 Nor birch-spray trembling in the still moonshine,
 Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
 That night-scene by the sea prophetic,—
 (For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
 And through her pictures human fate divines),—
 That rock, wherefrom we saw the bil-lows sink
 In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall
 In the white light of heaven, the type of one
 Who, momently by Error's host assailed,
 Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed;
 And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
 The tumult, hears the angels say, Well done!

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

WE cross the prairie as of old
 The pilgrims crossed the sea,
 To make the West, as they the East,
 The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men
 On Freedom's southern line,
 And plant beside the cotton-tree
 The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
 As our free rivers flow;
 The blessing of our Mother-land
 Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We 'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

SONG OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

WHERE are we going? where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Lord of peoples, lord of lands,
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing!

Speak and tell us where we are going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornou land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields, and bloom of bean,
And the palm-tree cool and green:
Bornou land we see no longer,
Here we thirst and here we hunger,
Here the Moor-man smites in anger:
Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornou land,
We were like the leaves and sand,

We were many, we are few;
Life has one, and death has two:
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!
Hear us, tell us, where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes
Bornou land behind us lies;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing,—
Lord of all things!—where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but Thou art strong;
Short our lives, but Thine is long;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes;
We are fools, but Thou art wise!
Thou, our morrow's pathway knowing
Through the strange world round us growing,
Hear us, tell us where are we going,
Where are we going, Rubee?

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO FRIENDS UNDER ARREST FOR TREASON AGAINST THE SLAVE POWER.

THE age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk; with blood too pale and tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame;
Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep
Down-pillowed, deaf to moaning want;
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

In such a time, give thanks to God,
That somewhat of the holy rage
With which the prophets in their
age

On all its decent seemings trod,
Has set your feet upon the lie,
That man and ox and soul and clod
Are market stock to sell and buy!

The hot words from your lips, my
own,
To caution trained, might not re-
peat;

But if some tares among the wheat
Of generous thought and deed were
sown,
No common wrong provoked your
zeal;
The silken gauntlet that is thrown
In such a quarrel rings like steel.

The brave old strife the fathers saw
For Freedom calls for men again
Like those who battled not in vain
For England's Charter, Alfred's law;
And right of speech and trial just
Wage in your name their ancient war
With venal courts and perjured
trust.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or
late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of
crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

THE NEW EXODUS.

By fire and cloud, across the desert
sand,
And through the parted waves,
From their long bondage, with an
outstretched hand,
God led the Hebrew slaves!

Dead as the letter of the Penta-
teuch,
As Egypt's statues cold,
In the adytum of the sacred book
Now stands that marvel old.

"Lo, God *is* great!" the simple Mos-
lem says.

We seek the ancient date,
Turn the dry scroll, and make that
living phrase
A dead one: "God *was* great!"

And, like the Coptic monks by Mousa's
wells,

We dream of wonders past,
Vague as the tales the wandering
Arab tells,
Each drowsier than the last.

O fools and blind! Above the Pyra-
mids
Stretches once more that hand,
And trancéd Egypt, from her stony
lids,
Flings back her veil of sand.

And morning-smitten Memnon, sing-
ing, wakes;
And, listening by his Nile,
O'er Ammon's grave and awful visage
breaks
A sweet and human smile.

Not, as before, with hail and fire, and
call
Of death for midnight graves,
But in the stillness of the noonday,
fall
The fetters of the slaves.

No longer through the Red Sea, as of
old,
The bondmen walk dry shod;
Through human hearts, by love of
Him controlled,
Runs now that path of God!

THE HASCHISH.

Of all that Orient lands can vaunt
 Of marvels with our own competing,
 The strangest is the Haschish plant,
 And what will follow on its eating.

What pictures to the taster rise,
 Of Dervish or of Almeh dances!
 Of Eblis, or of Paradise,
 Set all aglow with Houri glances!

The poppy visions of Cathay,
 The heavy beer-trance of the Suan-
 bian;
 The wizard lights and demon play
 Of nights Walpurgis and Arabian!

The Mollah and the Christian dog
 Change place in mad metempsycho-
 sis;
 The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
 The Rabbi shakes his beard at
 Moses!

The Arab by his desert well
 Sits choosing from some Caliph's
 daughters,
 And hears his single camel's bell
 Sound welcome to his regal quar-
 ters.

The Koran's reader makes complaint
 Of Shitan dancing on and off it;
 The robber offers alms, the saint
 Drinks Tokay and blasphemes the
 Prophet.

Such scenes that Eastern plant
 awakes;

But we have one ordained to beat it,
 The Haschish of the West, which
 makes
 Or fools or knaves of all who eat it.

The preacher eats, and straight ap-
 pears
 His Bible in a new translation;
 Its angels negro overseers,
 And Heaven itself a snug planta-
 tion!

The man of peace, about whose
 dreams
 The sweet millennial angels cluster,
 Tastes the mad weed, and plots and
 schemes,
 A raving Cuban filibuster!

The noisiest Democrat, with ease,
 It turns to Slavery's parish beadle;
 The shrewdest statesman eats and
 sees
 Due southward point the polar
 needle.

The Judge partakes, and sits erelong
 Upon his bench a railing black-
 guard;
 Decides off-hand that right is wrong,
 And reads the ten commandments
 backward.

O potent plant! so rare a taste
 Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten;
 The hempen Haschish of the East
 Is powerless to our Western Cotton!

BALLADS.

MARY GARVIN.

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from the lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's intervals ;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters foam and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hundred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges, dams, and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its freedom of the hills,
Since travelled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately Champernoon
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the trumpet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steads of fire and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him like a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged : the sorrow and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own akin ;
And, in the tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers sung,
Tradition, snowy-bearded, leans on Romance, ever young.

O sharp-lined man of traffic, on Saco's banks to-day !
O mill-girl watching late and long the shuttle's restless play !
Let, for the once, a listening ear the working hand beguile,
And lend my old Provincial tale, as suits, a tear or smile !

The evening gun had sounded from gray Fort Mary's walls ;
Through the forest, like a wild beast, roared and plunged the Saco's falls.

And westward on the sea-wind, that damp and gusty grew,
Over cedars darkening inland the smokes of Spurwink blew.

On the hearth of Farmer Garvin blazed the crackling walnut log ;
Right and left sat dame and goodman, and between them lay the dog,

Head on paws, and tail slow wagging, and beside him on her mat,
Sitting drowsy in the fire-light, winked and purred the mottled cat.

" Twenty years !" said Goodman Garvin, speaking sadly, under breath,
And his gray head slowly shaking, as one who speaks of death.

The goodwife dropped her needles : " It is twenty years, to-day,
Since the Indians fell on Saco, and stole our child away."

Then they sank into the silence, for each knew the other's thought,
Of a great and common sorrow, and words were needed not.

"Who knocks?" cried Goodman Garvin. The door was open thrown;
On two strangers, man and maiden, cloaked and furred, the fire-light shone.

One with courteous gesture lifted the bear-skin from his head;
"Lives here Elkanah Garvin?" "I am he," the goodman said.

"Sit ye down, and dry and warm ye, for the night is chill with rain."
And the goodwife drew the settle, and stirred the fire amain.

The maid unclasped her cloak-hood, the fire-light glistened fair
In her large, moist eyes, and over soft folds of dark brown hair.

Dame Garvin looked upon her: "It is Mary's self I see!
Dear heart!" she cried, "now tell me, has my child come back to me?"

"My name indeed is Mary," said the stranger, sobbing wild;
"Will you be to me a mother? I am Mary Garvin's child!"

"She sleeps by wooded Simcoe, but on her dying day
She bade my father take me to her kinsfolk far away.

"And when the priest besought her to do me no such wrong,
She said, 'May God forgive me! I have closed my heart too long.'

"When I hid me from my father, and shut out my mother's call,
I sinned against those dear ones, and the Father of us all.

"Christ's love rebukes no home-love, breaks no tie of kin apart;
Better heresy in doctrine, than heresy of heart.

"Tell me not the Church must censure: she who wept the Cross beside
Never made her own flesh strangers, nor the claims of blood denied;

"And if she who wronged her parents, with her child atones to them,
Earthly daughter, Heavenly mother! thou at least wilt not condemn!"

"So, upon her death-bed lying, my blessed mother spake;
As we come to do her bidding, so receive us for her sake."

"God be praised!" said Goodwife Garvin, "He taketh, and he gives;
He woundeth, but he healeth; in her child our daughter lives!"

"Amen!" the old man answered, as he brushed a tear away,
And, kneeling by his hearthstone, said, with reverence, "Let us pray."

All its Oriental symbols, and its Hebrew paraphrase,
Warm with earnest life and feeling, rose his prayer of love and praise.

But he started at beholding, as he rose from off his knee,
The stranger cross his forehead with the sign of Papistrie.

"What is this?" cried Farmer Garvin. "Is an English Christian's home
A chapel or a mass-house, that you make the sign of Rome?"

Then the young girl knelt beside him, kissed his trembling hand, and cried:
"O, forbear to chide my father; in that faith my mother died!"

"On her wooden cross at Simcoe the dews and sunshine fall,
As they fall on Spurwink's graveyard; and the dear God watches all!"

The old man stroked the fair head that rested on his knee;
"Your words, dear child," he answered, "are God's rebuke to me."

"Creed and rite perchance may differ, yet our faith and hope be one.
Let me be your father's father, let him be to me a son."

When the horn, on Sabbath morning, through the still and frosty air,
From Spurwink, Pool, and Black Point, called to sermon and to prayer,

To the goodly house of worship, where, in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people sit;

Mistress first and goodwife after, clerkly squire before the clown,
From the brave coat, lace embroidered, to the gray frock, shading down;

From the pulpit read the preacher,— "Goodman Garvin and his wife
Fain would thank the Lord, whose kindness has followed them through life,

"For the great and crowning mercy, that their daughter, from the wild,
Where she rests (they hope in God's peace), has sent to them her child;

"And the prayers of all God's people they ask, that they may prove
Not unworthy, through their weakness, of such special proof of love."

As the preacher prayed, uprising, the aged couple stood,
And the fair Canadian also, in her modest maidenhood.

Thought the elders, grave and doubting, "She is Papist born and bred";
Thought the young men, "T is an angel in Mary Garvin's stead!"

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the
wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry
glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off
town,
White from its hill-slope looking
down,

The sweet song died, and a vague un-
rest
And a nameless longing filled her
breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to
own,
For something better than she had
known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,
And ask a draught from the spring
that flowed

Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring
bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking
down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered
gown.

“Thanks!” said the Judge; “a
sweeter draught

From a fairer hand was never
quaffed.”

He spoke of the grass and flowers
and trees,
Of the singing birds and the hum-
ming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and won-
dered whether
The cloud in the west would bring
foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and
brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel
eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed:
“Ah me!

That I the Judge's bride might be!

“He would dress me up in silks so
fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“My father should wear a broadcloth
coat;
My brother should sail a painted
boat.

“I'd dress my mother so grand and
gay,
And the baby should have a new toy
each day.

“And I'd feed the hungry and clothe
the poor,
And all should bless me who left our
door.”

The Judge looked back as he climbed
the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney
lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and
mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life
again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household
drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth
recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might
have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope
lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

THE RANGER.

ROBERT RAWLIN! — Frosts were fall-
ing

When the ranger's horn was calling
Through the woods to Canada.

Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,
Gone the spring-time's bud and blow-
ing,

Gone the summer's harvest mowing,
And again the fields are gray.

Yet away, he 's away!

Faint and fainter hope is growing
In the hearts that mourn his stay.

Where the lion, crouching high on
Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,
Glares o'er wood and wave away,

Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,
Or as thunder spent and dying,
Come the challenge and replying,
Come the sounds of flight and fray.
Well-a-day! Hope and pray!
Some are living, some are lying
In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,
Homeward faring, weary strangers
Pass the farm-gate on their way;
Tidings of the dead and living,
Forest march and ambush, giving,
Till the maidens leave their weaving,
And the lads forget their play.
"Still away, still away!"
Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,
"Why does Robert still delay?"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
Through his painted woodlands
stray,
Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
"Let me with my charmed earth
stay."

On the grain-lands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn like train-
bands,
Plume and pennon rustling gay;
Out at sea, the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch away, far away,
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward patter-
ing,
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
On the grass-land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow;

Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day.
And away, swift away,
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
Chasing, weave their web of play.

“ Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
Prithee tell us of the reason
Why you mope at home to-day :
Surely smiling is not sinning ;
Leave your quilling, leave your spin-
ning ;
What is all your store of linen,
If your heart is never gay ?
Come away, come away !
Never yet did sad beginning
Make the task of life a play.”

Overbending, till she's blending
With the flaxen skein she's tending
Pale brown tresses smoothed away
From her face of patient sorrow,
Sits she, seeking but to borrow,
From the trembling hope of morrow,
Solace for the weary day.
“ Go your way, laugh and play ;
Unto Him who heeds the sparrow
And the lily, let me pray.”

“ With our rally, rings the valley,—
Join us ! ” cried the blue-eyed Nelly ;
“ Join us ! ” cried the laughing May :
“ To the beach we all are going,
And, to save the task of rowing,
West by north the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay !
Come away, come away !
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
Let us take them while we may !

“ Never tell us that you'll fail us,
Where the purple beach-plum mellows
On the bluffs so wild and gray.
Hasten, for the oars are falling ;
Hark, our merry mates are calling :
Time it is that we were all in,
Singing tideward down the bay ! ”
“ Nay, nay, let me stay ;
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin
Is my heart,” she said, “ to-day.”

“ Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin !
Some red squaw his moose-meat's
broiling,
Or some French lass, singing gay ;
Just forget as he's forgetting ;
What avails a life of fretting ?
If some stars must needs be setting,
Others rise as good as they.”
“ Cease, I pray ; go your way ! ”
Martha cries, her eyelids wetting ;
“ Foul and false the words you
say ! ”

“ Martha Mason, hear to reason !
Prithee, put a kinder face on ! ”
“ Cease to vex me,” did she say ;
“ Better at his side be lying,
With the mournful pine-trees sighing,
And the wild birds o'er us crying,
Than to doubt like mine a prey ;
While away, far away,
Turns my heart, forever trying
Some new hope for each new day.

“ When the shadows veil the mead-
ows,
And the sunset's golden ladders
Sink from twilight's walls of gray,—
From the window of my dreaming,
I can see his sickle gleaming,
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming
Down the locust-shaded way ;
But away, swift away,
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,
And I kneel again to pray.

“ When the growing dawn is showing,
And the barn-yard cock is crowing,
And the horned moon pales away :
From a dream of him awaking,
Every sound my heart is making
Seems a footprint of his taking ;
Then I hush the thought, and say,
‘ Nay, nay, he's away ! ’
Ah ! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the dear one far away.”

Look up, Martha ! worn and swarthy,
Glows a face of manhood worthy :
“ Robert ! ” “ Martha ! ” all they say.

O'er went wheel and reel together,
Little cared the owner whither;
Heart of lead is heart of feather,
 Noon of night is noon of day!
 Come away, come away!
When such lovers meet each other,
 Why should prying idlers stay?

Quench the timber's fallen embers,

Quench the red leaves in December's
Hoary rime and chilly spray.
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
Household welcomes sound sincerer,
Heart to loving heart draw nearer,
 When the bridal bells shall say:
 “Hope and pray, trust alway;
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,
 For the trial and delay!”

LATER POEMS, 1856-1857.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

I.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

II.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
 The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
 And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose!

III.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,
 Like a great arrow through the sky,
Two dusky lines converged in one,
Chasing the southward-flying sun;
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

IV.

I passed this way a year ago:
The wind blew south; the noon of day
Was warm as June's; and save that snow
 Flecked the low mountains far away,
And that the vernal-seeming breeze
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

v.

Since then, the winter blasts have
piled

The white pagodas of the snow
On these rough slopes, and, strong
and wild,

Yon river, in its overflow
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;
And over these gray fields, then
green and gold,
The summer corn has waved, the
thunder's organ rolled.

vi.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !
What pomp of rise and shut of
day,
What hues wherewith our Northern
clime
Makes autumn's dropping wood-
lands gay,
What airs outblown from ferny
dells,
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier
smells,
What songs of brooks and birds,
what fruits and flowers,
Green woods and moonlit snows,
have in its round been ours !

vii.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and
go ;
What splendors fall on Syrian
sands,
What purple lights on Alpine
snow !
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates ;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a
traveller's tale.

viii.

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or
sails ;

And he who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous
veils
Than he who from his doorway
sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noon-
day air,
And from cloud minarets hears the
sunset call to prayer !

ix.

The eye may well be glad, that
looks
Where Pharpur's fountains rise
and fall ;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them
all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and
wind ;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Ha-
fiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his
woodland aisles.

x.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and
rare ;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair
Which flashed the light of morning
skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes.
Within its round of sea and sky and
field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the
Kosmos stands revealed.

xi.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work
bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen
round !

While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,
The power is theirs to baffle care and
 pain,
To bring the lost world back, and
 make it theirs again!

xii.

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me'
 Their words of mingled tears and
 fire!
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
I read the world with Pascal's
 eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn
 brows austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords
 of Thought, draw near.

xiii.

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee
say,
 In vain the human heart we
 mock;
Bring living guests who love the
 day,
 Not ghosts who fly at crow of
 cock!
The herbs we share with flesh and
 blood,
Are better than ambrosial food,
With laurelled shades." I grant it,
 nothing loath,
But doubly blest is he who can par-
take of both.

xiv.

He who might Plato's banquet
 grace,
 Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
 With more than Eastern wisdom
 lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the
 back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,

Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's
 dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Ful-
ton's age of steam!

xv.

Here too, of answering love secure,
Have I not welcomed to my
 hearth
The gentle pilgrim troubadour,
 Whose songs have girdled half
 the earth;
Whose pages, like the magic mat
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,
Have borne me over Rhine-land's
 purple vines,
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phry-
gia's mountain pines!

xvi.

And he, who to the lettered wealth
 Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
 The ethics of the school of
 Christ;
The statesman to his holy trust,
As the Athenian archon, just,
Struck down, exiled like him for truth
 alone,
Has he not graced my home with
 beauty all his own?

xvii.

What greetings smile, what fare-
wells wave,
What loved ones enter and de-
part!
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
 The Heaven-lent treasures of the
 heart!
How conscious seems the frozen
 sod
And beechen slope whereon they
 trod!
The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry
 grass bends
Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or
 absent friends.

XVIII.

Then ask not why to these bleak hills
 I cling, as clings the tufted moss,
 To bear the winter's lingering chills,
 The mocking spring's perpetual loss.
 I dream of lands where summer smiles,
 And soft winds blow from spicy isles,
 But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,
 Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!

XIX.

At times I long for gentler skies,
 And bathe in dreams of softer air,
 But homesick tears would fill the eyes
 That saw the Cross without the Bear.
 The pine must whisper to the palm,
 The north-wind break the tropic calm;
 And with the dreamy languor of the Line,
 The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

XX.

Better to stem with heart and hand
 The roaring tide of life, than lie,
 Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
 Of God's occasions drifting by!
 Better with naked nerve to bear
 The needles of this goading air,
 Than, in the lap of sensual ease,
 forego
 The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

XXI.

Home of my heart! to me more fair

Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
 The painted, shingly town-house where
 The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
 The simple roof where prayer is made,
 Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
 The living temple of the heart of man,
 Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan!

XXII.

More dear thy equal village schools,
 Where rich and poor the Bible read,
 Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,
 And Learning wears the chains of Creed;
 Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in
 The scattered sheaves of home and kin,
 Than the mad license following Lenten pains,
 Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

XXIII.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,
 And perch along these wooded swells;
 And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,
 They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!
 Here dwells no perfect man sublime,
 Nor woman winged before her time,
 But with the faults and follies of the race,
 Old home-bred virtues held their not unhonored place.

XXIV.

Here manhood struggles for the sake
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,
 The graces and the loves which make
 The music of the march of life ;
 And woman, in her daily round
 Of duty, walks on holy ground.
 No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here
 Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to sneer.

XXV.

Then let the icy north-wind blow
 The trumpets of the coming storm,
 To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
 Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
 Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,
 As gayly as I did of old ;
 And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,
 Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

XXVI.

And I will trust that He who heeds
 The life that hides in mead and wold,
 Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
 And stains these mosses green and gold,
 Will still, as He hath done, incline
 His gracious care to me and mine ;
 Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
 And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star !

XXVII.

I have not seen, I may not see,
 My hopes for man take form in fact,

But God will give the victory
 In due time ; in that faith I act.
 And he who sees the future sure,
 The baffling present may endure,
 And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads
 The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

XXVIII.

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,
 Where harsher songs of mine have flown ;
 Go, find a place at home and hearth
 Where'er thy singer's name is known ;
 Revive for him the kindly thought
 Of friends ; and they who love him not,
 Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may take
 The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy sake.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,
 And nursed by winter gales,
 With petals of the sleeted spars,
 And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,
 Within her ice-rimmed bay,
 In common with the wild-wood flowers,
 The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, "God bē praised!" the Pilgrim said,
 Who saw the blossoms peer
 Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
 "Behold our Mayflower here!"

“God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea,
Shall spread her sails no more.”

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope,
shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

BURIAL OF BARBOUR.

BEAR him, comrades, to his grave;
Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep,
In the ages yet to come.
When the millions in our room,
What we sow in tears, shall reap.

Bear him up the icy hill,
With the Kansas, frozen still
As his noble heart, below,
And the land he came to till
With a freeman's thews and will,
And his poor hut roofed with snow!

One more look of that dead face,
Of his murderer's ghastly trace!

One more kiss, O widowed one!
Lay your left hands on his brow,
Lift your right hands up, and vow
That his work shall yet be done.

Patience, friends! The eye of God
Every path by Murder trod
Watches, lidless, day and night;
And the dead man in his shroud,
And his widow weeping loud,
And our hearts, are in his sight.

Every deadly threat that swells
With the roar of gambling hells,
Every brutal jest and jeer,
Every wicked thought and plan
Of the cruel heart of man,
Though but whispered, He can hear!

We in suffering, they in crime,
Wait the just award of time,
Wait the vengeance that is due;
Not in vain a heart shall break,
Not a tear for Freedom's sake
Fall unheeded: God is true.

While the flag with stars bedecked
Threatens where it should protect.
And the Law shakes hands with
Crime,
What is left us but to wait,
Match our patience to our fate,
And abide the better time?

Patience, friends! The human heart
Everywhere shall take our part,
Everywhere for us shall pray;
On our side are nature's laws,
And God's life is in the cause
That we suffer for to-day.

Well to suffer is divine;
Pass the watchword down the line,
Pass the countersign: “ENDURE.”
Not to him who rashly dares,
But to him who nobly bears,
Is the victor's garland sure.

Frozen earth to frozen breast,
Lay our slain one down to rest;

Lay him down in hope and faith,
And above the broken sod,
Once again, to Freedom's God,
Pledge ourselves for life or death,—

That the State whose walls we lay,
In our blood and tears, to-day,
Shall be free from bonds of shame,
And our goodly land untrod
By the feet of Slavery, shod
With cursing as with flame!

Plant the Buckeye on his grave,
For the hunter of the slave
In its shadow cannot rest;
And let martyr mound and tree
Be our pledge and guaranty
Of the freedom of the West!

TO PENNSYLVANIA.

O STATE prayer-founded! never hung
Such choice upon a people's tongue,
Such power to bless or ban,
As that which makes thy whisper Fate,
For which on thee the centuries wait,
And destinies of man!

Across thy Alleghanian chain,
With groanings from a land in pain,
The west-wind finds its way:
Wild-wailing from Missouri's flood
The crying of thy children's blood
Is in thy ears to-day!

And unto thee in Freedom's hour
Of sorest need God gives the power
To ruin or to save;
To wound or heal, to blight or bless
With fertile field or wilderness,
A free home or a grave!

Then let thy virtue match the crime,
Rise to a level with the time;
And, if a son of thine
Betray or tempt thee, Brutus-like
For Fatherland and Freedom strike
As Justice gives the sign.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
The great occasion's forelock seize;

And, let the north-wind strong,
And golden leaves of autumn, be
Thy coronal of Victory
And thy triumphal song.

10th mo., 1856.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

ALL night above their rocky bed
They saw the stars march slow;
The wild Sierra overhead,
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The gray bear from his den,
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned, with anxious strain
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow: at last, a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.

“Up, men!” he cried, “yon rocky
cone,
To-day, please God, we'll pass,
And look from Winter's frozen throne
On Summer's flowers and grass!”

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud
tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the Winter at their backs
To flap his baffled wing,

And downward, with the cataracts,
Leaped to the lap of Spring.

Strong leader of that mountain band,
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet, flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, FREMONT! and go before ;
The Hour must have its Man ;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van !

8th mo., 1856.

THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.

ACROSS the frozen marshes
The winds of autumn blow,
And the fen-lands of the Wetter
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands
Look o'er the Baltic brine,
A bark is sailing in the track
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
For Bothnia's fish and grain ;
She saileth not for pleasure,
She saileth not for gain.

But still by isle or main-land
She drops her anchor down,
Where'er the British cannon
Rained fire on tower and town.

Outspake the ancient Amtman,
At the gate of Helsingfors :
“ Why comes this ship a-spying
In the track of England's wars ? ”

“ God bless her,” said the coast-guard,—

“ God bless the ship, I say.
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way !

“ Where'er she drops her anchor,
The peasant's heart is glad ;
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
The peasant's heart is sad.

“ Each wasted town and hamlet
She visits to restore ;
To roof the shattered cabin,
And feed the starving poor.

“ The sunken boats of fishers,
The foraged beeves and grain,
The spoil of flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.

“ And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid ! ”

Then said the gray old Amtman,
“ The will of God be done !
The battle lost by England's hate,
By England's love is won !

“ We braved the iron tempest
That thundered on our shore ;
But when did kindness fail to find
The key to Finland's door ?

“ No more from Aland's ramparts
Shall warning signal come,
Nor startled Sweaborg hear again
The roll of midnight drum.

“ Beside our fierce Black Eagle
The Dove of Peace shall rest ;
And in the mouths of cannon
The sea-bird make her nest.

“ For Finland, looking seaward,
No coming foe shall scan ;
And the holy bells of Abo
Shall ring, ‘ Good-will to man ! ’

“Then row thy boat, O fisher!
In peace on lake and bay;
And thou, young maiden, dance
again
Around the poles of May!

“Sit down, old men, together,
Old wives, in quiet spin;
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
Is the brother of the Finn!”

A LAY OF OLD TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE ESSEX COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

ONE morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall —
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
For the chaste garb of old;
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit
For Eden's drupes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay,
Before them, wild with rock and
thorn,
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them
fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

“Arise,” he said, “why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind,
Your loss may yet restore?

“I leave with you a spell whose
power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

“I clothe your hands with power to
lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through Toil.

“Go, cheerful as yon humming-bees,
To labor as to play.”
White glimmering over Eden's trees
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found where'er they tilled the
earth
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit
And blushed with plum and pear,
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,
And in our turn and day,
Look back on Eden's sworded gate
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying Angel leaves,
And leads through Toil to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves!

WHAT OF THE DAY?

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the
air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry
sky
Far-rolling ere the downright light-
nings glare;
The hills blaze red with warnings;
foes draw nigh,
Treading the dark with challenge
and reply.
Behold the burden of the prophet's
vision,—
The gathering hosts,—the Valley of
Decision,

Dusk with the wings of eagles
wheeling o'er.
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not
light!
It breaks in thunder and the whirl-
wind's roar!
Even so, Father! Let thy will be
done,—
Turn and o'erturñ, end what thou
hast begun
In judgment or in mercy: as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Ever more numbered with the truly free
Who find thy service perfect liberty!
I fain would thank Thee that my mor-
tal life
Has reached the hour (albeit
through care and pain)
When Good and Evil, as for final
strife,
Close dim and vast on Armaged-
don's plain;
And Michael and his angels once
again
Drive howling back the Spirits of
the Night.
O for the faith to read the signs
aright
And, from the angle of thy perfect
sight,
See Truth's white banner floating
on before;
And the Good Cause, despite of
venal friends,
And base expedients, move to
noble ends;
See Peace with Freedom make to
Time amends,
And, through its cloud of dust, the
threshing-floor,
Flailed by thy thunder, heaped
with chaffless grain!

1857.

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

FOR ages on our river borders,
These tassels in their tawny bloom,
And willowy studs of downy silver,
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

For ages have the unbound waters
Smiled on them from their pebbly
hem,
And the clear carol of the robin
And song of bluebird welcomed
them.

But never yet from smiling river,
Or song of early bird, have they
Been greeted with a gladder welcome
Than whispers from my heart to-
day

They break the spell of cold and
darkness,
The weary watch of sleepless pain;
And from my heart, as from the river,
The ice of winter melts again.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood
token
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near;
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shad-
ows,
And hear the song of April brooks!

As in the old Teutonic ballad
Live singing bird and flowering
tree,
Together live in bloom and music,
I blend in song thy flowers and thee.

Earth's rocky tablets bear forever
The dint of rain and small bird's
track:
Who knows but that my idle verses
May leave some trace by Merrimack!

The bird that trod the mellow layers
Of the young earth is sought in
vain;
The cloud is gone that wove the sand-
stone,
From God's design, with threads of
rain!

So, when this fluid age we live in
 Shall stiffen round my careless
 rhyme,
 Who made the vagrant tracks may
 puzzle
 The savans of the coming time:

And, following out their dim sugges-
 tions,
 Some idly-curious hand may draw
 My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier
 Drew fish and bird from fin and
 claw.

And maidens in the far-off twilights,
 Singing my words to breeze and
 stream,
 Shall wonder if the old-time Mary
 Were real, or the rhymer's dream!
1st 3d mo., 1857.

MY NAMESAKE.

You scarcely need my tardy thanks,
 Who, self-rewarded, nurse and
 tend—
 A green leaf on your own Green
 Banks—
 The memory of your friend.

For me, no wreath, bloom-woven,
 hides
 The sobered brow and lessening
 hair:
 For aught I know, the myrtled sides
 Of Helicon are bare.

Their scallop-shells so many bring
 The fabled founts of song to try,
 They've drained, for aught I know,
 the spring
 Of Aganippe dry.

Ah well! — The wreath the Muses
 braid
 Proves often Folly's cap and bell;
 Methinks, my ample beaver's shade
 May serve my turn as well.

Let Love's and Friendship's tender
 debt
 Be paid by those I love in life.
 Why should the unborn critic whet
 For me his scalping-knife?

Why should the stranger peer and
 pry
 One's vacant house of life about,
 And drag for curious ear and eye
 His faults and follies out? —

Why stuff, for fools to gaze upon,
 With chaff of words, the garb he
 wore,
 As corn-husks when the ear is gone
 Are rustled all the more?

Let kindly Silence close again,
 The picture vanish from the eye,
 And on the dim and misty main
 Let the small ripple die.

Yet not the less I own your claim
 To grateful thanks, dear friends of
 mine.

Hang, if it please you so, my name
 Upon your household line.

Let Fame from brazen lips blow wide
 Her chosen names, I envy none:
 A mother's love, a father's pride,
 Shall keep alive my own!

Still shall that name as now recall
 The young leaf wet with morning
 dew,
 The glory where the sunbeams fall
 The breezy woodlands through.

That name shall be a household word,
 A spell to waken smile or sigh;
 In many an evening prayer be heard
 And cradle lullaby.

And thou, dear child, in riper days
 When asked the reason of thy name,
 Shalt answer: "One 't were vain to
 praise
 Or censure bore the same."

" Some blamed him, some believed
him good,—
The truth lay doubtless 'twixt the
two,—
He reconciled as best he could
Old faith and fancies new.

" In him the grave and playful mixed,
And wisdom held with folly truce,
And Nature compromised betwixt
Good fellow and recluse.

" He loved his friends, forgave his
foes;
And, if his words were harsh at
times,
He spared his fellow-men,— his blows
Fell only on their crimes.

" He loved the good and wise, but
found
His human heart to all akin
Who met him on the common ground
Of suffering and of sin.

" Whate'er his neighbors might endure
Of pain or grief his own became;
For all the ills he could not cure
He held himself to blame.

" His good was mainly an intent,
His evil not of forethought done;
The work he wrought was rarely meant
Or finished as begun.

" Ill served his tides of feeling strong
To turn the common mills of use;
And, over restless wings of song,
His birthright garb hung loose!

" His eye was beauty's powerless slave,
And his the ear which discord
pains:
Few guessed beneath his aspect grave
What passions strove in chains.

" He had his share of care and pain,
No holiday was life to him;
Still in the heirloom cup we drain
The bitter drop will swim.

" Yet Heaven was kind, and here a
bird
And there a flower beguiled his
way;
And, cool, in summer noons, he heard
The fountains splash and play.

" On all his sad or restless moods
The patient peace of Nature stole;
The quiet of the fields and woods
Sank deep into his soul.

" He worshipped as his fathers did,
And kept the faith of childish
days,
And, howsoe'er he strayed or slid,
He loved the good old ways.

" The simple tastes, the kindly traits,
The tranquil air, and gentle speech,
The silence of the soul that waits
For more than man to teach.

" The cant of party, school, and sect,
Provoked at times his honest scorn,
And Folly, in its gray respect,
He tossed on satire's horn.

" But still his heart was full of awe
And reverence for all sacred things;
And, brooding over form and law,
He saw the Spirit's wings!

" Life's mystery wrapt him like a
cloud;
He heard far voices mock his own,
The sweep of wings unseen, the loud,
Long roll of waves unknown.

" The arrows of his straining sight
Fell quenched in darkness; priest
and sage,
Like lost guides calling left and right,
Perplexed his doubtful age.

" Like childhood, listening for the
sound
Of its dropped pebbles in the well,
All vainly down the dark profound
His brief-lined plummet fell.

"So, scattering flowers with pious pains
On old beliefs, of later creeds,
Which claimed a place in Truth's domains,
He asked the title-deeds.

"He saw the old-time's groves and shrines
In the long distance fair and dim ;
And heard, like sound of far-off pines,
The century-mellowed hymn !

"He dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin's rite, the Lama's spell;
God knew the heart : Devotion's pearl
Might sanctify the shell.

"While others trod the altar stairs
He faltered like the publican ;
And, while they praised as saints, his prayers
Were those of sinful man.

"For, awed by Sinai's Mount of Law,
The trembling faith alone sufficed,
That, through its cloud and flame, he saw
The sweet, sad face of Christ! —

"And listening, with his forehead bowed,
Heard the Divine compassion fill

The pauses of the trump and cloud
With whispers small and still.

"The words he spake, the thoughts he penned,
Are mortal as his hand and brain,
But, if they served the Master's end,
He has not lived in vain!"

Heaven make thee better than thy name,
Child of my friends! — For thee I crave
What riches never bought, nor fame
To mortal longing gave.

I pray the prayer of Plato old :
God make thee beautiful within,
And let thine eyes the good behold
In everything save sin!

Imagination held in check
To serve not rule thy poisé d mind ;
Thy Reason, at the frown or beck
Of Conscience, loose or bind.

No dreamer thou, but real all,—
Strong manhood crowning vigorous youth ;
Life made by duty epical
And rhythmic with the truth.

So shall that life the fruitage yield
Which trees of healing only give,
And green-leaved in the Eternal field
Of God, forever live!

HOME BALLADS, 1860.¹

I CALL the old time back : I bring these lays
To thee, in memory of the summer days
When, by our native streams and forest ways,

We dreamed them over ; while the rivulets made
Songs of their own, and the great pine-trees laid
On warm noon-lights the masses of their shade.

And *she* was with us, living o'er again
Her life in ours, despite of years and pain,—
The autumn's brightness after latter rain.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape seem
Fairer than any of which painters dream,
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream ;

For she whose speech was always truth's pure gold
Heard, not displeased, its simple legends told,
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of
seams

Through which the moted sunlight
streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted
cocks,

And the loose hay-mow's scented
locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened
stores,

Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their
eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing
worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked
corn.

And thither came young men and
maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places; some by
chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their
choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadows of the mows,
Looked on them through the great
elm-boughs!—

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless
nerves!

And jests went round, and laughs that
made
The house-dog answer with his
howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

And quaint old songs their fathers
sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire
moors,
Ere Norman William trod their
shores;

And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane!

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lip of maid or throat of bird;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would con-
descend
To own the Witch-wife's child a
friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their
round,
Since curious thousands thronged
to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,

And wan lip trembling with its
prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified:
God willed it, and the wretch had
died!

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—
Forgive the blindness that denies!

Forgive thy creature when he takes,
For the all-perfect love thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars; let us see
Thyself in thy humanity!

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence!

The school-boys jeered her as they
passed,
And, when she sought the house of
prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her
there.

And still o'er many a neighboring
door
She saw the horseshoe's curved
charm,
To guard against her mother's
harm;—

That mother, poor, and sick, and lame,
Who daily, by the old arm-chair,
Folded her withered hands in
prayer;—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no
more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl
kept
Her faith, and trusted that her
way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the
day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief;
Small leisure have the poor for
grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and
hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's
shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had
made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs
down.

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly
said,
"This passes harmless mirth or
jest;
I brook no insult to my guest."

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly;
And witch or not, God knows,—
not I.

"I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to
awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was
law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil-eyed!"

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a
man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
White in the moonlight's silver
rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made music such as childhood
knew;
The door-yard tree was whispered
through

By voices such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long
ago;
And through the willow-boughs
below

She saw the rippled waters shine;
Beyond, in waves of shade and
light
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of
wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!"

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes
And hide me where the cruel
speech
And mocking finger may not
reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's
name:
A daughter's right I dare not crave
To weep above her unblest grave!

"Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

"O God! have mercy on thy child,
Whose faith in thee grows weak
and small,
And take me ere I lose it all!"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave be-
came
A voice whose burden was her
name.

Had then God heard her? Had he
sent
His angel down? In flesh and
blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall
be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at
me."

"You know rough Esek Harden
well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with
gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she
smiled,
Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

"O truest friend of all!" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly
thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns
glowed,
And through the doors the huskers
showed.

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek
said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!"

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more
alone;
You know what Esek Harden
is:—
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung
That ever made the old heart
young!

For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter
burn,
As all the household joys return!

O, pleasantly the harvest-moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great
elm-boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell ;
And the wind whispered, "It is
well!"

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forth looking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing-town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul!

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward, mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
Golden threads of romance weaving in a web of hodden gray.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards through,
From the graves of old traditions I part the blackberry-vines,
Wipe the moss from off the headstones, and retouch the faded lines.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north,—
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
 Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their muskets in their hands ;
 On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
 And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked of wizards Satan-sold ; .
 Of all ghostly sights and noises, — signs and wonders manifold ;
 Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
 Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds ;

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depths of Gloucester woods,
 Full of plants that love the summer, — blooms of warmer latitudes ;
 Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,
 And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight of the pines !

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
 As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near ;
 Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun ;
 Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run !

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they
 came, —

Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame ;
 Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
 All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit sands lay bare.

Midnight came ; from out the forest moved a dusky mass that soon
 Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
 "Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I foil the Evil One!"
 And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet, down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about ;
 Once again the levelled muskets through the palisades flashed out,
 With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
 Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead.
 With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the phantoms fled ;
 Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moonlight lay,
 And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay !

"God preserve us!" said the captain ; "never mortal foes were there ;
 They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the air !
 Lay aside your useless weapons ; skill and prowess naught avail ;
 They who do the Devil's service wear their master's coat of mail !"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
 Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall :
 And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day ;
 But the captain closed his Bible : "Let us cease from man, and pray !"

To the men who went before us, all the unseen powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,
But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all,—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people comes the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings come the spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears and dread forebodings, in the darkness undefined;
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith, and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night!

THE PROPHECY OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

1697.

UP and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy
meets,
For the thoughts and things of to-day
are hid,
And through the veil of a closéd lid
The ancient worthies I see again:
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and
knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened
hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.
His face with lines of firmness
wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,

Who swears to his hurt and changes
not;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to
kiss!
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman
trust.

Touching and sad, a tale is told,
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist
old,
Of the fast which the good man life-
long kept
With a haunting sorrow that never
slept,
As the circling year brought round
the time
Of an error that left the sting of
crime,
When he sat on the bench of the
witchcraft courts,

With the laws of Moses and Hale's
Reports,
And spake, in the name of both, the
word
That gave the witch's neck to the
cord,
And piled the oaken planks that
pressed
The feeble life from the warlock's
breast!
All the day long, from dawn to dawn,
His door was bolted, his curtain
drawn;
No foot on his silent threshold trod,
No eye looked on him save that of
God,
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead
with charms
Of penitent tears, and prayers, and
psalms,
And, with precious proofs from the
sacred word
Of the boundless pity and love of the
Lord,
His faith confirmed and his trust re-
newed
That the sin of his ignorance, sorely
rued,
Might be washed away in the mingled
flood
Of his human sorrow and Christ's
dear blood!

Green forever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors glorified,
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it
glide!
Honor and praise to the Puritan
Who the halting step of his age out-
ran,
And, seeing the infinite worth of man
In the priceless gift the Father gave,
In the infinite love that stooped to
save,
Dared not brand his brother a slave!
"Who doth such wrong," he was
wont to say,
In his own quaint, picture-loving way,

"Flings up to Heaven a hand-grenade
Which God shall cast down upon his
head!"

Widely as heaven and hell, contrast
That brave old jurist of the past
And the cunning trickster and knave
of courts
Who the holy features of Truth dis-
torts,—

Ruling as right the will of the strong,
Poverty, crime, and weakness wrong;
Wide-eared to power, to the wronged
and weak

Deaf as Egypt's gods of leek;
Scoffing aside at party's nod
Order of nature and law of God;
For whose dabbled ermine respect
were waste,

Reverence folly, and awe misplaced;
Justice of whom 't were vain to seek
As from Koordish robber or Syrian
Sheik!

O, leave the wretch to his bribes and
sins;

Let him rot in the web of lies he
spins!

To the saintly soul of the early day,
To the Christian judge, let us turn
and say:

"Praise and thanks for an honest
man!—

Glory to God for the Puritan!"

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away,
With the many tints of the season
gay,

Dreamily blending in autumn mist
Crimson, and gold, and amethyst.
Long and low, with dwarf trees
crowned,

Plum Island lies, like a whale
aground,

A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended
bow;

A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung;

And, round and round, over valley and hill,
 Old roads winding, as old roads will,
 Here to a ferry, and there to a mill ;
 And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,
 Through green elm arches and maple leaves,—
 Old homesteads sacred to all that can
 Gladden or sadden the heart of man,—
 Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
 Life and Death have come and gone !
 There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,
 Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
 The dresser glitters with polished wares,
 The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,
 And the low, broad chimney shows the crack
 By the earthquake made a century back.
 Up from their midst springs the village spire
 With the crest of its cock in the sun afire ;
 Beyond are orchards and planting lands,
 And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,
 And, where north and south the coast-lines run,
 The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
 But my thoughts are full of the past and old,
 I hear the tales of my boyhood told ;
 And the shadows and shapes of early days
 Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,
 With measured movement and rhythmic chime
 Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.
 I think of the old man wise and good

Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,
 (A poet who never measured rhyme,
 A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,) And, propped on his staff of age,
 looked down,
 With his boyhood's love, on his native town,
 Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,
 His burden of prophecy yet remains,
 For the voices of wood, and wave, and wind
 To read in the ear of the musing mind :—

“ As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast
 As God appointed, shall keep its post ;
 As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep
 Of Merrimack River, or sturgeon leap ;
 As long as pickerel swift and slim,
 Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim ;
 As long as the annual sea-fowl know Their time to come and their time to go ;
 As long as cattle shall roam at will
 The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill ;
 As long as sheep shall look from the side
 Of Oldtown Hill on marshes wide,
 And Parker River, and salt-sea tide ;
 As long as a wandering pigeon shall search
 The fields below from his white-oak perch,
 When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,
 And the dry husks fall from the standing corn ;
 As long as Nature shall not grow old,
 Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
 And her care for the Indian corn forget,

And the yellow rows in pairs to set;—
So long shall Christians here be born,
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet
corn!—

By the beak of bird, by the breath of
frost

Shall never a holy ear be lost,
But, husked by Death in the Planter's
sight,
Be sown again in the fields of light!"

The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl
feeds

On hillside berries and marsh
seeds,—

All the beautiful signs remain,
From spring-time sowing to autumn
rain

The good man's vision returns again!
And let us hope, as well we can,
That the Silent Angel who garners
man

May find some grain as of old he
found

In the human cornfield ripe and
sound,

And the Lord of the Harvest deign
to own

The precious seed by the fathers
sown!

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

Of all the rides since the birth of
time,

Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,

Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,

Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped

Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill re-
frain:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in
a corr't
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-
horns' twang,

Over and over the Mænads sang:

"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corr't
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!— He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur
Bay,—

Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her
deck!

"Lay by! lay by!" they called to
him.

Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and
rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in
a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,

Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not
be!

What did the winds and the sea-birds
say

Of the cruel captain who sailed
away?—

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side.
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives
gray,

Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and
cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse
refrain :

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Tor'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corr

By the women o' Morble'ead!”

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so
blue.

Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to
hear

Of voices shouting, far and near :
“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd
horrt,

Tor'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a
corr

By the women o' Morble'ead!”

“Hear me, neighbors!” at last he
cried.—

“What to me is this noisy ride?

What is the shame that clothes the
skin
To the nameless horror that lives
within?

Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,— I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the
dead!”

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at
sea

Said, “God has touched him!— why
should we?”

Said an old wife mourning her only
son,

“Cut the rogue's tether and let him
run!”

So with soft relentings and rude
excuse,

Half scorn, half pity, they cut him
loose,

And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame
and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard
heart,

Tarred and feathered and carried
in a cart

By the women of Marblehead!

TELLING THE BEES.

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall
still,

And the stepping-stones in the
shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-
barred,

And the poplars tall;

And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed-o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes, Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Suday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,

The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, "My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on:—
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

THE SYCAMORES.

In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,

Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set to Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlit eves of summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou poor Hugh Tallant!
Pass in jerkin green along,
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's outcasts,
With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
And a heart forever light,—

Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and drear,
Like the rolie air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
Made the sweet May woodlands glad,
And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labor's side
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearths of winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales,
Midst the grimmer Yorkshire legends
And the mountain myths of Wales.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn,
On St. Keven's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their Moorland rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the Bob-o-link.
“Hush!” he'd say, “the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!”

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of poor Hugh Tallant,
Hath Tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
But if yet his spirit walks,
‘T is beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-Lincoln talks;

Green memorials of the gleeman!
Linking still the river-shores,
With their shadows cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim,—

When each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smithy, mill, and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old king's arm,—

Slowly passed that august Presence
Down the thronged and shouting street;

Village girls as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew ;
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west-wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down
On the hills of Gold and Silver
Rimming round the little town,—

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales
Winding down from wooded head-
lands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweep-
ing
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
“I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land.”

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade :
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of
shade.

Ever since, in town and farm-house,
Life has had its ebb and flow ;
Thrice hath passed the human har-
vest
To its garner green and low.

But the trees the gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless
stand ;
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Silvers o'er each stately shaft ;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-enfolded,
Love and Youth together stray ;

While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
On the open hillside wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught,—

Singing, with his gray hair floating
Round his rosy ample face,—
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy
Now are Traffic's dusty streets ;
From the village, grown a city,
Fast the rural grace retreats.

But, still green, and tall, and stately,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

“Concerning y^e Amphisbæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry: . . . he assures me y^e it had really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or tongues.” — REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN to COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time
Of every people, in every clime,
Dragons and griffins and monsters
dire,
Born of water, and air, and fire,
Or nursed, like the Python, in the
mud.
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
Crawl and wriggle and foam with
rage,
Through dusk tradition and ballad
age.
So from the childhood of Newbury
town
And its time of fable the tale comes
down

Of a terror which haunted bush and
brake,
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake!

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth
On the desolate shore of a sailless
sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half-redeemed from the evil hold
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and
old,
Which drank with its lips of leaves
the dew
When Time was young, and the
world was new,
And wove its shadows with sun and
moon,
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared
and hewn.
Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-
wood blown,
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit
the North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking
earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth
grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's
boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed
full of ghosts,
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed veri-
fied ;—
And think, if his lot were now thine
own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor
known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might
serve ;
And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads, and
not a score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown
fen

Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's
Den,
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written
Rock,

Nothing on record is left to show ;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,
And left the cast of a double head
In the scaly mask which he yearly
shed.
For he carried a head where his tail
should be,
And the two, of course, could never
agree,
But wriggled about with main and
might,

Now to the left and now to the right ;
Pulling and twisting this way and that,
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so
near !—

Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads in their dreary
way,

Between the meetings on Sabbath-
day !

How urchins, searching at day's de-
cline

The Common Pasture for sheep or
kine,

The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whir of bird !

Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
In berry-time, of the younger sort,
As over pastures blackberry-twined,
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of
harm,

The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;
And how the spark, who was forced
to stay,

By his sweetheart's fears, till the break
of day,

Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it
rolled.

The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;
 And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,
 To paint the primitive serpent by.
 Cotton Mather came galloping down
 All the way to Newbury town,
 With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
 And his marvellous inkhorn at his side;
 Stirring the while in the shallow pool
 Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
 To garnish the story, with here astreak
 Of Latin, and there another of Greek :
 And the tales he heard and the notes
 he took,

Behold! are they not in his Wonder-Book?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
 If the snake does not, the tale runs still
 In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
 And still, whenever husband and wife
 Publish the shame of their daily strife,
 And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain
 At either end of the marriage-chain,
 The gossips say, with a knowing shake
 Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!
 One in body and two in will,
 The Amphibæna is living still!"

THE SWAN SONG OF PARSON AVERY.

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,
 Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife and children eight,
 Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop "Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-morn,
 With the newly planted orchards dropping their fruits first-born,
 And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided creeks between,
 And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and walnuts green ; —
 A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty led,
 And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread
 To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of Marblehead.

All day they sailed : at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,
 The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights denied,
 And far and low the thunder of tempest prophesied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were rock, and wood, and sand ;
 Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder in his hand,
 And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore :
 "Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking on before
 To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide ;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause of wave and wind :
" All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind ;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ransomed find ! "

" In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy word ! —
Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard ! —
Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our Lord ! "

" In the baptism of these waters wash white my every sin,
And let me follow up to thee my household and my kin !
Open the sea-gate of thy heaven, and let me enter in ! "

When the Christian sings his death-song, all the listening heavens draw near,
And the angels, leaning over the walls of crystal, hear
How the notes so faint and broken swell to music in God's ear.

The ear of God was open to his servant's last request ;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks of Marblehead ;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of prayer were read ;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from the squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the Rock of Avery's Fall !

THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and
stone,
These huge mill-monsters overgrown ;
Blot out the humbler piles as well,

Where, moved like living shuttles,
dwell
The weaving genii of the bell ;
Tear from the wild Cocheco's track
The dams that hold its torrents back ;
And let the loud-rejoicing fall
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall ;
And let the Indian's paddle play

On the unbridged Piscataqua!
 Wide over hill and valley spread
 Once more the forest, dusk and
 dread,
 With here and there a clearing cut
 From the walled shadows round it
 shut;
 Each with its farm-house builded
 rude,
 By English yeoman squared and
 hewed,
 And the grim, flanked block-house
 bound
 With bristling palisades around.
 So, haply, shall before thine eyes
 The dusty veil of centuries rise,
 The old, strange scenery overlay
 The tamer pictures of to-day,
 While, like the actors in a play,
 Pass in their ancient guise along
 The figures of my border song:
 What time beside Cocheco's flood
 The white man and the red man
 stood,
 With words of peace and brother-
 hood;
 When passed the sacred calumet
 From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,
 And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's
 smoke
 Through the gray beard of Waldron
 broke,
 And Squando's voice, in suppliant
 plea
 For mercy, struck the haughty key
 Of one who held, in any fate,
 His native pride inviolate!

“ Let your ears be opened wide!
 He who speaks has never lied.
 Waldron of Piscataqua,
 Hear what Squando has to say!

“ Squando shuts his eyes and sees,
 Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.
 In his wigwam, still as stone,
 Sits a woman all alone,

“ Wampum beads and birchen strands
 Dropping from her careless hands,

Listening ever for the fleet
 Patter of a dead child's feet!

“ When the moon a year ago
 Told the flowers the time to blow,
 In that lonely wigwam smiled
 Menewee, our little child.

“ Ere that moon grew thin and old,
 He was lying still and cold;
 Sent before us, weak and small,
 When the Master did not call!

“ On his little grave I lay;
 Three times went and came the day;
 Thrice above me blazed the noon,
 Thrice upon me wept the moon.

“ In the third night-watch I heard,
 Far and low, a spirit-bird;
 Very mournful, very wild,
 Sang the totem of my child.

“ Menewee, poor Menewee,
 Walks a path he cannot see:
 Let the white man's wigwam light
 With its blaze his steps aright.

“ All un-called, he dares not show
 Empty hands to Manitou:
 Better gifts he cannot bear
 Than the scalps his slayers wear.’

“ All the while the totem sang,
 Lightning blazed and thunder rang;
 And a black cloud, reaching high,
 Pulled the white moon from the sky.

“ I, the medicine-man, whose ear
 All that spirits hear can hear,—
 I, whose eyes are wide to see
 All the things that are to be,—

“ Well I knew the dreadful signs
 In the whispers of the pines,
 In the river roaring loud,
 In the mutter of the cloud.

“ At the breaking of the day,
 From the grave I passed away;

Flowers bloomed round me, birds
sang glad,
But my heart was hot and mad.

“ There is rust on Squando’s knife,
From the warm, red springs of life ;
On the funeral hemlock-trees
Many a scalp the totem sees.

“ Blood for blood ! But evermore
Squando’s heart is sad and sore ;
And his poor squaw waits at home
For the feet that never come !

“ Waldron of Cocheco, hear !
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear ;
Take the captives he has ta’en ;
Let the land have peace again ! ”

As the words died on his tongue,
Wide apart his warriors swung ;
Parted, at the sign he gave,
Right and left, like Egypt’s wave.

And, like Israel passing free
Through the prophet-charmed sea,
Captive mother, wife, and child
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,
Middleway her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid
On the little maiden’s head,
Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

“ Gift or favor ask I none ;
What I have is all my own :
Never yet the birds have sung,
‘ Squando hath a beggar’s tongue.’

“ Yet for her who waits at home,
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little Gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee !

“ Mishanock, my little star !
Come to Saco’s pines afar ;
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come ! ”

“ What ! ” quoth Waldron, “ leave a
child
Christian-born to heathens wild ?
As God lives, from Satan’s hand
I will pluck her as a brand ! ”

“ Hear me, white man ! ” Squando
cried ;
“ Let the little one decide.
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me, or stay ? ”

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,
Half regretfully, the maid
Owned the ties of blood and race, —
Turned from Squando’s pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,
But his wampum chain he broke,
And the beaded wonder hung
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem
In the marches of a dream,
Single-filed, the grim array
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,
Through her tears the young child
gazed.

“ God preserve her ! ” Waldron said ;
“ Satan hath bewitched the maid ! ”

Years went and came. At close of
day
Singing came a child from play,
Tossing from her loose-locked head
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother’s look,
But her head she gravely shook,
And with lips that fondly smiled
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed, the maid began :
 "Up and down the brook I ran,
 Where, beneath the bank so steep,
 Lie the spotted trout asleep.

" 'Chip!' went squirrel on the wall,
 After me I heard him call,
 And the cat-bird on the tree
 Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark
 That I stopped to look and hark,
 On a log, with feather-hat,
 By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away ;
 But he called, and bade me stay ;
 And his voice was good and mild
 As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,
 Looked and looked it o'er again ;
 Gave me berries, and, beside,
 On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see
 What the Indian's gift might be.
 On the braid of Wampum hung,
 Lo! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,
 Squando's bird and totem pine ;
 And, a mirage of the brain,
 Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,
 Into space the walls outgrew ;
 On the Indian's wigwam-mat,
 Blossom-crowned, again she sat.

Cool she felt the west-wind blow,
 In her ear the pines sang low,
 And, like links from out a chain,
 Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,
 From the griefs that gnaw within,
 To the freedom of the woods
 Called the birds, and winds, and floods,

Well, O painful minister !
 Watch thy flock, but blame not her,
 If her ear grew sharp to hear
 All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul
 All the desert's glamour stole,
 That a tear for childhood's loss
 Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read,
 And she bowed her widowed head,
 And a prayer for each loved name
 Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,
 Lo ! another name was given :
 "Father, give the Indian rest !
 Bless him ! for his love has blest ! "

MY PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
 Their song was soft and low ;
 The blossoms in the sweet May wind
 Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
 The orchard birds sang clear ;
 The sweetest and the saddest day
 It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
 My playmate left her home,
 And took with her the laughing
 spring,
 The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
 She laid her hand in mine :
 What more could ask the bashful boy
 Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May :
 The constant years told o'er
 Their seasons with as sweet May
 morns,
 But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make
sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—

If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

POEMS AND LYRICS.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

"And I sought, whence is Evil: I set before the eye of my spirit the whole creation; whatsoever we see therein,— sea, earth, air, stars, trees, moral creatures,— yea, whatsoever there is we do not see,— angels and spiritual powers. Where is evil, and whence comes it, since God the Good hath created all things? Why made He anything at all of evil, and not rather by His Almighty cause it not to be? These thoughts I turned in my miserable heart, overcharged with most gnawing cares." "And, admonished to return to myself, I entered even into my inmost soul, Thou being my guide, and beheld even beyond my soul and mind

the Light unchangeable. He who knows the Truth knows what that Light is, and he that knows it knows Eternity! O Truth, who art Eternity! Love, who art Truth! Eternity, who art Love! And I beheld that Thou madest all things good, and to Thee is nothing whatsoever evil. From the angel to the worm, from the first motion to the last, Thou settest each in its place, and everything is good in its kind. Woe is me!— how high art Thou in the highest, how deep in the deepest! and Thou never departest from us and we scarcely return to Thee." — *Augustine's Soliloquies*, Book VII.

THE fourteen centuries fall away
Between us and the Afric saint,

And at his side we urge, to-day,
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given,—
From sea or earth comes no reply;
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven
He vainly questioned bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife,—
From all we grasp the meaning slips;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful lips.

In paths unknown we hear the feet
Of fear before, and guilt behind;
We pluck the wayside fruit, and eat
Ashes and dust beneath its golden rind.

From age to age descends unchecked
The sad bequest of sire to son.
The body's taint, the mind's defect,—
Through every web of life the dark threads run.

O, why and whither? — God knows all;
I only know that he is good,
And that whatever may befall
Or here or there, must be the best that could.

Between the dreadful cherubim
A Father's face I still discern,
As Moses looked of old on him,
And saw his glory into goodness turn!

For he is merciful as just;
And so, by faith correcting sight,
I bow before his will, and trust
Howe'er they seem he doeth all things right.

And dare to hope that he will make
The rugged smooth, the doubtful plain;
His mercy never quite forsake;
His healing visit every realm of pain;

That suffering is not his revenge
Upon his creatures weak and frail,
Sent on a pathway new and strange
With feet that wander and with eyes that fail;

That, o'er the crucible of pain,
Watches the tender eye of Love
The slow transmuting of the chain
Whose links are iron below to gold above!

Ah me! we doubt the shining skies,
Seen through our shadows of offence,
And drown with our poor childish cries
The cradle-hymn of kindly Providence.

And still we love the evil cause,
And of the just effect complain;
We tread upon life's broken laws,
And murmur at our self-inflicted pain;

We turn us from the light, and find
Our spectral shapes before us thrown,
As they who leave the sun behind
Walk in the shadows of themselves alone.

And scarce by will or strength of ours
We set our faces to the day;
Weak, wavering, blind, the Eternal Powers
Alone can turn us from ourselves away.

Our weakness is the strength of sin,
But love must needs be stronger far,
Outreaching all and gathering in
The erring spirit and the wandering star.

A Voice grows with the growing years;

Earth, hushing down her bitter cry,

Looks upward from her graves, and hears,

“The Resurrection and the Life am I.”

O Love Divine!—whose constant beam

Shines on the eyes that will not see,

And waits to bless us, while we dream

Thou leavest us because we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,

All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;

And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire

On dusky tribes and twilight centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know’st,

Wide as our need thy favors fall;

The white wings of the Holy Ghost Stoop, seen or unseen, o’er the heads of all.

O Beauty, old yet ever new!

Eternal Voice, and Inward Word,

The Logos of the Greek and Jew,

The old sphere-music which the Samian heard!

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,

Long sought without, but found within,

The Law of Love beyond all law,

The Life o’erflooding mortal death and sin!

Shine on us with the light which glowed

Upon the trance-bound shepherd’s way,

Who saw the Darkness overflowed

And drowned by tides of everlasting Day.

Shine, light of God!—make broad thy scope

To all who sin and suffer; more

And better than we dare to hope With Heaven’s compassion make our longings poor!

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS OF HERBIPOLIS, one day, While kneeling at the altar’s foot to pray,

Alone with God, as was his pious choice,

Heard from without a miserable voice, A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell,

As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby

His thoughts went upward broken by that cry;

And, looking from the casement, saw below

A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow,

And withered hands held up to him, who cried

For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, “For the dear love of Him who gave

His life for ours, my child from bondage save,—

My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves

In the Moor’s galley, where the sun-smit waves

Lap the white walls of Tunis!”— “What I can

I give,” Tritemius said: “My prayers.” — “O man

Of God!” she cried, for grief had made her bold,

"Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers,
but gold.
Words will not serve me, alms alone
suffice ;
Even while I speak perchance my first-
born dies."

"Woman ! " Tritemius answered,
"from our door
None go unfed ; hence are we always
poor :
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers ; — what can
we give thee more ? "

"Give me," she said, "the silver can-
dlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on his
errands sped,
Or he can give you golden ones in-
stead."

Then spake Tritemius, "Even as thy
word,
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious
Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacri-
fice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon his altar piled !)
Take what thou askest, and redeem
thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy
alms
He placed within the beggar's eager
palms ;
And as she vanished down the linden
shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness
prayed.

So the day passed, and when the twi-
light came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to
behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

THE EVE OF ELECTION.

FROM gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian Summer fades too soon ;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's
moon.

In its pale fire,
The village spire
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance ;
The painted walls
Whereon it falls
Transfigured stand in marble trance !

O'er fallen leaves
The west-wind grieves,
Yet comes a seed-time round again ;
And morn shall see
The State sown free
With baleful tares or healthful grain.

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be ;
I stand by Empire's primal springs ;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned
kings !

Hark ! through the crowd
The laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
God save the land
A careless hand
May shake or swerve ere morrow's
noon !

No jest is this ;
One cast amiss

May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
O, take me where
Are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float ;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote !

For pearls that gem
A diadem
The diver in the deep sea dies ;
The regal right
We boast to-night
Is ours through costlier sacrifice ;

The blood of Vane,
His prison pain
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,
And hers whose faith
Drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God !

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain ;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and
palms, —
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon
psalms !

Look from the sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching
beam ;
Till in the sight
Of thy pure light
Our mean self-seeking meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark ;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as
one !

THE OVER-HEART.

" For of Him, and through Him, and to
Him are all things, to whom be glory for-
ever ! " — PAUL.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and man,
Well might the wise Athenian scan
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of his plan.

And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all, —
One Being's tidal rise and fall
In soul and form, in sound and sight, —
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear
The central fact of Nature owns ; —
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-
stones,
And darkly dreams the ghastly smear
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the Terror : deep within
The human heart the secret lies

Of all the hideous deities;
And, painted on a ground of sin,
The fabled gods of torment rise!

And what is He? — The ripe grain
nods,
The sweet dews fall, the sweet
flowers blow;
But darker signs his presence
show:
The earthquake and the storm are
God's,
And good and evil interflow.

O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and
best!
To you the truth is manifest:
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his
breast!

In him of whom the sibyl told,
For whom the prophet's harp was
toned,
Whose need the sage and magian
owned,
The loving heart of God behold,
The hope for which the ages
groaned!

Fade, pomp of dreadful imagery.
Wherewith mankind have deified
Their hate, and selfishness, and
pride!
Let the scared dreamer wake to see
The Christ of Nazareth at his side!

What doth that holy Guide re-
quire? —
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking, where duty is desire,
To him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear,
And let the pitying heaven's sweet
rain
Wash out the altar's bloody stain;

The law of Hatred disappear,
The law of Love alone remain.

How fall the idols false and grim! —
And lo! their hideous wreck above
The emblems of the Lamb and
Dove!
Man turns from God, not God from
him;
And guilt, in suffering, whispers
Love!

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch his garment's
fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has
grown.
O heart of mine! with reverence own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the
known.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

IN the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's mountains,
Across the charm'd bay
Whose blue waves keep with Capri's
silver fountains
Perpetual holiday,

A king lies dead, his wafer duly
eaten,
His gold-bought masses given;
And Rome's great altar smokes with
gums to sweeten
Her foulest gift to Heaven.

And while all Naples thrills with
mute thanksgiving,
The court of England's queen

For the dead monster so abhorred
while living
In mourning garb is seen.

With a true sorrow God rebukes that
feigning;
By lone Edgbaston's side
Stands a great city in the sky's sad
raining,
Bare-headed and wet-eyed!

Silent for once the restless hive of
labor,
Save the low funeral tread,
Or voice of craftsman whispering to
his neighbor
The good deeds of the dead.

For him no minster's chant of the
immortals
Rose from the lips of sin;
No mitred priest swung back the
heavenly portals
To let the white soul in.

But Age and Sickness framed their
tearful faces
In the low hovel's door,
And prayers went up from all the
dark by-places
And Ghettos of the poor.

The pallid toiler and the negro
chattel,
The vagrant of the street,
The human dice wherewith in games
of battle
The lords of earth compete,

Touched with a grief that needs no
outward draping,
All swelled the long lament,
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble,
shaping
His viewless monument!

For never yet, with ritual pomp and
splendor,
In the long heretofore,

A heart more loyal, warm, and true,
and tender,
Has England's turf closed o'er.

And if there fell from out her grand
old steeples
No crash of brazen wail,
The murmurous woe of kindreds,
tongues, and peoples
Swept in on every gale.

It came from Holstein's birchen-
belted meadows,
And from the tropic calms
Of Indian islands in the sun-smitten
shadows
Of Occidental palms;

From the locked roadsteads of the
Bothnian peasants,
And harbors of the Finn,
Where war's worn victims saw his
gentle presence
Come sailing, Christ-like, in,

To seek the lost, to build the old
waste places,
To link the hostile shores
Of severing seas, and sow with Eng-
land's daisies
The moss of Finland's moors.

Thanks for the good man's beautiful
example,
Who in the vilest saw
Some sacred crypt or altar of a
temple
Still vocal with God's law;

And heard with tender ear the spirit
sighing
As from its prison cell,
Praying for pity, like the mournful cry-
ing
Of Jonah out of hell.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's per-
suasion,
But a fine sense of right,

And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.

His faith and works, like streams
that intermingle,
In the same channel ran :
The crystal clearness of an eye kept
single
Shamed all the frauds of man.

The very gentlest of all human natures
He joined to courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures
With sturdy hate of wrong.

Tender as woman ; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished
By failure and by fall ;
Still a large faith in human-kind he cherished,
And in God's love for all.

And now he rests : his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife ;
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.

Where the dews glisten and the song-birds warble,
His dust to dust is laid,
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble
To shame his modest shade.

The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing ;
Beneath its smoky vale,

Hard by, the city of his love is swinging
Its clamorous iron flail.

But round his grave are quietude and beauty,
And the sweet heaven above,—
The fitting symbols of a life of duty
Transfigured into love!

TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed, "I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three ;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth, the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain ;—
Alike the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured, "Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,—
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

Upon her bosom snowy pure
The lost one clung, as if secure
From inward guilt or outward lure.

"Beware!" I said ; "in this I see
No gain to her, but loss to thee :
Who touches pitch defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin,
And a voice whispered, "Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's
peace win?"

"Who there shall hope and health
dispense,
And lift the ladder up from thence
Whose rounds are prayers of peni-
tence?"

I said, "No higher life they know ;
These earth-worms love to have it so.
Who stoops to raise them sinks as
low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said,—
The living seeking to the dead !

In vain I turned, in weary quest,
Old pages, where (God give them
rest!)
The poor creed-mongers dreamed and
guessed.

And still I prayed, "Lord, let me see
How Three are One, and One is
Three ;
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

Then something whispered, "Dost
thou pray
For what thou hast? This very day
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike declare
The all-compassionate Father's care?

"In the white soul that stooped to
raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Thou saw'st the Christ, whom angels
praise!

"A bodiless Divinity,
The still small Voice that spake to
thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!"

"O blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father, and Son, and Holy Call ;—
This day thou hast denied them all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul ;—and the Three
are One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast ;
The monkish gloss of ages past,
The schoolman's creed aside I cast.

And my heart answered, "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three ;
Thy riddle hath been read to me!"

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

OUR vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned ;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart ;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lines
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tasseled head ;
Within, a stag-horned sumach grows,
Fern-leaved, with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighbor-
ing plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply ;
Like mourners shrinking from the
dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast ;
The school-girl learns the place to
shun,
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified,—
That he might read who ran,—
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with
flowers,
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept
From beauty turned aside ;
Nor missed they over those who slept
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would
blow,
The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom and green its wreath,
And harebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,
The gifts she hath for all,
The common light, the common air,
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
The sunrise and the noon,
And glorified and sanctified
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod,
Around the seasons ran,
And evermore the love of God
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one ;
The known and nameless stars re-
volve
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,
And take the dole we deal,
The law of pain is love alone,
The wounding is to heal.

Unharmed from change to change we
glide,
We fall as in our dreams ;
The far-off terror at our side
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart
Alike rest great and small ;
Why fear to lose our little part,
When he is pledged for all ?

O fearful heart and troubled brain !
Take hope and strength from this,—
That Nature never hints in vain,
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet
stave,
Her lights and airs are given
Alike to playground and the grave ;
And over both is Heaven.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

PIPES of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills ;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills !

Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear ;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day !” the soldier said ;
“To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we
dread.”

O, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground :
“Dinna ye hear it ? — dinna ye hear
it ?
The pipes o' Havelock sound !”

Hushed the wounded man his groan-
ing ;
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true ;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call :

“Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all !”

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast !
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
“God be praised ! — the March of
Havelock !
The piping of the clans !”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike
strain ;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played !

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run ;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear ;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff,— I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;—

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong ;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,—
To build as to destroy ;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ;—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ;—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ;—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm. .

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.

A BLUSH as of roses
Where rose never grew !
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew !
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun !
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun !

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn,—
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
O Marais du Cygne!
On death for the strong life,
On red grass for green!

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan’s Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong men of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!

But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of his harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong:
Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood,—
The reeds of the Swan’s Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

“THE ROCK” IN EL GHOR.

DEAD Petra in her hill-tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
The lonely waste of Edom’s plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turns not
back;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa’s track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod,—
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing-floor of
God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra’s gates, with deeper awe

To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor ;

And where upon its ancient guard
Thy Rock, El Ghor, is standing
yet,—
Looks from its turrets desertward,
And keeps the watch that God has
set.

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man,—
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van !

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile ;

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
Cloud-bound, by Kadesh Barnea's
wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung !
How grew its shadowing pile at
length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the
name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ, the Rock of Ages,
came !

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;
We need the shadowing rock, as
they,—
We need, like them, the guides of
God.

God send his angels, Cloud and Fire,
To lead us o'er the desert sand !
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land !

ON A PRAYER-BOOK,

WITH ITS FRONTISPIECE, ARY SCHEFFER'S "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR," AMERICANIZED BY THE OMISSION OF THE BLACK MAN.

O ARY SCHEFFER ! when beneath
thine eye,
Touched with the light that cometh
from above,
Grew the sweet picture of the dear
Lord's love,
No dream hadst thou that Christian
hands would tear
Therefrom the token of his equal
care,
And make thy symbol of his truth
a lie !

The poor, dumb slave whose shackles
fall away
In his compassionate gaze, grubbed
smoothly out,
To mar no more the exercise de-
vout

Of sleek oppression kneeling down to
pray
Where the great oriel stains the
Sabbath day !

Let whoso can before such praying-
books
Kneel on his velvet cushion ; I, for
one,
Would sooner bow, a Parsee, to the
sun,

Or tend a prayer-wheel in Thibetan
brooks,
Or beat a drum on Yedo's temple-
floor.
No falser idol man has bowed
before,

In Indian groves or islands of the
sea,
Than that which through the quaint-
carved Gothic door

Looks forth,—a Church without hu-
manity !

Patron of pride, and prejudice, and
wrong,—

The rich man's charm and fetish of
the strong,
The Eternal Fulness meted, clipped,
and shorn,
The seamless robe of equal mercy
torn,
The dear Christ hidden from his
kindred flesh,
And, in his poor ones, crucified
afresh!
Better the simple Lama scattering
wide,
Where sweeps the storm Alechan's
steppes along,
His paper horses for the lost to
ride,
And wearying Buddha with his
prayers to make
The figures living for the traveller's
sake,
Than he who hopes with cheap praise
to beguile
The ear of God, dishonoring man the
while;
Who dreams the pearl gate's hinges,
rusty grown,
Are moved by flattery's oil of tongue
alone;
That in the scale Eternal Justice
bears
The generous deed weighs less than
selfish prayers,
And words intoned with graceful unc-
tion move
The Eternal Goodness more than lives
of truth and love.
Alas, the Church!— The reverend
head of Jay,
Enhaloed with its saintly silvered
hair,
Adorns no more the places of her
prayer;
And brave young Tyng, too early
called away,
Troubles the Haman of her courts
no more
Like the just Hebrew at the Assyri-
an's door;
And her sweet ritual, beautiful but
dead

As the dry husk from which the
grain is shed,
And holy hymns from which the
life devout
Of saints and martyrs has wellnigh
gone out,
Like candles dying in exhausted
air,
For Sabbath use in measured grists
are ground;
And, ever while the spiritual mill goes
round,
Between the upper and the nether
stones,
Unseen, unheard, the wretched
bondman groans,
And urges his vain plea, prayer-smoth-
ered, anthem-drowned!
O heart of mine, keep patience!—
Looking forth,
As from the Mount of Vision, I be-
hold,
Pure, just, and free, the Church of
Christ on earth,—
The martyr's dream, the golden age
foretold!
And found, at last, the mystic Graal I
see,
Brimmed with His blessing, pass
from lip to lip
In sacred pledge of human fellow-
ship;
And over all the songs of angels
hear,—
Songs of the love that casteth out
all fear,—
Songs of the Gospel of Human-
ity!
Lo! in the midst, with the same look
he wore,
Healing and blessing on Genesaret's
shore,
Folding together, with the all-tender
might
Of his great love, the dark hands and
the white,
Stands the Consoler, soothing every
pain,
Making all burdens light, and break-
ing every chain.

TO J. T. F.

ON A BLANK LEAF OF "POEMS
PRINTED, NOT PUBLISHED."

WELL thought! who would not rather
hear
The songs to Love and Friendship
sung
Than those which move the stranger's
tongue,
And feed his unselected ear?

Our social joys are more than fame;
Life withers in the public look.
Why mount the pillory of a book,
Or barter comfort for a name?

Who in a house of glass would dwell,
With curious eyes at every pane?
To ring him in and out again,
Who wants the public crier's bell?

To see the angel in one's way,
Who waits to play the ass's part,—
Bear on his back the wizard Art,
And in his service speak or bray?

And who his manly locks would shave,
And quench the eyes of common sense,
To share the noisy recompense
That mocked the shorn and blinded
slave?

The heart has needs beyond the head,
And, starving in the plenitude
Of strange gifts, craves its common
food,—
Our human nature's daily bread.

We are but men: no gods are we,
To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,
Each separate, on his painful peak,
Thin-cloaked in self-complacency!

Better his lot whose axe is swung
In Wartburg woods, or that poor girl's
Who by the Ilm her spindle whirls
And sings the songs that Luther sung,

Than his who, old, and cold, and vain,
At Weimar sat, a demigod,
And bowed with Jove's imperial nod
His votaries in and out again!

Ply, Vanity, thy wingéd feet!
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair!
Who envies him who feeds on air
The icy splendor of his seat?

I see your Alps, above me, cut
The dark, cold sky; and dim and lone
I see ye sitting,— stone on stone,—
With human senses dulled and shut.

I could not reach you, if I would,
Nor sit among your cloudy shapes;
And (spare the fable of the grapes
And fox) I would not if I could.

Keep to your lofty pedestals!
The safer plain below I choose:
Who never wins can rarely lose,
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Let such as love the eagle's scream
Divide with him his home of ice:
For me shall gentler notes suffice,—
The valley-song of bird and stream;

The pastoral bleat, the drone of bees,
The flail-beat chiming far away,
The cattle-low, at shut of day,
The voice of God in leaf and breeze!

Then lend thy hand, my wiser friend,
And help me to the vales below,
(In truth, I have not far to go,)
Where sweet with flowers the fields
extend.

THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of
balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark
sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and
rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly
trails!

What does the good ship bear so
well?

The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and
wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the
Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and
calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill
could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous
palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat
soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is
quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the
sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his
hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise com-
mands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-
leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm
was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet
spun

Whereon he kneels when the day is
done,
And the foreheads of Islam are
bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House, and raiment, and food, and
wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only
cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in
peace.

“Allah il Allah!” he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of
balm;
“Thanks to Allah who gives the
palm!”

LINES,

READ AT THE BOSTON CELEBRA-
TION OF THE HUNDRETH AN-
NIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF
ROBERT BURNS, 25TH 1ST MO.,
1859.

How sweetly come the holy psalms
From saints and martyrs down.
The waving of triumphal palms
Above the thorny crown!
The choral praise, the chanted
prayers
From harps by angels strung,
The hunted Cameron's mountain
airs,
The hymns that Luther sung!

Yet, jarring not the heavenly notes,
The sounds of earth are heard,
As through the open minster floats
The song of breeze and bird!
Not less the wonder of the sky
That daisies bloom below;
The brook sings on, though loud and
high
The cloudy organs blow!

And, if the tender ear be jarred
 That, haply, hears by turns
 The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
 The pastoral pipe of Burns,
 No discord mars His perfect plan
 Who gave them both a tongue;
 For he who sings the love of man
 The love of God hath sung!

To-day be every fault forgiven
 Of him in whom we joy!
 We take, with thanks, the gold of
 Heaven
 And leave the earth's alloy.
 Be ours his music as of spring,
 His sweetness as of flowers,
 The songs the bard himself might
 sing
 In holier ears than ours.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
 Of household melodies,
 Come singing, as the robins come
 To sing in door-yard trees.
 And, heart to heart, two nations
 lean,
 No rival wreaths to twine,
 But blending in eternal green
 The holly and the pine!

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

OUT and in the river is winding
 The links of its long, red chain
 Through belts of dusky pine-land
 And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
 With the drifting cloud-rack
 joins,—
 The smoke of the hunting-lodges
 Of the wild Assiniboins!

Drearly blows the north-wind
 From the land of ice and snow;
 The eyes that look are weary,
 And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
 And one upon the shore,
 The Angel of Shadow gives warning
 That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
 Is it the Indian's yell,
 That lends to the voice of the north-
 wind
 The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
 To the sound that grows apace;
 Well he knows the vesper ringing
 Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
 That call from their turrets twain,
 To the boatman on the river,
 To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
 The bitter north-winds blow,
 And thus upon life's Red River
 Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
 Rests his feet on wave and shore,
 And our eyes grow dim with watch-
 ing
 And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
 The signal of his release
 In the bells of the Holy City,
 The chimes of eternal peace!

KENOZA LAKE.

As Adam did in Paradise,
 To-day the primal right we claim:
 Fair mirror of the woods and skies,
 We give to thee a name.

Lake of the pickerel!—let no more
 The echoes answer back, "Great
 Pond,"
 But sweet Kenoza, from thy shore
 And watching hills beyond,

Let Indian ghosts, if such there be
Who ply unseen their shadowy
lines,
Call back the ancient name to thee,
As with the voice of pines.

The shores we trod as barefoot boys,
The nutted woods we wandered
through,
To friendship, love, and social joys
We consecrate anew.

Here shall the tender song be sung,
And memory's dirges soft and low,
And wit shall sparkle on the tongue,
And mirth shall overflow,

Harmless as summer lightning plays
From a low, hidden cloud by night,
A light to set the hills ablaze,
But not a bolt to smite.

In sunny South and prairied West
Are exiled hearts remembering
still,
As bees their hive, as birds their
nest,
The homes of Haverhill.

They join us in our rites to-day;
And, listening, we may hear, ere-
long,
From inland lake and ocean bay,
The echoes of our song.

Kenoza! o'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon-cloud
sail,—
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil.

Long be it ere the tide of trade
Shall break with harsh-resounding
din
The quiet of thy banks of shade,
And hills that fold thee in.

Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
The shy loon sound his trumpet-
note;

Wing-weary from his fields of air,
The wild-goose on thee float.

Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
Thy beauty our deforming strife;
Thy woods and waters minister
The healing of their life.

And sinless Mirth, from care re-
leased,
Behold, unawed, thy mirrored sky,
Smiling as smiled on Cana's feast
The Master's loving eye.

And when the summer day grows
dim,
And light mists walk thy mimic
sea,
Revive in us the thought of Him
Who walked on Galilee!

TO G. B. C.

So spake Esaias: so, in words of
flame,
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote with
blame
The traffickers in men, and put to
shame.
All earth and heaven before,
The sacerdotal robbers of the poor.

All the dread Scripture lives for thee
again,
To smite with lightning on the hands
profane
Lifted to bless the slave-whip and the
chain.

Once more th' old Hebrew tongue
Bends with the shafts of God a bow
new-strung!

Take up the mantle which the proph-
ets wore;
Warn with their warnings,— show the
Christ once more
Bound, scourged, and crucified in his
blameless poor;
And shake above our land

The unquenched bolts that blazed in
Hosea's hand!

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our
years
The solemn burdens of the Orient
seers,
And smite with truth a guilty nation's
ears.
Mightier was Luther's word
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or Hutt-
ton's sword!

THE SISTERS.

A PICTURE BY BARRY.

THE shade for me, but over thee
The lingering sunshine still ;
As, smiling, to the silent stream
Comes down the singing rill,

So come to me, my little one,—
My years with thee I share,
And mingle with a sister's love
A mother's tender care.

But keep the smile upon thy lip,
The trust upon thy brow ;
Since for the dear one God hath called
We have an angel now.

Our mother from the fields of heaven
Shall still her ear incline ;
Nor need we fear her human love
Is less for love divine.

The songs are sweet they sing beneath
The trees of life so fair,
But sweetest of the songs of heaven
Shall be her children's prayer.

Then, darling, rest upon my breast,
And teach my heart to lean
With thy sweet trust upon the arm
Which folds us both unseen !

LINES,

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL AND HORTI-
CULTURAL EXHIBITION AT AMES-
BURY AND SALISBURY, SEPT. 28,
1858.

THIS day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grape by the river's side,
And tasteless groundnut trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and
pear ;
The mirror of the Powow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod ;
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,—
The joy of him who toils with God.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !
We thank thee for thy wise design
Whereby these human hands of ours
In Nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born ;
That he who smites the summer weed,
May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their
power ;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall ;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest ;
And God and man shall own his
worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given ;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall
grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven !

THE PREACHER.

ITS windows flashing to the sky,
 Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
 Far down the vale, my friend and I
 Beheld the old and quiet town ;
 The ghostly sails that out at sea
 Flapped their white wings of mystery ;
 The beaches glimmering in the sun,
 And the low wooded capes that run
 Into the sea-mist north and south ;
 The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth ;
 The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
 The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

OVER the woods and meadow-lands
 A crimson-tinted shadow lay
 Of clouds through which the setting day
 Flung a slant glory far away.
 It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
 It flamed upon the city's panes,
 Smote the white sails of ships that wore
 Outward or in, and glided o'er
 The steeples with their veering vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search
 O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire
 Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire :
 What is it, pray?" — "The White-field Church !
 Walled about by its basement stones,
 There rest the marvellous prophet's bones."
 Then as our homeward way we walked,
 Of the great preacher's life we talked ;
 And through the mystery of our theme
 The outward glory seemed to stream,
 And Nature's self interpreted
 The doubtful record of the dead ;
 And every level beam that smote
 The sails upon the dark afloat
 A symbol of the light became
 Which touched the shadows of our blame
 With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

Over the roofs of the pioneers
 Gathers the moss of a hundred years ;
 On man and his works has passed the change
 Which needs must be in a century's range.
 The land lies open and warm in the sun,
 Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run,—
 Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,
 The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain !
 But the living faith of the settlers old
 A dead profession their children hold ;
 To the lust of office and greed of trade
 A stepping-stone is the altar made.
 The Church, to place and power the door,
 Rebukes the sin of the world no more,
 Nor sees its Lord in the homeless poor.
 Everywhere is the grasping hand,
 And eager adding of land to land ;
 And earth, which seemed to the fathers meant
 But as a pilgrim's wayside tent,—
 A nightly shelter to fold away
 When the Lord should call at the break of day,—
 Solid and steadfast seems to be,
 And Time has forgotten Eternity !
 But fresh and green from the rotting roots
 Of primal forests the young growth shoots ;
 From the death of the old the new proceeds,
 And the life of truth from the rot of creeds :
 On the ladder of God, which upward leads,
 The steps of progress are human needs.
 For his judgments still are a mighty deep,

And the eyes of his providence never sleep :
 When the night is darkest he gives the morn ;
 When the famine is sorest, the wine and corn !

In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,
 Shaping his creed at the forge of thought ;
 And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent
 The iron links of his argument,
 Which strove to grasp in its mighty span
 The purpose of God and the fate of man !
 Yet faithful still, in his daily round
 To the weak, and the poor, and sinsick found,
 The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art
 Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.
 Had he not seen in the solitudes
 Of his deep and dark Northampton woods
 A vision of love about him fall ?
 Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,
 But the tenderer glory that rests on them
 Who walk in the New Jerusalem,
 Where never the sun nor moon are known,
 But the Lord and his love are the light alone !
 And watching the sweet, still countenance
 Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,
 Had he not treasured each broken word
 Of the mystical wonder seen and heard ;
 And loved the beautiful dreamer more
 That thus to the desert of earth she bore

Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's shore ?

As the barley-winnower, holding with pain

Aloft in waiting his chaff and grain,
 Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze
 Sounding the pine-tree's slender keys,
 So he who had waited long to hear
 The sound of the Spirit drawing near,
 Like that which the son of Iddo heard
 When the feet of angels the myrtles stirred,

Felt the answer of prayer, at last,
 As over his church the afflatus passed,
 Breaking its sleep as breezes break
 To sun-bright ripples a stagnant lake.

At first a tremor of silent fear,
 The creep of the flesh at danger near,
 A vague foreboding and discontent,
 Over the hearts of the people went.
 All nature warned in sounds and signs :
 The wind in the tops of the forest pines

In the name of the Highest called to prayer,
 As the muezzin calls from the minaret stair.

Through ceiled chambers of secret sin
 Sudden and strong the light shone in ;
 A guilty sense of his neighbor's needs
 Startled the man of title-deeds ;
 The trembling hand of the worldling shook

The dust of years from the Holy Book ;
 And the psalms of David, forgotten long,

Took the place of the scoffer's song.

The impulse spread like the outward course

Of waters moved by a central force :
 The tide of spiritual life rolled down
 From inland mountains to seaboard town.

Prepared and ready the altar stands
 Waiting the prophet's outstretched hands

And prayer availing, to downward call
The fiery answer in view of all.
Hearts are like wax in the furnace,
 who
Shall mould, and shape, and cast them
 anew?
Lo! by the Merrimack WHITEFIELD
stands
In the temple that never was made by
 hands,—
Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,
And dome of the sunshine over all!—
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious
 name.
Blown about on the winds of fame;
Now as an angel of blessing classed,
And now as a mad enthusiast.
Called in his youth to sound and
 gauge
The moral lapse of his race and age,
And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw
Of human frailty and perfect law;
Possessed by the one dread thought
 that lent
Its goad to his fiery temperament,
Up and down the world he went,
A John the Baptist crying,— Repent!

No perfect whole can our nature
 make;
Here or there the circle will break;
The orb of life as it takes the light
On one side leaves the other in night.
Never was saint so good and great
As to give no chance at St. Peter's
 gate
For the plea of the Devil's advocate.
So, incomplete by his being's law,
The marvellous preacher had his
 flaw:
With step unequal, and lame with
 faults,
His shade on the path of History
 halts.

Wisely and well said the Eastern
 bard;
Fear is easy, but love is hard,—
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage;

But he is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

Thus he,— to whom, in the painful
stress
Of zeal on fire from its own excess,
Heaven seemed so vast and earth so
 small
That man was nothing, since God was
 all,—
Forgot, as the best at times have
 done,
That the love of the Lord and of man
are one.

Little to him whose feet unshod
The thorny path of the desert trod,
Careless of pain, so it led to God,
Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor
 man's wrong,
The weak ones trodden beneath the
 strong.
Should the worm be chooser? — the
 clay withstand
The shaping will of the potter's hand?

In the Indian fable Arjoon hears
The scorn of a god rebuke his fears :
“Spare thy pity!” Krishna saith ;
“Not in thy sword is the power of
 death!
All is illusion, — loss but seems ;
Pleasure and pain are only dreams ;
Who deems he slayeth doth not kill ;
Who counts as slain is living still.
Strike, nor fear thy blow is crime ;
Nothing dies but the cheats of time ;
Slain or slayer, small the odds
To each, immortal as Indra's gods!”

So by Savannah's banks of shade,
The stones of his mission the preacher
 laid
On the heart of the negro crushed and
 rent,
And made of his blood the wall's cement ;
Bade the slave-ship speed from coast
 to coast

Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost;
And begged, for the love of Christ, the gold
Coined from the hearts in its groaning hold.

What could it matter, more or less
Of stripes, and hunger, and weariness?

Living or dying, bond or free,
What was time to eternity?

Alas for the preacher's cherished schemes!
Mission and church are now but dreams;
Nor prayer nor fasting availed the plan
To honor God through the wrong of man.

Of all his labors no trace remains
Save the bondman lifting his hands in chains.

The woof he wove in the righteous warp
Of freedom-loving Oglethorpe,
Clothes with curses the goodly land,
Changes its greenness and bloom to sand;

And a century's lapse reveals once more
The slave-ship stealing to Georgia's shore.

Father of Light! how blind is he
Who sprinkles the altar he rears to Thee

With the blood and tears of humanity!

He erred: Shall we count his gifts as naught?

Was the work of God in him unwrought?

The servant may through his deafness err,

And blind may be God's messenger;
But the errand is sure they go upon,—
The word is spoken, the deed is done.
Was the Hebrew temple less fair and good

That Solomon bowed to gods of wood?

For his tempted heart and wandering feet,
Were the songs of David less pure and sweet?

So in light and shadow the preacher went,
God's erring and human instrument;
And the hearts of the people where he passed

Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
Under the spell of a voice which took
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,
And the mystical chime of the bells of gold

On the ephod's hem of the priest of old,—
Now the roll of thunder, and now the awe
Of the trumpet heard in the Mount of Law.

A solemn fear on the listening crowd
Fell like the shadow of a cloud.

The sailor reeling from out the ships
Whose masts stood thick in the river-slips

Felt the jest and the curse die on his lips.

Listened the fisherman rude and hard,
The calker rough from the builder's yard,

The man of the market left his load,
The teamster leaned on his bending goad,

The maiden, and youth beside her, felt

Their hearts in a closer union melt,
And saw the flowers of their love in bloom

Down the endless vistas of life to come.

Old age sat feebly brushing away
From his ears the scanty locks of gray;

And careless boyhood, living the free
Unconscious life of bird and tree,
Suddenly wakened to a sense
Of sin and its guilty consequence.
It was as if an angel's voice

Called the listeners up for their final choice;
 As if a strong hand rent apart
 The veils of sense from soul and heart,
 Showing in light ineffable
 The joys of heaven and woes of hell!
 All about in the misty air
 The hills seemed kneeling in silent prayer;
 The rustle of leaves, the moaning sedge
 The water's lap on its gravelled edge,
 The wailing pines, and, far and faint,
 The wood-dove's note of sad complaint,—
 To the solemn voice of the preacher lent
 An undertone as of low lament;
 And the roar of the sea from its sandy coast,
 On the easterly wind, now heard, now lost,
 Seemed the murmurous sound of the judgment host.

Yet wise men doubted, and good men wept,
 As that storm of passion above them swept,
 And, comet-like, adding flame to flame,
 The priests of the new Evangel came,—
 Davenport, flashing upon the crowd,
 Charged like summer's electric cloud,
 Now holding the listener still as death
 With terrible warnings under breath,
 Now shouting for joy, as if he viewed
 The vision of Heaven's beatitude!
 And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound
 Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,
 Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,
 And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,
 Groaning under the world's despair!
 Grave pastors, grieving their flocks to lose,
 Prophesied to the empty pews

That gourds would wither, and mushrooms die,
 And noisiest fountains run soonest dry,
 Like the spring that gushed in Newbury Street;
 Under the tramp of the earthquake's feet,
 A silver shaft in the air and light,
 For a single day, then lost in night,
 Leaving only, its place to tell,
 Sandy fissure and sulphurous smell.
 With zeal wing-clipped and whiteheat cool,
 Moved by the spirit in grooves of rule,
 No longer harried, and cropped, and fleeced,
 Flogged by sheriff and cursed by priest,
 But by wiser counsels left at ease
 To settle quietly on his lees,
 And, self-concentred, to count as done
 The work which his fathers scarce begun,
 In silent protest of letting alone,
 The Quaker kept the way of his own,—
 A non-conductor among the wires,
 With coat of asbestos proof to fires.
 And quite unable to mend his pace
 To catch the falling manna of grace,
 He hugged the closer his little store
 Of faith, and silently prayed for more.
 And vague of creed and barren of rite,
 But holding, as in his Master's sight,
 Act and thought to the inner light,
 The round of his simple duties walked,
 And strove to live what the others talked.

And who shall marvel if evil went
 Step by step with the good intent,
 And with love and meekness, side by side,
 Lust of the flesh and spiritual pride?—
 That passionate longings and fancies vain
 Set the heart on fire and crazed the brain?—
 That over the holy oracles
 Folly sported with cap and bells?—
 That goodly women and learned men
 Marvelling told with tongue and pen

How unweaned children chirped like birds

Texts of Scripture and solemn words,
Like the infant seers of the rocky glens
In the Puy de Dome of wild Cevennes :
Or baby Lamas who pray and preach
From Tartar cradles in Buddha's speech?

In the war which Truth or Freedom wages

With impious fraud and the wrong of ages

Hate and malice and self-love mar
The notes of triumph with painful jar,
And the helping angels turn aside
Their sorrowing faces the shame to hide.

Never on custom's oil'd grooves
The world to a higher level moves,
But grates and grinds with friction hard

On granite boulder and flinty shard.
The heart must bleed before it feels,
The pool be troubled before it heals ;
Ever by losses the right must gain,
Every good have its birth of pain ;
The active Virtues blush to find

The Vices wearing their badge behind,

And Graces and Charities feel the fire
Wherein the sins of the age expire ;
The fiend still rends as of old he rent
The tortured body from which he went.

But Time tests all. In the over-drift
And flow of the Nile, with its annual gift,

Who cares for the Hadji's relics sunk ?
Who thinks of the drowned-out Coptic monk ?

The tide that loosens the temple's stones,

And scatters the sacred ibis-bones,
Drives away from the valley-land
That Arab robber, the wandering sand,

Moistens the fields that know no rain,
Fringes the desert with belts of grain,

And bread to the sower brings again.
So the flood of emotion deep and strong

Troubled the land as it swept along,
But left a result of holier lives,
Tenderer mothers and worthier wives.
The husband and father whose children fled

And sad wife wept when his drunken tread

Frightened peace from his roof-tree's shade,

And a rock of offence his hearthstone made,

In a strength that was not his own,
began

To rise from the brute's to the plane of man.

Old friends embraced, long held apart
By evil counsel and pride of heart ;
And penitence saw through misty tears,

In the bow of hope on its cloud of fears,

The promise of Heaven's eternal years,—

The peace of God for the world's annoy,—

Beauty for ashes, and oil of joy !

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvellous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known ;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him

Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveller strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,

And the vanishing town behind him search

For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church ;

And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade,

And fashion, and folly, and pleasure laid,
By the thought of that life of pure intent,
That voice of warning yet eloquent,
Of one on the errands of angels sent.
And if where he labored the flood of sin
Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
And over a life of time and sense
The church-spires lift their vain defence,
As if to scatter the bolts of God
With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—
Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
Precious beyond the world's renown,
His memory hallows the ancient town!

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

FROM the well-springs of Hudson, the sea-cliffs of Maine,
Grave men, sober matrons, you gather again ;
And, with hearts warmer grown as your heads grow more cool,
Play over the old game of going to school.

All your strifes and vexations, your whims and complaints,
(You were not saints yourselves, if the children of saints !)
All your petty self-seekings and rivalries done,
Round the dear Alma Mater your hearts beat as one !

How widely soe'er you have strayed from the fold,
Though your "thee" has grown "you," and your drab blue and gold,
To the old friendly speech and the garb's sober form,

Like the heart of Argyle to the tartan,
you warm.

But, the first greetings over, you glance round the hall ;
Your hearts call the roll, but they answer not all :
Through the turf green above them the dead cannot hear ;
Name by name, in the silence, falls sad as a tear !

In love, let us trust, they were summoned so soon
From the morning of life, while we toil through its noon ;
They were frail like ourselves, they had needs like our own,
And they rest as we rest in God's mercy alone.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and frame,
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is the same ;
Though we sink in the darkness, his arms break our fall,
And in death as in life, he is Father of all !

We are older : our footsteps, so light in the play
Of the far-away school-time, move slower to-day ; —

Here a beard touched with frost, there a bald, shining crown,
And beneath the cap's border gray mingles with brown.

But faith should be cheerful, and trust should be glad,
And our follies and sins, not our years, make us sad.

Should the heart closer shut as the bonnet grows prim,
And the face grow in length as the hat grows in brim ?

Life is brief, duty grave ; but, with rainfolded wings,

Of yesterday's sunshine the grateful heart sings ;
 And we, of all others, have reason to pay
 The tribute of thanks, and rejoice on our way ;

For the counsels that turned from the follies of youth ;
 For the beauty of patience, the whiteness of truth ;
 For the wounds of rebuke, when love tempered its edge ;
 For the household's restraint, and the discipline's hedge ;

For the lessons of kindness vouchsafed to the least
 Of the creatures of God, whether human or beast,
 Bringing hope to the poor, lending strength to the frail,
 In the lanes of the city, the slave-hut, and jail ;

For a womanhood higher and holier, by all
 Her knowledge of good, than was Eve ere her fall,—
 Whose task-work of duty moves lightly as play,
 Serene as the moonlight and warm as the day ;

And, yet more, for the faith which embraces the whole,
 Of the creeds of the ages the life and the soul,
 Wherein letter and spirit the same channel run,
 And man has not severed what God has made one !

For a sense of the Goodness revealed everywhere,
 As sunshine impartial, and free as the air ;
 For a trust in humanity, Heathen or Jew,

And a hope for all darkness The Light shineth through.

Who scoffs at our birthright? — the words of the seers,
 And the songs of the bards in the twilight of years,
 All the foregleams of wisdom in santon and sage,
 In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.

The Word which the reason of Plato discerned ;
 The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra-fire burned ;
 The soul of the world which the Stoic but guessed,
 In the Light Universal the Quaker confessed !

No honors of war to our worthies belong ;
 Their plain stem of life never flowered into song ;
 But the fountains they opened still gush by the way,
 And the world for their healing is better to-day.

He who lies where the minster's groined arches curve down To the tomb-crowded transept of England's renown,
 The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,
 Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all owned, —

Who through the world's pantheon walked in his pride,
 Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,
 And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,
 To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt, —

How vainly he labored to sully with blame

The white bust of Penn, in the niche
of his fame!

Self-will is self-wounding, perversity
blind:

On himself fell the stain for the
Quaker designed!

For the sake of his true-hearted father
before him;

For the sake of the dear Quaker
mother that bore him;

For the sake of his gifts, and the
works that outlive him,

And his brave words for freedom, we
freely forgive him!

There are those who take note that
our numbers are small,—

New Gibbons who write our decline
and our fall;

But the Lord of the seed-field takes
care of his own,

And the world shall yet reap what our
sowers have sown.

The last of the sect to his fathers may
go,

Leaving only his coat for some Bar-
num to show;

But the truth will outlive him, and
broaden with years,

Till the false dies away, and the
wrong disappears.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight
sinks the stone,

In the deep sea of time, but the circles
sweep on,

Till the low-rippled murmurs along
the shores run,

And the dark and dead waters leap
glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease,
to forget

To the martyrs of Truth and of Free-
dom our debt? —

Hide their words out of sight, like the
garb that they wore,

And for Barclay's Apology offer one
more?

Shall we fawn round the priestcraft
that glutted the shears,
And festooned the stocks with our
grandfathers' ears? —

Talk of Woolman's unsoundness? —
count Penn heterodox?

And take Cotton Mather in place of
George Fox? —

Make our preachers war-chaplains? —
quote Scripture to take

The hunted slave back, for Onesimus'
sake? —

Go to burning church-candles, and
chanting in choir,
And on the old meeting-house stick
up a spire?

No! the old paths we'll keep until
better are shown,
Credit good where we find it, abroad
or our own;

And while "Lo here" and "Lo there"
the multitude call,

Be true to ourselves, and do justice to
all.

The good round about us we need not
refuse,

Nor talk of our Zion as if we were
Jews;

But why shirk the badge which our
fathers have worn,

Or beg the world's pardon for having
been born?

We need not pray over the Pharisee's
prayer,

Nor claim that our wisdom is Benja-
min's share.

Truth to us and to others is equal and
one:

Shall we bottle the free air, or hoard
up the sun?

Well know we our birthright may
serve but to show

How the meanest of weeds in the
richest soil grow;
But we need not disparage the good
which we hold;
Though the vessels be earthen, the
treasure is gold!

Enough and too much of the sect and
the name.
What matters our label, so truth be
our aim?
The creed may be wrong, but the life
may be true,
And hearts beat the same under drab
coats or blue.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship,
at will,
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's
hill.
When she makes up her jewels, what
cares the good town
For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the
Quaker of BROWN?

And this green, favored island, so
fresh and sea-blown,
When she counts up the worthies her
annals have known,
Never waits for the pitiful gaugers of
sect
To measure her love, and mete out
her respect.

Three shades at this moment seem
walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and
with palms in his hand,—
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and,
smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is
seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer
they need
Credentials of party, and pass-words
of creed:
The new song they sing hath a three-
fold accord,

And they own one baptism, one faith,
and one Lord!

But the golden sands run out: occa-
sions like these
Glide swift into shadow, like sails on
the seas:
While we sport with the mosses and
pebbles ashore,
They lessen and fade, and we see
them no more.

Forgive me, dear friends, if my va-
grant thoughts seem
Like a school-boy's who idles and
plays with his theme.
Forgive the light measure whose
changes display
The sunshine and rain of our brief
April day.

There are moments in life when the
lip and the eye
Try the question of whether to smile
or to cry;
And scenes and reunions that prompt
like our own
The tender in feeling, the playful in
tone.

I, who never sat down with the boys
and the girls
At the feet of your Slocums, and
Cartlands, and Earles,—
By courtesy only permitted to lay
On your festival's altar my poor gift,
to-day,—

I would joy in your joy: let me have
a friend's part
In the warmth of your welcome of
hand and of heart,—
On your play-ground of boyhood un-
bend the brow's care,
And shift the old burdens our shoul-
ders must bear.

Long live the good School! giving
out year by year
Recruits to true manhood and woman-
hood dear:

Brave boys, modest maidens, in beauty
sent forth,
The living epistles and proof of its
worth!

In and out let the young life as steadily
flow
As in broad Narragansett the tides
come and go ;
And its sons and its daughters in
prairie and town
Remember its honor, and guard its
renown.
Not vainly the gift of its founder was
made ;

Not prayerless the stones of its cor-
ner were laid :
The blessing of Him whom in secret
they sought
Has owned the good work which the
fathers have wrought.

To Him be the glory forever!— We
bear
To the Lord of the Harvest our wheat
with the tare.
What we lack in our work may He
find in our will,
And winnow in mercy our good from
the ill!

BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE spake on his dying day :
“ I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery’s pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me ! ”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die ;
And lo ! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro’s child !

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart ;
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart.
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And round the grisly fighter’s hair the martyr’s aureole bent !

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good !
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood !
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies ;
Not the borderer’s pride of daring, but the Christian’s sacrifice .

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro’s spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more than mail !

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array ;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove ;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love !

FROM PERUGIA.

"The thing which has the most dissevered the people from the Pope,—the *unforgivable* thing,—the breaking point between him and them,—has been the encouragement and promotion he gave to the officer under whom were executed the slaughters of Perugia. *That* made the breaking point in many honest hearts that had clung to him before."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Letters from Italy."*

THE tall, sallow guardsmen their
horsetails have spread,
Flaming out in their violet, yellow,
and red;
And behind go the lackeys in crimson
and buff,
And the chamberlains gorgeous in
velvet and ruff;
Next, in red-legged pomp, come the
cardinals forth,
Each a lord of the church and a
prince of the earth.

What's this squeak of the fife, and
this batter of drum?
Lo! the Swiss of the Church from
Perugia come,—
The militant angels, whose sabres
drive home
To the hearts of the malcontents,
cursed and abhorred,
The good Father's missives, and
"Thus saith the Lord!"
And lend to his logic the point of the
sword!

O maids of Etruria, gazing forlorn
O'er dark Thrasymenus, dishevelled
and torn!
O fathers, who pluck at your gray
beards for shame!
O mothers, struck dumb by a woe
without name!
Well ye know how the Holy Church
hireling behaves,
And his tender compassion of prisons
and graves!

There they stand, the hired stabbers,
the blood-stains yet fresh,
That splashed like red wine from the
vintage of flesh,—
Grim instruments, careless as pincers
and rack
How the joints tear apart, and the
strained sinews crack;
But the hate that glares on them is
sharp as their swords,
And the sneer and the scowl print
the air with fierce words!

Off with hats, down with knees, shout
your vivas like mad!
Here's the Pope in his holiday right-
eousness clad,
From shorn crown to toe-nail, kiss-
worn to the quick,
Of sainthood in purple the pattern
and pick,
Who the rôle of the priest and the
soldier unites,
And, praying like Aaron, like Joshua
fights!

Is this Pio Nono the gracious, for
whom
We sang our hosannas and lighted
all Rome;
With whose advent we dreamed the
new era began
When the priest should be human,
the monk be a man?
Ah, the wolf's with the sheep, and
the fox with the fowl,
When freedom we trust to the crozier
and cowl!

Stand aside, men of Rome! Here's
a hangman-faced Swiss—
(A blessing for him surely can't go
amiss)—
Would kneel down the sanctified slip-
per to kiss.
Short shrift will suffice him,—he's
blessed beyond doubt;
But there's blood on his hands which
would scarcely wash out,

Though Peter himself held the baptismal spout!

Make way for the next! Here's another sweet son!

What's this mastiff-jawed rascal in epaulets done?

He did, whispers rumor, (its truth God forbid!)

At Perugia what Herod at Bethlehem did.

And the mothers?—Don't name them!—these humors of war
They who keep him in service must pardon him for.

Hist! here's the arch-knave in a cardinal's hat,
With the heart of a wolf, and the stealth of a cat
(As if Judas and Herod together were rolled),
Who keeps, all as one, the Pope's conscience and gold,
Mounts guard on the altar, and pilfers from thence,
And flatters St. Peter while stealing his pence!

Who doubts Antonelli? Have miracles ceased
When robbers say mass, and Barabbas is priest?
When the Church eats and drinks, at its mystical board,
The true flesh and blood carved and shed by its sword,
When its martyr, unsinged, claps the crown on his head,
And roasts, as his proxy, his neighbor instead!

There! the bells jow and jangle the same blessed way
That they did when they rang for Bartholomew's day.
Hark! the tallow-faced monsters, nor women nor boys,
Vex the air with a shrill, sexless horror of noise.

Te Deum laudamus!—All round without stint
The incense-pot swings with a taint of blood in 't!

And now for the blessing! Of little account,
You know, is the old one they heard on the Mount.
Its giver was landless, his raiment was poor,
No jewelled tiara his fishermen wore;
No incense, no lackeys, no riches, no home,
No Swiss Guards!—We order things better at Rome.

So bless us the strong hand, and curse us the weak;
Let Austria's vulture have food for her beak;
Let the wolf-whelp of Naples play Bomba again,
With his death-cap of silence, and halter, and chain;
Put reason, and justice, and truth under ban;
For the sin unforgiven is freedom for man!

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

THE Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
Of fruitful Ceres, charm no more;
The woven wreaths of oak and pine
Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still,
And nature holds us still in debt;
And woman's grace and household skill,
And manhood's toil, are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit, and flower, and golden
corn!

Once more the liberal year laughs
out
O'er richer stores than gems or
gold;
Once more with harvest-song and
shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered
sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn
leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine
sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom
on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the
sun
That casts it shines behind us
still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and
bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of
home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Free-
dom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold,—
That brave and generous lives can
warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with
flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

EARLY AND UNCOLLECTED POEMS.

THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE.¹

FOND scenes, which delighted my youthful existence,
With feelings of sorrow I bid ye adieu—
A lasting adieu! for now, dim in the distance,
The shores of Hibernia recede from my view.
Farewell to the cliffs, tempest-beaten and gray,
Which guard the lov'd shores of my own native land;
Farewell to the village and sail-shadow'd bay,
The forest-crown'd hill and the water-wash'd strand.

I've fought for my country—I've braved all the dangers
That throng round the path of the warrior in strife;
I now must depart to a nation of strangers,
And pass in seclusion the remnant of life;
Far, far, from the friends to my bosom most dear,
With none to support me in peril and pain,
And none but the stranger to drop the sad tear,
On the grave where the heart-broken Exile is lain.

Friends of my youth! I must leave you forever,
And hasten to dwell in a region unknown:—

¹ Whittier's first printed poem, published in the Newburyport *Free Press*, June 8, 1826.

Yet time cannot change, nor the broad ocean sever,
Hearts firmly united and tried as our own.
Ah, no! though I wander, all sad and forlorn,
In a far distant land, yet shall memory trace,
When far o'er the ocean's white surges I'm borne,
The scene of past pleasures,—my own native place.

Farewell, shores of Erin, green land of my fathers—
Once more, and forever, a mournful adieu!
For round thy dim headlands the ocean-mist gathers,
And shrouds the fair isle I no longer can view.
I go—but wherever my footsteps I bend,
For freedom and peace to my own native isle,
And contentment and joy to each warm-hearted friend,
Shall be the heart's prayer of the lonely Exile!

HAVERHILL, June 1, 1826.

THE DEITY.²

I KINGS XIX. II.

THE prophet stood
On the dark mount, and saw the tempest cloud
Pour the fierce whirlwind from its dark reservoir

² Whittier's second printed poem, published in the Newburyport *Free Press*, June 22, 1826.

Of congregated gloom. The mountain oak,
Torn from the earth, heav'd high its roots where once
Its branches wav'd. The fir-tree's shapely form,
Smote by the tempest, lash'd the mountain's side.
— Yet, calm in conscious purity, the seer
Beheld the scene of desolation — for
Th' Eternal Spirit mov'd not in the storm!

The tempest ceas'd! — the cavern'd earthquake burst
Forth from its prison, and the mountain rock'd
E'en to its base: the topmost crags were thrown,
With fearful crashing, down its shuddering sides.
— Unaw'd, the prophet saw and heard — he felt
Not in the earthquake mov'd the God of Heaven!

The murmurs died away! — and from the height
(Rent by the storm, and shattered by the shock),
Rose far and clear a pyramid of flame,
Mighty and vast! — the startled mountain deer
Shrunk from its glare and cower'd within the shade.
The wild fowl shriek'd! — Yet, even then, the seer
Untrembling stood, and mark'd the fearful glow —
For Israel's God came not within the flame!

The fiery beacon sunk! — a *still small voice*
Now caught the prophet's ear. Its awful tones,
Unlike to human sounds, at once conveyed

Deep awe and reverence to his pious heart.
Then bow'd the holy man! his face he veil'd
Within his mantle, and in meekness owned
The presence of his God — discern'd not in
The storm, the earthquake, or the mighty flame,
But in the *still small voice*!

HAVERHILL, 11th of 6th month, 1826.

TO THE "RUSTIC BARD."

[The following poem, which was written by Whittier in January, 1828, is not to be found in any of his published works. The "Rustic Bard" was Robert Dinsmoor of Windham, N.H., of whom a sketch may be found in Whittier's prose works ("Old Portraits and Modern Sketches"). The poem is in imitation of the Scottish dialect, in which the "Rustic Bard" wrote.]

HEALTH to the hale auld "Rustic Bard"!
Gin ye a poet wad regard
Who deems it honor to be ca'd
Yere rymin' brither,
'T would gie his muse a rich reward —
He asks nae ither.

My muse, an inexperienced hizzie,
Wi' pride an' self-importance dizzy,
O' skill to rhyme it free an' easy
Is na possessor;
But yours has been a lang time busy —
An auld transgressor.

Yes, lang an' weel ye've held your way,
An', spite o' a' that critics say,
The memory of your rustic lay
Shall still be dear,
An' wi' yere name to latest day
Be cherish'd here.

An' though the cauld an' heartless sneer,

An' critics urge their wordy weir,
 An' graceless scoundrels taunt an'
 Jeer,
 E'en let them do it;
 They canna mak' the muse less dear
 To ony poet.

But why should poets "fash their
 thumb"?
 E'en let the storms o' fortune come;
 Maun they alane be left in gloom,
 To grope an' stumble,
 An' wear the garb fate's partial loom
 Has wove maist humble?

No! up wi' pride — wha cares a
 feather
 What fools may chance to say, or
 whether
 They praise or spurn our rhymin'
 blether,—
 Laud or abuse us,—
 While conscience keeps within fair
 weather,
 An' wise men roose us?

Then let us smile when fools assail
 us,
 To answer them will not avail us;
 Contempt alane should meet the rail-
 ers,—
 It deals a blow,
 When weapons like their ain wad fail
 us,
 To cower the foe.

But whyles they need a castigation,
 Shall either name or rank or station
 Protect them frae the flagellation
 Sae muckle needed?
 Shall vice an' crimes that "taint the
 nation"
 Pass on unheeded?

No! let the muse her trumpet take,
 Till auld offenders learn to shake
 An' tremble when they hear her wake
 Her tones o' thunder;
 Till pride an' bloated ignorance quake,
 An' gawkies wonder.

For ye, auld bard, though long years
 ye've been
 An actor in life's weary scene,
 Wi' saul erect an' fearless mien
 Ye've held your way;
 An' O! may Heaven preserve serene
 Your closin' day.

Farewell! the poet's hopes an' fears
 May vanish frae this vale o' tears,
 An' curtain'd wi' forgotten years
 His muse may lie;
 But virtue's form unscaith'd appears—
 It canna die!

THE ALBUM.

THE dark-eyed daughters of the Sun,
 At morn and evening hours,
 O'erhung their graceful shrines alone
 With wreaths of dewy flowers.

Not vainly did those fair ones cull
 Their gifts by stream and wood;
 The Good is always beautiful,
 The Beautiful is good!

We live not in their simple day,
 Our Northern blood is cold,
 And few the offerings which we lay
 On other shrines than Gold.

With Scripture texts to chill and ban
 The heart's fresh morning hours,
 The heavy-footed Puritan
 Goes trampling down the flowers;

Nor thinks of Him who sat of old
 Where Syrian lilies grew,
 And from their mingling shade and
 gold
 A holy lesson drew.

Yet lady, shall this book of thine,
 Where Love his gifts has brought,
 Become to thee a Persian shrine,
 O'erhung with flowers of thought.

MOUNT AGIOCHOOK.

GRAY searcher of the upper air!
 There's sunshine on thy ancient walls—
 A crown upon thy forehead bare—
 A flashing on thy water-falls—
 A rainbow glory in the cloud,
 Upon thine awful summit bowed,
 Dim relic of the recent storm!
 And music, from the leafy shroud
 Which wraps in green thy giant form,
 Mellowed and softened from above,
 Steals down upon the listening ear,
 Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,
 With soft tones melting on her ear.

The time has been, gray mountain, when
 Thy shadows veiled the red man's home;
 And over crag and serpent den,
 And wild gorge, where the steps of men
 In chase or battle might not come,
 The mountain eagle bore on high
 The emblem of the free of soul;
 And midway in the fearful sky
 Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,
 Or answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out—
 The moccasin hath left no track—
 Nor wolf nor wild-deer roam about
 The Saco or the Merrimack.
 And thou that liftest up on high
 Thine awful barriers to the sky,
 Art not the haunted mount of old,
 When on each crag of blasted stone
 Some mountain-spirit found a throne,
 And shrieked from out the thick cloud-fold,
 And answered to the Thunderer's cry
 When rolled the cloud of tempest by,
 And jutting rock and riven branch
 Went down before the avalanche.

The Father of our people then
 Upon thy awful summit trod,
 And the red dwellers of the glen
 Bowed down before the Indian's God.
 There, when His shadow veiled the sky,
 The Thunderer's voice was long and loud,
 And the red flashes of His eye
 Were pictured on the o'erhanging cloud.

The Spirit moveth there no more,
 The dwellers of the hill have gone,
 The sacred groves are trampled o'er,
 And footprints mar the altar-stone.
 The white man climbs thy tallest rock
 And hangs him from the mossy steep,
 Where, trembling to the cloud-fire's shock,
 Thy ancient prison-walls unlock,
 And captive waters leap to light,
 And dancing down from height to height,
 Pass onward to the far-off deep.

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,
 Gray altar of the days of old!
 Still are thy rugged features dear,
 As when unto my infant ear
 The legends of the past were told.
 Tales of the downward sweeping flood,
 When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,—
 Of armed hand and spectral form,
 Of giants in their misty shroud,
 And voices calling long and loud
 In the drear pauses of the storm!
 Farewell! The red man's face is turned
 Toward another hunting-ground;
 For where the council-fire has burned,
 And o'er the sleeping warrior's mound
 Another fire is kindled now:
 Its light is on the white man's brow!

The hunter race have passed away—
Ay, vanished like the morning mist,
Or dew-drops by the sunshine kissed,—
And wherefore should the red man stay?

1829.

METACOM.

RED as the banner which enshrouds
The warrior-dead when strife is done,
A broken mass of crimson clouds
Hung over the departed sun.
The shadow of the western hill
Crept swiftly down, and darkly still,
As if a sullen wave of night
Were rushing on the pale twilight,
The forest-openings grew more dim,
As glimpses of the arching blue
And waking stars came softly through
The rifts of many a giant limb.
Above the wet and tangled swamp
White vapors gathered thick and damp,
And through their cloudy curtaining
Flapped many a brown and dusky wing—
Pinions that fan the moonless dun,
But fold them at the rising sun!

Beneath the closing veil of night,
And leafy bough and curling fog,
With his few warriors ranged in sight—
Scarred relics of his latest fight—
Rested the fiery Wampanoag.
He leaned upon his loaded gun,
Warm with its recent work of death,
And, save the struggling of his breath
That, slow and hard, and long-suppressed,
Shook the damp folds around his breast,
An eye, that was unused to scan
The sterner moods of that dark man,
Had deemed his tall and silent form

With hidden passion fierce and warm,
With that fixed eye, as still and dark
As clouds which veil their lightning-spark—
That of some forest-champion
Whom sudden death had passed upon—
A giant frozen into stone.
Son of the thronéd Sachem,— thou,
The sternest of the forest kings,—
Shall the scorned pale-one trample now,
Unambushed, on thy mountain's brow—
Yea, drive his vile and hated plough
Among thy nation's holy things,
Crushing the warrior-skeleton
In scorn beneath his arméd heel,
And not a hand be left to deal
A kindred vengeance fiercely back,
And cross in blood the Spoiler's track?
He started,— for a sudden shot
Came booming through the forest-trees—
The thunder of the fierce Yengeese:
It passed away, and injured not;
But, to the Sachem's brow it brought
The token of his lion thought.
He stood erect—his dark eye burned,
As if to meteor-brightness turned;
And o'er his forehead passed the frown
Of an archangel stricken down,
Ruined and lost, yet chainless still—
Weakened of power but strong of will!
It passed—a sudden tremor came
Like ague o'er his giant frame,—
It was not terror—he had stood
For hours, with death in grim attendance,
When moccasins grew stiff with blood,
And through the clearing's midnight flame,
Dark, as a storm, the Pequod came,
His red right arm their strong dependence—
When thrilling through the forest gloom
The onset cry of “Metacomet!”
Rang on the red and smoky air!—

No—it was agony which passed
Upon his soul—the strong man's
last
And fearful struggle with despair.

He turned him to his trustiest one—
The old and war-tried Annawon—
“Brother”—the favored warrior stood
In hushed and listening attitude—
“This night the Vision-Spirit hath
Unrolled the scroll of fate before me;
And ere the sunrise cometh, Death
Will wave his dusky pinion o'er me!
Nay, start not—well I know thy
faith:

Thy weapon now may keep its sheath;
But when the bodeful morning breaks,
And the green forest widely wakes

Unto the roar of Yengeese thunder,
Then, trusted brother, be it thine
To burst upon the foeman's line
And rend his serried strength asunder.
Perchance thyself and yet a few
Of faithful ones may struggle through,
And, rallying on the wooded plain,
Offer up in Yengeese blood
An offering to the Indian's God.”

Another shot—a sharp, quick yell,
And then the stifled groan of pain,
Told that another red man fell,—

And blazed a sudden light again
Across that kingly brow and eye,
Like lightning on a clouded sky,—
And a low growl, like that which
thrills

The hunter of the Eastern hills,
Burst through clenched teeth and
rigid lip—

And when the Monarch spoke again,
His deep voice shook beneath its
rein,

And wrath and grief held fellow-
ship.

“Brother! methought when as but
now

I pondered on my nation's wrong,
With sadness on his shadowy brow
My father's spirit passed along!
He pointed to the far southwest,

Where sunset's gold was growing
dim,

And seemed to beckon me to him,
And to the forests of the blest!—
My father loved the Yengeese, when
They were but children, shelterless;
For his great spirit at distress
Melted to woman's tenderness—
Nor was it given him to know
That children whom he cherished
then

Would rise at length, like arméd men,
To work his people's overthrow.
Yet thus it is;—the God before

Whose awful shrine the pale ones
bow

Hath frowned upon and given o'er
The red man to the stranger now!—
A few more moons, and there will be
No gathering to the council-tree;
The scorched earth, the blackened
log,

The naked bones of warriors slain,
Be the sole relics which remain
Of the once mighty Wampanoag!
The forests of our hunting-land,

With all their old and solemn green,
Will bow before the Spoiler's axe,
The plough displace the hunter's
tracks,

And the tall Yengeese altar stand
Where the Great Spirit's shrine
hath been!

“Yet, brother, from this awful hour
The dying curse of Metacomet
Shall linger with abiding power
Upon the spoilers of my home.

The fearful veil of things to come
By Kitchtan's hand is lifted from
The shadows of the embryo years;

And I can see more clearly through
Than ever visioned Powwow did,
For all the future comes unbud

Yet welcome to my trancéd view,
As battle-yell to warrior-ears!
From stream and lake and hunting
hill

Our tribes may vanish like a
dream,

And even my dark curse may seem
 Like idle winds when Heaven is still—
 No bodeful harbinger of ill,
 But fiercer than the downright thunder
 When yawns the mountain-rock asunder,
 And riven pine and knotted oak
 Are reeling to the fearful stroke,
 That curse shall work its master's will!
 The bed of yon blue mountain stream
 Shall pour a darker tide than rain—
 The sea shall catch its blood-red stain,
 And broadly on its banks shall gleam
 The steel of those who should be brothers—
 Yea, those whom one fond parent nursed
 Shall meet in strife, like fiends accursed,
 And trample down the once loved form,
 While yet with breathing passion warm,
 As fiercely as they would another's!"

The morning star sat dimly on
 The lighted eastern horizon—
 The deadly glare of levelled gun
 Came streaking through the twilight haze,
 And naked to its reddest blaze
 A hundred warriors sprang in view :
 One dark red arm was tossed on high—
 One giant shout came hoarsely through
 The clangor and the charging cry,
 Just as across the scattering gloom,
 Red as the naked hand of Doom,
 The Yengeese volley hurtled by—
 The arm—the voice of Metacomet!—
 One piercing shriek—one vengeful yell,
 Sent like an arrow to the sky,
 Told when the hunter-monarch fell!

1829.

THE FRATRICIDE.

[In the recently published "History of Wyoming," — a valley rendered classic ground by the poetry of Campbell, — in an account of the attack of Brandt and Butler on the settlements in 1778, a fearful circumstance is mentioned. A Tory, who had joined the Indians and British, discovered his own brother, whilst pursuing the Americans, and, deaf to his entreaties, deliberately presented his rifle and shot him dead on the spot. The murderer fled to Canada.]

HE stood on the brow of the well-known hill,
 Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still—
 The last of that forest which cast the gloom
 Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's home ;
 And the beautiful valley beneath him lay
 With its quivering leaves, and its streams at play,
 And the sunshine over it all the while
 Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.

He knew the rock with its fingering vine,
 And its gray top touch'd by the slant sunshine,
 And the delicate stream which crept beneath
 Soft as the flow of an infant's breath ;
 And the flowers which lean'd to the West wind's sigh,
 Kissing each ripple which glided by ;
 And he knew every valley and wooded swell,
 For the visions of childhood are treasured well.

Why shook the old man as his eye glanced down
 That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,

With their shaggy brows and their teeth of stone,
And their grim shade back from the sunlight thrown?
What saw he there save the dreary glen,
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,
And the great owl sat in the leafy limb
That the hateful sun might not look on him?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's eye,
As if a spectre were stealing by,
And glared it still on that narrow dell
Where thicker and browner the twilight fell;
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,
His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.

Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which ran
Through the dizzied brain of that gray old man?
His childhood's home—and his father's toil—
And his sister's kiss—and his mother's smile—
And his brother's laughter and game-some mirth,
At the village school and the winter hearth—
The beautiful thoughts of his early time.
Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came
Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame,
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,

Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead,
Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour
When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,—
And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-storm—
With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,
And his prayer for life when a brother's arm
Was lifted above him for mortal harm,
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,
And the welling of blood, and the gurgling breath,
And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel
The wrenching hand and the jagged steel!

And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again,
The mangled corse of his kinsman slain,
As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,
At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen!—
And it rose erect, with the death-pang grim,
And pointed its bloodied finger at him!—
And his heart grew cold—and the curse of Cain
Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise
On the blue of the cold Canadian skies?—
From the lakes which sleep in the ancient wood,

It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,
And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,
And glared by night through the wig-wam door ;
And here — on his own familiar hill —
It rose on his haunted vision still !

Whose corse was that which the morrow's sun,
Through the opening boughs, look'd calmly on ?
There where those who bent o'er that rigid face
Who well in its darken'd lines might trace
The features of him who, a traitor, fled
From a brother whose blood himself had shed,
And there — on the spot where he strangely died —
They made the grave of the Fratricide !

1831.

—
ETERNITY.

[This poem was written by Mr. Whittier in 1831, and was printed in the *New England Review*, which paper he was then editing. It was signed "Adrian," as were many of his early poems.]

BOUNDLESS Eternity ! the winged sands
That mark the silent lapse of flitting time
Are not for thee ; thine awful empire stands
From age to age, unchangeable, sublime :
Thy domes are spread where thought can never climb,
In clouds and darkness, where vast pillars rest.
I may not fathom thee : 't would seem a crime
Thy being of its mystery to divest,
Or boldly lift thine awful veil with hands unblest.

Thy ruins are the wrecks of systems ;
suns
Blaze a brief space of ages, and are not ;
Worlds crumble and decay, creation runs
To waste — then perishes and is forgot ;
Yet thou, all changeless, heedest not the blot.
Heaven speaks once more in thunder ;
empty space
Trembles and wakes ; new worlds in ether flit,
Teeming with new creative life, and trace
Their mighty circles, such as others shall displace.

Thine age is youth, thy youth is hoary age,
Ever beginning, never ending, thou
Bearest inscribed upon thy ample page,
Yesterday, forever, but as now
Thou art, thou hast been, shalt be : though
I feel myself immortal, when on thee
I muse, I shrink to nothingness, and bow
Myself before thee, dread Eternity,
With God coeval, coexisting, still to be.

I go with thee till Time shall be no more,
I stand with thee on Time's remotest verge,
Ten thousand years, ten thousand times told o'er ;
Still, still with thee my onward course I urge ;
And now no longer hear the endless surge
Of Time's light billows breaking on the shore
Of distant earth ; no more the solemn dirge —
Requiem of worlds, when such are numbered o'er —

Steals by: still thou art moving on
forevermore.

From that dim distance would I turn
to gaze
With fondly searching glance, upon
the spot
Of brief existence, where I met the
blaze
Of morning, bursting on my humble
cot,
And gladness whispered of my
happy lot;
And now 't is dwindled to a point —
a speck —
And now 't is nothing, and my eye
may not

Longer distinguish it amid the wreck
Of worlds in ruins, crushed at the
Almighty's beck.

Time — what is Time to thee? a pass-
ing thought
To twice ten thousand ages — a
faint spark
To twice ten thousand suns; a fibre
wrought
Into the web of infinite — a cork
Balanced against a world: we
hardly mark
Its being — even its name hath ceased
to be;
Thy wave hath swept it from us,
and thy dark
Mantle of years, in dim obscurity
Hath shrouded it around: Time —
what is Time to thee!

ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

[“Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled.”]

MIDST the palace-bowers of Hungary,
— imperial Presburg's pride,—
With the noble-born and beautiful
assembled at her side,
She stood, beneath the summer heaven,
— the soft winds sighing on,
Stirring the green and arching boughs,
like dancers in the sun.
The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the
snowy orange-bloom,
The lotus and the creeping vine, the
rose's meek perfume,
The willow crossing with its green
some statue's marble hair,—
All that might charm th' exquisite
sense, or light the soul, was there.

But she — a monarch's treasured one
— lean'd gloomily apart,
With her dark eye tearfully cast down
and a shadow on her heart.
Young, beautiful, and dearly loved,
what sorrow hath she known?
Are not the hearts and swords of all
held sacred as her own?
Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-
field or bower? —
The foremost in the council-hall, or
at the banquet hour?
Is not his love as pure and deep as
his own Danube's tide?
And wherefore in her princely home
weeps Isabel, his bride?

She raised her jewell'd hand and flung
her veiling tresses back,
Bathing its snowy tapering within
their glossy black.—
A tear fell on the orange leaves; —
rich gem and mimic blossom,
And fringed robe shook fearfully upon
her sighing bosom:
“Smile on, smile on,” she murmur'd
low, “for all is joy around,
Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky,
soft airs, and blossom'd ground;
‘T is meet the light of heart should
smile when nature's brow is fair,
And melody and fragrance meet, twin
sisters of the air!

"But ask not me to share with you
the beauty of the scene—
The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and
tessellated green ;
And point not to the mild blue sky,
or glorious summer sun :
I know how very fair is all the hand
of God hath done—
The hills, the sky, the sun-lit cloud,
the fountain leaping forth,
The swaying trees, the scented flow-
ers, the dark green robes of
earth —
I love them still ; yet I have learn'd
to turn aside from all,
And never more my heart must own
their sweet but fatal thrall !

"And I could love the noble one
whose mighty name I bear,
And closer to my bursting heart his
hallow'd image wear ;
And I could watch our sweet young
flower, unfolding day by day,
And taste of that unearthly bliss
which mothers only may ;
But no, I may not cling to earth —
that voice is in my ear,
That shadow lingers by my side —
the death-wail and the bier,
The cold and starless night of death
where day may never beam,
The silence and the loathsomeness,
the sleep which hath no dream !

"O God ! to leave this fair bright
world, and, more than all, to
know
The moment when the Spectral One
shall deal his fearful blow ;
To know the day, the very hour ; to
feel the tide roll on ;
To shudder at the gloom before, and
weep the sunshine gone ;
To count the days, the few short days,
of light and life and breath, —
Between me and the noisome grave —
the voiceless home of death, —
Alas ! — if, knowing, feeling this, I
murmur at my doom,

Let not thy frowning, O my God !
lend darkness to the tomb.
"Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and
smiled amid the chill
Remembrance of my certain doom,
which lingers with me still :
I would not cloud our fair child's brow,
nor let a tear-drop dim
The eye that met my wedded lord's,
lest it should sadden him.
But there are moments when the gush
of feeling hath its way ;
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor
fear nor love may stay.
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones,
your sun of joy is high ;
Smile on, and leave the doom'd of
Heaven alone to weep and die."

* * * * *

A funeral chant was wailing through
Vienna's holy pile ;
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was
borne along the aisle ;
The banners of a kingly race waved
high above the dead ;
A mighty band of mourners came —
a king was at its head,
A youthful king, with mournful tread
and dim and tearful eye —
He had not dream'd that one so pure
as his fair bride could die ;
And sad and wild above the throng
the funeral anthem rung :
"Mourn for the hope of Austria !
Mourn for the loved and young!"

The wail went up from other lands —
the valleys of the Hun,
Fair Parma with its orange bowers
and hills of vine and sun ;
The lilies of imperial France droop'd
as the sound went by,
The long lament of cloister'd Spain
was mingled with the cry ;
The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the
Slowak at his cave,
The bow'd at the Escurial, the Mag-
yar sternly brave —

All wept the early-stricken flower, and
burst from every tongue :
“Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel !
Mourn for the loved and young !”

1831.

STANZAS.

[“Art thou beautiful ? — Live, then, in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation ; and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God.” — WILLIAM PENN.]

BIND up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,
Of brown in the shadow and gold in
the sun !
Free should their delicate lustre be
thrown
O'er a forehead more pure than the
Parian stone —
Shaming the light of those Orient
pearls
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft
wreathing curls.

Smile — for thy glance on the mirror
is thrown,
And the face of an angel is meeting
thine own !
Beautiful creature — I marvel not
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath
caught ;
And the kindling light of thine eye
hath told
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's
gold.

Away, away — there is danger here —
A terrible phantom is bending near ;
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eye
Scowls on thy loveliness scornfully —
With no human look — with no human
breath,
He stands beside thee, — the haunter,
DEATH !

Fly ! but, alas ! he will follow still,
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy
will ;

In thy noon-day walk — in thy mid-
night sleep,
Close at thy hand will that phantom
keep —
Still in thine ear shall his whispers
be —
Woe, that such phantom should fol-
low thee !

In the lighted hall where the dancers
go,
Like beautiful spirits, to and fro ;
When thy fair arms glance in their
stainless white,
Like ivory bathed in still moonlight ;
And not one star in the holy sky
Hath a clearer light than thine own
blue eye !

Oh, then — even then — he will follow
thee,
As the ripple follows the bark at sea ;
In the soften'd light — in the turning
dance —
He will fix on thine his dead, cold
glance —
The chill of his breath on thy cheek
shall linger,
And thy warm blood shrink from his
icy finger !

And yet there is hope. Embrace it
now,
While thy soul is open as thy brow ;
While thy heart is fresh — while its
feelings still
Gush clear as the unsoil'd mountain-
rill —
And thy smiles are free as the airs of
spring,
Greeting and blessing each breathing
thing.

When the after cares of thy life shall
come,
When the bud shall wither before its
bloom ;
When thy soul is sick of the empti-
ness
And changeful fashion of human bliss ;

And the weary torpor of blighted
feeling
Over thy heart as ice is stealing —

Then, when thy spirit is turn'd above,
By the mild rebuke of the Chastener's
love;
When the hope of that joy in thy
heart is stirr'd,
Which eye hath not seen, nor ear
hath heard, —
THEN will that phantom of darkness
be
Gladness, and Promise, and Bliss to
thee.

1832.

THE MISSIONARY.

[“It is an awful, an arduous thing to root
out every affection for earthly things, so as
to live only for another world. I am now
far, very far, from you all; and as often as
I look around and see the Indian scenery,
I sigh to think of the distance which separates us.” — *Letters of Henry Martyn from India.*]

“ SAY, whose is this fair picture, which
the light
From the unshutter'd window rests
upon
Even as a lingering halo? — Beautiful!
The keen, fine eye of manhood, and
a lip
Lovely as that of Hylas, and impress'd
With the bright signet of some brilliant thought —
That broad expanse of forehead, clear
and high,
Mark'd visibly with the characters of
mind,
And the free locks around it, raven
black,
Luxuriant and unsilver'd — who was
he?”

A friend, a more than brother. In
the spring
And glory of his being he went forth
From the embraces of devoted friends,

From ease and quiet happiness, from
more —
From the warm heart that loved him
with a love
Holier than earthly passion, and to
whom
The beauty of his spirit shone above
The charms of perishing nature. He
went forth
Strengthen'd to suffer — gifted to
subdue
The might of human passion — to
pass on
Quietly to the sacrifice of all
The lofty hopes of boyhood, and to
turn
The high ambition written on that
brow,
From its first dream of power and
human fame,
Unto a task of seeming lowliness —
Yet God-like in its purpose. He
went forth
To bind the broken spirit — to pluck
back
The heathen from the wheel of Jug-
gernaut —
To place the spiritual image of a God
Holy and just and true, before the
eye
Of the dark-minded Brahmin — and
unseal
The holy pages of the Book of Life,
Fraught with sublimer mysteries than
all
The sacred tomes of Vedas — to un-
bind
The widow from her sacrifice — and
save
The perishing infant from the wor-
shipp'd river!

“ And, lady, where is he?” He slum-
bers well
Beneath the shadow of an Indian
palm.
There is no stone above his grave.
The wind,
Hot from the desert, as it stirs the
leaves

Of neighboring bananas, sighs alone
Over his place of slumber.

“ God forbid
That he should die alone!” — Nay,
not alone.
His God was with him in that last
dread hour—
His great arm underneath him, and
His smile
Melting into a spirit full of peace.
And one kind friend, a human friend,
was near—
One whom his teachings and his ear-
nest prayers
Had snatch'd as from the burning.
He alone
Felt the last pressure of his failing
hand,
Caught the last glimpses of his closing
eye,
And laid the green turf over him with
tears,
And left him with his God.

“ And was it well,
Dear lady, that this noble mind should
cast
Its rich gifts on the waters? — That a
heart
Full of all gentleness and truth and
love
Should wither on the suicidal shrine
Of a mistaken duty? If I read
Aright the fine intelligence which
fills
That amplitude of brow, and gazes
out
Like an indwelling spirit from that
eye,
He might have borne him loftily
among
The proudest of his land, and with a
step
Unfaltering ever, steadfast and secure,
Gone up the paths of greatness,—
bearing still
A sister spirit with him, as some star,
Pre-eminent in Heaven, leads steadily
up

A kindred watcher, with its fainter
beams
Baptized in its great glory. Was it
well
That all this promise of the heart and
mind
Should perish from the earth, and leave
no trace.
Unfolding like the Cereus of the
clime
Which hath its sepulchre, but in the
night
Of pagan desolation — was it well?”

Thy will be done, O Father! — it *was*
well.
What are the honors of a perishing
world
Grasp'd by a palsied finger? — the
applause
Of the unthoughtful multitude which
greets
The dull ear of decay? — the wealth
that loads
The bier with costly drapery, and
shines
In tinsel on the coffin, and builds up
The cold substantial monument?
Can these
Bear up the sinking spirit in that
hour
When heart and flesh are failing, and
the grave
Is opening under us? Oh, dearer
then
The memory of a kind deed done to
him
Who was our enemy, one grateful
tear
In the meek eye of virtuous suffering,
One smile call'd up by unseen charity
On the wan cheek of hunger, or one
prayer
Breathed from the bosom of the peni-
tent —
The stain'd with crime and outcast,
unto whom
Our mild rebuke and tenderness of
love
A merciful God hath bless'd.

"But, lady, say,
Did he not sometimes almost sink
beneath
The burden of his toil, and turn aside
To weep above his sacrifice, and cast
A sorrowing glance upon his child-
hood's home —
Still green in memory? Clung not to
his heart
Something of earthly hope uncruci-
fied,
Of earthly thought unchasten'd? Did
he bring
Life's warm affections to the sacri-
fice —
Its loves, hopes, sorrows — and be-
come as one
Knowing no kindred but a perishing
world,
No love but of the sin-endangered
soul,
No hope but of the winning back to
life
Of the dead nations, and no passing
thought
Save of the errand wherewith he was
sent
As to a martyrdom?"

Nay, though the heart
Be consecrated to the holiest work
Vouchsafed to mortal effort, there
will be
Ties of the earth around it, and,
through all
Its perilous devotion, it must keep
Its own humanity. And it is well.
Else why wept He, who with our na-
ture veil'd
The spirit of a God, o'er lost Jeru-
salem,
And the cold grave of Lazarus? And
why
In the dim garden rose his earnest
prayer,
That from his lips the cup of suffering
Might pass, if it were possible?

My friend
Was of a gentle nature, and his heart

Gush'd like a river-fountain of the
hills,
Ceaseless and lavish, at a kindly
smile,
A word of welcome, or a tone of love.
Freely his letters to his friends dis-
closed
His yearnings for the quiet haunts of
home —
For love and its companionship, and
all
The blessings left behind him; yet
above
Its sorrows and its clouds his spirit
rose,
Tearful and yet triumphant, taking
hold
Of the eternal promises of God,
And steadfast in its faith. Here are
some lines
Penn'd in his lonely mission-house,
and sent
To a dear friend of his who even now
Lingers above them with a mournful
joy,
Holding them well nigh sacred — as
a leaf
Pluck'd from the record of a breaking
heart.

AN EVENING IN BURMAH.

A night of wonder! — piled afar
With ebon feet and crests of snow,
Like Himalayah's peaks, which bar
The sunset and the sunset's star
From half the shadow'd vale below,
Volumed and vast the dense clouds
lie,
And over them, and down the sky,
Broadly and pale the lightnings go.

Above, the pleasant moon is seen,
Pale journeyer to her own loved
West!
Like some bright spirit sent between
The earth and heaven, she seems to
lean
Wearily on the cloud and rest;
And light from her unsullied brow

That gloomy cloud is gathering now
Along each wreath'd and whitening crest.

And what a strength of light and shade

Is checkering all the earth below!—
And through the jungle's verdant braid

Of tangled vine and wild reed made,
What blossoms in the moonlight glow!—

The Indian rose's loveliness,
The ceiba with its crimson dress,

The myrtle with its bloom of snow.

And fitting in the fragrant air,
Or nestling in the shadowy trees,
A thousand bright-hued birds are there—

Strange plumage quivering, wild and rare,
With every faintly-breathing breeze;
And, wet with dew from roses shed,
The Bulbul droops her weary head,
Forgetful of her melodies.

Uprising from the orange leaves
The tall pagoda's turrets glow;
O'er graceful shaft and fretted eaves
Its verdant web the myrtle weaves,
And hangs in flowering wreaths below;

And where the cluster'd palms eclipse
The moonbeams, from its marble lips
The fountain's silver waters flow.

Yes, all is lovely—earth and air—
As aught beneath the sky may be;
And yet my thoughts are wandering where

My native rocks lie bleak and bare—
A weary way beyond the sea.

The yearning spirit is not here;
It lingers on a spot more dear
Than India's brightest bowers to me.

Methinks I tread the well-known street—

The tree my childhood loved is there,
Its bare-worn roots are at my feet,
And through its open boughs I meet
White glimpses of the place of prayer—

And unforgotten eyes again
Are glancing through the cottage pane,
Than Asia's lustrous eyes more fair.

What though, with every fitful gush
Of night-wind, spicy odors come;
And hues of beauty glow and flush
From matted vine and wild rose-bush;
And music's sweetest, faintest hum
Steals through the moonlight, as in dreams,—

Afar from all my spirit seems
Amid the dearer scenes of HOME!

A holy name—the name of home!—
Yet where, O wandering heart, is thine?

Here where the dusky heathen come
To bow before the deaf and dumb,
Dead idols of their own design,
Where deep in Ganges' worshipp'd tide

The infant sinks—and on its side
The widow's funeral altars shine!

Here, where 'mid light and song and flowers

The priceless soul in ruin lies—
Lost—dead to all those better powers
Which link a fallen world like ours
To God's own holy Paradise;
Where open sin and hideous crime
Are like the foliage of their clime—
The unshorn growth of centuries!

Turn, then, my heart—thy home is here;

No other now remains for thee:—
The smile of love, and friendship's tear,
The tones that melted on thine ear,
The mutual thrill of sympathy,
The welcome of the household band,

The pressure of the lip and hand,
Thou mayest not hear, nor feel, nor
see.

God of my spirit!—Thou, alone,
Who watchest o'er my pillow'd
head,
Whose ear is open to the moan
And sorrowing of thy child, hast
known
The grief which at my heart has
fed,—

The struggle of my soul to rise
Above its earth-born sympathies,—
The tears of many a sleepless bed!

Oh, be Thine arm, as it hath been,
In every test of heart and faith—
The Tempter's doubt — the wiles of
men —
The heathen's scoff — the bosom
sin —
A helper and a stay beneath,
A strength in weakness 'mid the strife
And anguish of my wasting life —
My solace and my hope in death!

1833.

MASSACHUSETTS.

[Written on hearing that the Resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of Slavery, presented by Hon. C. CUSHING to the House of Representatives of the United States, have been laid on the table unread and unferred, under the infamous rule of "PATTON'S RESOLUTION."]

AND have they spurn'd *thy* word,
Thou of the old THIRTEEN!
Whose soil, where Freedom's blood
first pour'd
Hath yet a darker green?
Tread the weak Southron's pride and
lust
Thy name and councils in the dust?

And have they closed thy mouth,
And fix'd the padlock fast?
Slave of the mean and tyrant South!
Is this thy fate at last?

Old Massachusetts! can it be
That thus thy sons must speak of
thee?

Call from the Capitol
Thy chosen ones again —
Unmeet for them the base control
Of Slavery's curbing rein!
Unmeet for necks like theirs to feel
The chafing of the despot's heel!

Call back to Quincy's shade
That steadfast son of thine;
Go — if thy homage must be paid
To Slavery's pagod-shrine,
Seek out some meaner offering than
The free-born soul of that old man.

Call that true spirit back,
So eloquent and young;
. In his own vale of Merrimack
No chains are on his tongue!
Better to breathe its cold, keen air,
Than wear the Southron's shackle
there.

Ay, let them hasten home,
And render up their trust;
Through them the Pilgrim-state is
dumb,
Her proud lip in the dust!
Her counsels and her gentlest word
Of warning spurn'd aside, unheard!

Let them come back, and shake
The base dust from their feet;
And with their tale of outrage wake
The free hearts whom they meet;
And show before indignant men
The scars where Slavery's chain has
been.

Back from the Capitol —
It is no place for thee!
Beneath the arch of Heaven's blue
wall
Thy voice may still be free!
What power shall chain thy spirit
there,
In God's free sun and freer air?

A voice is calling thee,
From all the martyr-graves
Of those stern men, in death made
free,
Who could not live as slaves.
The slumberings of thy honor'd dead
Are for thy sake disquieted!

The curse of Slavery comes
Still nearer, day by day;
Shall thy pure altars and thy homes
Become the Spoiler's prey?
Shall the dull tread of fetter'd slaves
Sound o'er thy old and holy graves?

Pride of the old THIRTEEN!
That curse may yet be stay'd—
Stand thou, in Freedom's strength,
between
The living and the dead;
Stand forth, for God and Liberty
In one strong effort worthy thee!

Once more let Faneuil Hall
By freemen's feet be trod,
And give the echoes of its wall
Once more to Freedom's God!
And in the midst, unseen, shall stand
The mighty fathers of thy land.

Thy gather'd sons shall feel
The soul of Adams near,
And Otis with his fiery zeal,
And Warren's onward cheer;
And heart to heart shall thrill as when
They moved and spake as living men.

Fling, from thy Capitol,
Thy banner to the light,
And, o'er thy Charter's sacred scroll,
For Freedom and the Right,
Breathe once again thy vows, un-
broken—
Speak once again as thou hast spoken.

On thy bleak hills, speak out!
A WORLD thy words shall hear;
And they who listen round about,
In friendship, or in fear,

Shall know thee still, when sorest
tried,
“Unshaken and unterrified!”¹
1837.

ADDRESS.

[Written for the opening of “PENNSYLVANIA HALL,” dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, on the 15th of the 5th month, 1838.]

NOT with the splendors of the days
of old,
The spoil of nations, and “barbaric
gold”—
No weapons wrested from the fields
of blood,
Where dark and stern the unyielding
Roman stood,
And the proud eagles of his cohorts
saw
A world, war-wasted, crouching to
his law—
Nor blazoned car—nor banners float-
ing gay,
Like those which swept along the
Appian way,
When, to the welcome of imperial
Rome,
The victor warrior came in triumph
home,
And trumpet-peal, and shoutings wild
and high,
Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian
sky;
But calm and grateful, prayerful and
sincere,
As Christian freemen, only, gathering
here,
We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,
Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,
As Virtue's shrine—as Liberty's
abode—
Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's
God!

¹ “Massachusetts has held her way right onward, unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.” —Speech of C. Cushing in the House of Representatives of the United States, 1836.

Oh! loftier halls, 'neath brighter skies
than these,
Stood darkly mirrored in the *Ægean*
seas,
Pillar and shrine—and lifelike stat-
ues seen,
Graceful and pure, the marble shafts
between,
Where glorious Athens from her
rocky hill
Saw Art and Beauty subject to her
will—
And the chaste temple, and the classic
grove—
The hall of sages—and the bowers
of love,
Arch, fane, and column, graced the
shores, and gave
Their shadows to the blue Saronic
wave;
And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding
side,
The Pantheon's dome—the Coli-
seum's pride—
The Capitol, whose arches backward
flung
The deep, clear cadence of the Roman
tongue,
Whence stern decrees, like words of
fate, went forth
To the awed nations of a conquered
earth,
Where the proud Cæsars in their
glory came,
And Brutus lightened from his lips of
flame!

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,
And in the shadows of her stately
walls,
Lurked the sad bondman, and his
tears of woe
Wet the cold marble with unheeded
flow;
And fetters clanked beneath the silver
dome
Of the proud Pantheon of imperious
Rome.
Oh! not for him—the chained and
stricken slave—

By Tiber's shore, or blue *Ægina's*
wave,
In the thronged forum, or the sages'
seat,
The bold lip pleaded, and the warm
heart beat;
No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,
No tear of pity rusted on his chain!

But this fair Hall, to Truth and Free-
dom given,
Pledged to the Right before all Earth
and Heaven,
A free arena for the strife of mind,
To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,
Shall thrill with echoes, such as ne'er
of old
From Roman hall, or Grecian temple
rolled;
Thoughts shall find utterance, such
as never yet
The Propylaea or the Forum met.
Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife
Shall win applauses with the waste of
life;
No lordly lictor urge the barbarous
game—
No wanton Lais glory in her shame.
But here the tear of sympathy shall
flow,
As the ear listens to the tale of
woe;
Here, in stern judgment of the op-
pressor's wrong—
Shall strong rebukings thrill on Free-
dom's tongue—
No partial justice hold the unequal
scale—
No pride of caste a brother's rights
assail—
No tyrant's mandates echo from this
wall,
Holy to Freedom and the Rights of
All!
But a fair field, where mind may close
with mind,
Free as the sunshine and the chainless
wind;
Where the high trust is fixed on
Truth alone,

And bonds and fetters from the soul
are thrown;
Where wealth, and rank, and worldly
pomp, and might,
Yield to the presence of the True and
Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should
stand

Where Pennsylvania's Founder led
his band,
From thy blue waters, Delaware!—
to press

The virgin verdure of the wilderness.
Here, where all Europe with amaze-
ment saw

The soul's high freedom trammelled
by no law;

Here, where the fierce and warlike
forest-men

Gathered in peace, around the home
of PENN,

Awed by the weapons Love alone
had given,

Drawn from the holy armory of
Heaven;

Where Nature's voice against the
bondman's wrong

First found an earnest and indignant
tongue;

Where LAY's bold message to the
proud was borne,

And KEITH's rebuke, and FRANKLIN's
manly scorn—

Fitting it is that here, where Freedom
first

From her fair feet shook off the Old
World's dust,

Spread her white pinions to our West-
ern blast,

And her free tresses to our sunshine
cast,

One Hall should rise redeemed from
Slavery's ban—

One Temple sacred to the Rights of
Man!

Oh! if the spirits of the parted
come,

Visiting angels, to their olden home;

If the dead fathers of the land look
forth

From their far dwellings, to the things
of earth—

Is it a dream, that with their eyes of
love,

They gaze now on us from the bowers
above?

LAY's ardent soul—and BENEZET the
mild,

Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a
child—

Meek-hearted WOOLMAN,—and that
brother-band,

The sorrowing exiles from their
“FATHERLAND,”

Leaving their homes in Kriesheim's
bowers of vine,

And the blue beauty of their glorious
Rhine,

To seek amidst our solemn depths of
wood

Freedom from man and holy peace
with God;

Who first of all their testimonial gave
Against the oppressor,—for the out-
cast slave,—

Is it a dream that such as these look
down,

And with their blessing our rejoicings
crown?

Let us rejoice, that, while the pulpit's
door

Is barred against the pleaders for the
poor;

While the church, wrangling upon
points of faith,

Forgets her bondmen suffering unto
death;

While crafty traffic and the lust of gain
Unite to forge oppression's triple
chain,

One door is open, and one Temple
free—

As a resting place for hunted Liberty!
Where men may speak, unshackled

and unawed,

High words of truth, for freedom and
for God.

And when that truth its perfect work
hath done,
And rich with blessings o'er our land
hath gone;
When not a slave beneath his yoke
shall pine,
From broad Potomac to the far Sa-
bine;
When unto angel-lips at last is given
The silver trump of Jubilee to Heaven ;
And from Virginia's plains — Ken-
tucky's shades,
And through the dim Floridian ever-
glades,
Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's
sound,
The voice of millions from their chains
unbound —
Then, though this Hall be crumbling
in decay,
Its strong walls blending with the
common clay,
Yet, round the ruins of its strength
shall stand
The best and noblest of a ransomed
land —
Pilgrims, like those who throng around
the shrine
Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine! —
A prouder glory shall that ruin own
Than that which lingers round the
Parthenon.

Here shall the child of after years be
taught
The work of Freedom which his
fathers wrought —
Told of the trials of the present hour,
Our weary strife with prejudice and
power, —
How the high errand quickened
woman's soul,
And touched her lip as with a living
coal —
How Freedom's martyrs kept their
lofty faith,
True and unwavering, unto bonds and
death, —
The pencil's art shall sketch the
ruined Hall,

The Muses' garland crown its aged
wall,
And History's pen for after times
record
Its consecration unto FREEDOM'S
GOD!

1838.

THE RESPONSE.

[“To agitate the question (Slavery) anew, is not only impolitic, but it is a virtual breach of good faith to our brethren of the South; an unwarrantable interference with their domestic relations and institutions.” “I can never, in the official station which I occupy, consent to *countenance* a course which may jeopard the peace and harmony of the Union.” — *Governor Porter's Inaugural Message, 1838.*]

No “countenance” of his, forsooth!
Who asked it at his vassal hands?
Who looked for homage done to
Truth,
By party's vile and hateful bands?
Who dreamed that one by them pos-
sessed,
Would lay for her his spear in rest?

His “countenance”! well, let it light
The human robber to his spoil! —
Let those who track the bondman's
flight,
Like bloodhounds o'er our once
free soil,
Bask in its sunshine while they may,
And howl its praises on their way;

We ask no boon: our rights we
claim —
Free press and thought — free
tongue and pen —
The right to speak in Freedom's
name,
As Pennsylvanians and as men;
To do, by Lynch law unforbid,
What our own Rush and Franklin did.

Ay, there we stand, with planted feet,
Steadfast, where those old worthies
stood: —

Upon us let the tempest beat,
Around us swell and surge the
flood:
We fail or triumph on that spot;
God helping us, we falter not.

"A breach of plighted faith?" For
shame!—
Who voted for that "breach"?—
Who gave

In the state councils, vote and name
For freedom for the District slave?
Consistent patriot! go, forswear,
Blot out, "expunge" the record
there!¹

Go, eat thy words. Shall H—— C——
Turn round—a moral harlequin?
And arch V—— B—— wipe away
The stains of his Missouri sin?
And shall that one unlucky vote
Stick, burr-like, in *thy* honest throat?

No—do thy part in "*putting down*"²
The friends of Freedom:—sum-
mon out
The parson in his saintly gown,
To curse the outlawed roundabout,
In concert with the Belial brood—
The Balaam of "the brotherhood"!

Quench every free discussion light—
Clap on the legislative snuffers,
And caulk with "resolutions" tight
The ghastly rents the Union suf-
fers!

Let church and state brand Abolition
As heresy and rank sedition.

Choke down, at once, each breathing
thing,

¹ It ought to be borne in mind that DAVID R. PORTER voted in the Legislature to instruct the congressional delegation of Pennsylvania to use their influence for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

² "He [Martin Van Buren] thinks the abolitionists may be put down."—Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*.

That whispers of the Rights of
Man:—

Gag the free girl who dares to sing
Of freedom o'er her dairy pan:—
Dog the old farmer's steps about,
And hunt his cherished treason out.

Go, hunt sedition.—Search for that
In every pedler's cart of rags;
Pry into every Quaker's hat,
And DOCTOR FUSSELL's saddle
bags!

Lest treason wrap, with all its ills,
Around his powders and his pills.

Where Chester's oak and walnut
shades
With slavery-laden breezes stir,
And on the hills, and in the glades
Of Bucks and honest Lancaster,
Are heads which think and hearts
which feel—
Flints to the Abolition steel!

Ho! send ye down a corporal's guard
With flow of flag and beat of
drum—
Storm LINDLEY COATES's poultry
yard,
Beleaguer THOMAS WHITSON's
home!

Beat up the Quaker quarters—show
Your valor to an unarmed foe!

Do more. Fill up your loathsome
jails
With faithful men and women—
set
The scaffold up in these green vales,
And let their verdant turf be wet
With blood of unresisting men—
Ay, do all this, and more,—WHAT
THEN?

Think ye, one heart of man and child
Will falter from his lofty faith,
At the mob's tumult, fierce and wild—
The prison cell—the shameful
death?

No!—nursed in storm and trial long,
The weakest of our band is strong!

Oh! while before us visions come
Of slave ships on Virginia's coast—
Of mothers in their childless home,
Like Rachel, sorrowing o'er the lost—
The slave-gang scourged upon its way—
The bloodhound and his human prey—

We cannot falter! Did we so,
The stones beneath would murmur out,
And all the winds that round us blow
Would whisper of our shame about.
No! let the tempest rock the land,
Our faith shall live—our truth shall stand.

True as the Vaudois hemmed around
With Papal fire and Roman steel—
Firm as the Christian heroine bound
Upon Domitian's torturing wheel,
We bate no breath—we curb no thought—
Come what may come, WE FALTER NOT!

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES.

1844.

[Written on reading the sentence of JOHN L. BROWN, of South Carolina, to be executed on the 25th of 4th month, 1844, for the crime of assisting a female slave to escape from bondage. The sentence was afterwards commuted.]

Ho! thou who seekest late and long
A license from the Holy Book
For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,
Man of the pulpit, look!—
Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;
And tell us how to Heaven will rise
The incense of this sacrifice—
This blossom of the Gallows Tree!—

Search out for SLAVERY'S hour of need

Some fitting text of sacred writ;¹
Give Heaven the credit of a deed
Which shames the nether pit.
Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him
Whose truth is on thy lips a lie,
Ask that His bright-winged cherubim
May bend around that scaffold grim
To guard and bless and sanctify!—

Ho! champion of the people's cause—
Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke
Of foreign wrong and Old World laws,
Man of the Senate, look!—
Was this the promise of the free,—
The great hope of our early time,—
That Slavery's poison vine should be
Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree,
O'erclustered with such fruits of crime?—

Send out the summons, East and West,
And South and North, let all be there,
Where he who pitied the oppressed
Swings out in sun and air.
Let not a democratic hand
The grisly hangman's task refuse;
There let each loyal patriot stand
Awaiting Slavery's command
To twist the rope and draw the noose!

But vain is irony—unmeet
Its cold rebuke for deeds which start
In fiery and indignant beat
The pulses of the heart.
Leave studied wit, and guarded phrase;
And all that kindled heart can feel

¹ Three new publications, from the pens of Dr. Junkin, President of Miami College, Alexander McCaine of the Methodist Protestant church, and of a clergyman of the Cincinnati Synod, defending Slavery on Scriptural ground, have recently made their appearance.

Speak out in earnest words which raise,
Where'er they fall, an answering blaze,
Like flints which strike the fire from steel.

Still let a mousing priesthood ply
Their garbled text and gloss of sin,
And make the lettered scroll deny
Its living soul within;
Still let the place-fed titled knave
Plead Robbery's right with purchased lips,
And tell us that our fathers gave
For Freedom's pedestal, a slave,
For frieze and moulding, chains and whips! —

But ye who own that higher law
Whose tables in the heart are set,
Speak out in words of power and awe
That God is living yet!
Breathe forth once more those tones sublime
Which thrilled the burdened prophet's lyre,
And in a dark and evil time
Smote down on Israel's fast of crime
And gift of blood, a rain of fire!

Oh, not for us the graceful lay,
To whose soft measures lightly move
The Dryad and the woodland Fay,
O'erlooked by Mirth and Love;
But such a stern and startling strain
As Britain's hunted bards flung down
From Snowden, to the conquered plain,
Where harshly clanked the Saxon chain

On trampled field and smoking town.

By Liberty's dishonored name,
By man's lost hope, and failing trust,
By words and deeds, which bow with shame
Our foreheads to the dust,—
By the exulting tyrant's sneer,
Borne to us from the Old World's thrones,
And by their grief, who pining hear,
In sunless mines and dungeons drear,
How Freedom's land her faith disowns; —

Speak out in *acts*; the time for words
Has passed, and deeds alone suffice;
In the loud clang of meeting swords
The softer music dies!
Act — act, in God's name, while ye may,
Smite from the church her leprous limb,
Throw open to the light of day
The bondman's cell, and break away
The chains the state has bound on him.

Ho! every true and living soul,
To Freedom's perilled altar bear
The freeman's and the Christian's whole,
Tongue, pen, and vote, and prayer!
One last great battle for the Right,—
One short, sharp struggle to be free! —
To do is to succeed — our fight
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is Victory!

NOTES.

Page 1. *Mogg Megone.*

MOGG MEGONE, or Hegone, was a leader among the Saco Indians, in the bloody war of 1677. He attacked and captured the garrison at Black Point, October 12th of that year; and cut off, at the same time, a party of Englishmen near Saco River. From a deed signed by this Indian in 1664, and from other circumstances, it seems that, previous to the war, he had mingled much with the colonists. On this account, he was probably selected by the principal sachems as their agent in the treaty signed in November, 1676.

Page 2. *Castine.*

Baron de St. Castine came to Canada in 1644. Leaving his civilized companions, he plunged into the great wilderness and settled among the Penobscot Indians, near the mouth of their noble river. He here took for his wives the daughters of the great Modocawando,—the most powerful sachem of the East. His castle was plundered by Governor Andros, during his reckless administration; and the enraged Baron is supposed to have excited the Indians into open hostility to the English.

Page 2. *Jocelyn.*

The owner and commander of the garrison at Black Point, which Mogg attacked and plundered. He was an old man at the period to which the tale relates.

Page 2. *Phillips.*

Major Phillips, one of the principal men of the Colony. His garrison sustained a long and terrible siege by the savages. As a magistrate and a gentleman, he exacted of his plebeian neighbors a remarkable degree of deference. The Court Records of the settlement inform us that an individual was fined for the heinous offence of saying

that "Major Phillips's mare was as lean as an Indian dog."

Page 2. *Harmon.*

Captain Harmon, of Georgiana, now York, was, for many years, the terror of the Eastern Indians. In one of his expeditions up the Kennebec River, at the head of a party of rangers, he discovered twenty of the savages asleep by a large fire. Cautiously creeping towards them until he was certain of his aim, he ordered his men to single out their objects. The first discharge killed or mortally wounded the whole number of the unconscious sleepers.

Page 2. *Vine-hung isle.*

Wood Island, near the mouth of the Saco. It was visited by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain, in 1603. The following extract, from the journal of the latter, relates to it: "Having left the Kennebec, we ran along the coast to the westward, and cast anchor under a small island, near the mainland, where we saw twenty or more natives. I here visited an island, beautifully clothed with a fine growth of forest trees, particularly of the oak and walnut; and overspread with vines, that, in their season, produce excellent grapes. We named it the island of Bacchus."—*Les Voyages de Sieur Champlain*, Liv. 2, c. 8.

Page 2. *Bonython.*

John Bonython was the son of Richard Bonython, Gent., one of the most efficient and able magistrates of the Colony. John proved to be "a degenerate plant." In 1635, we find, by the Court Records, that, for some offence, he was fined 40s. In 1640, he was fined for abuse toward R. Gibson, the minister, and Mary his wife. Soon after he was fined for disorderly conduct in the house of his father. In 1645, the "Great and General Court" adjudged "John Bony-

thon outlawed, and incapable of any of his Majesty's laws, and proclaimed him a rebel." (Court Records of the Province, 1645.) In 1651, he bade defiance to the laws of Massachusetts, and was again outlawed. He acted independently of all law and authority; and hence, doubtless, his burlesque title of "The Sagamore of Saco," which has come down to the present generation in the following epitaph: —

"Here lies Bonython; the Sagamore of Saco,
He lived a rogue, and died a knave, and
went to Hobomoko."

By some means or other, he obtained a large estate. In this poem, I have taken some liberties with him, not strictly warranted by historical facts, although the conduct imputed to him is in keeping with his general character. Over the last years of his life lingers a deep obscurity. Even the manner of his death is uncertain. He was supposed to have been killed by the Indians; but this is doubted by the able and indefatigable author of the History of Saco and Biddeford. — Part I. p. 115.

Page 2. *The leaping brook.*

Foxwell's Brook flows from a marsh or bog, called the "Heath," in Saco, containing thirteen hundred acres. On this brook, and surrounded by wild and romantic scenery, is a beautiful waterfall, of more than sixty feet.

Page 3. *Hiacoomes.*

Hiacoomes, the first Christian preacher on Martha's Vineyard; for a biography of whom the reader is referred to Increase Mayhew's account of the Praying Indians, 1726. The following is related of him: "One Lord's day, after meeting, where Hiacoomes had been preaching, there came in a Powwaw very angry, and said, 'I know all the meeting Indians are liars. You say you don't care for the Powwaws'; — then calling two or three of them by name, he railed at them, and told them they were deceived, for the Powwaws could kill all the meeting Indians, if they set about it. But Hiacoomes told him that he would be in the midst of all the Powwaws in the

island, and they should do the utmost they could against him; and when they should do their worst by their witchcraft to kill him, he would without fear set himself against them, by remembering Jehovah. He told them also he did put all the Powwaws under his heel. Such was the faith of this good man. Nor were these Powwaws ever able to do these Christian Indians any hurt, though others were frequently hurt and killed by them." — *Mayhew*, pp. 6, 7, c. 1.

Page 5. *An ache in her tooth.*

"The tooth-ache," says Roger Williams in his observations upon the language and customs of the New England tribes, "is the only paine which will force their stoute hearts to cry." He afterwards remarks that even the Indian women never cry as he has heard "some of their men in this paine."

Page 6. *Wuttamuttata.*

Wuttamuttata, "Let us drink." *Weekan*, "It is sweet." *Vide Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language*, "in that parte of America called New England." London, 1643, p. 35.

Page 7. *Wetuomanit.*

Wetuomanit, — a house god, or demon. "They — the Indians — have given me the names of thirty-seven gods, which I have, all which in their solemne Worships they invocate!" R. Williams's *Briefe Observations of the Customs, Manners, Worships, &c., of the Natives, in Peace and Warre, in Life and Death*: on all which is added *Spiritual Observations, General and Particular, of Chiefe and Special use — upon all occasions — to all the English inhabiting these parts; yet Pleasant and Profitable to the view of all Mene.* — p. 110, c. 21.

Page 9. *The Desert Isle.*

Mt. Desert Island, the Bald Mountain upon which overlooks Frenchman's and Penobscot Bay. It was upon this island that the Jesuits made their earliest settlement.

Page 10. *The Jesuit's Cross and Book.*

Father Hennepin, a missionary among the Iroquois, mentions that the Indians believed him to be a conjurer, and that they were particularly afraid of a bright silver chalice which he had in his possession. "The Indians," says Père Jerome Lalla-

mant, "fear us as the greatest sorcerers on earth."

Page 10. *Bomazeen.*

Bomazeen is spoken of by Penhallow, as "the famous warrior and chieftain of Norridgewock." He was killed in the attack of the English upon Norridgewock, in 1724.

Page 11. *The Jesuit.*

Père Ralle, or Rasles, was one of the most zealous and indefatigable of that band of Jesuit missionaries who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, penetrated the forests of America, with the avowed object of converting the heathen. The first religious mission of the Jesuits, to the savages in North America, was in 1611. The zeal of the fathers for the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith knew no bounds. For this, they plunged into the depths of the wilderness; habituated themselves to all the hardships and privations of the natives; suffered cold, hunger, and some of them death itself, by the extremest tortures. Père Brebeuf, after laboring in the cause of his mission for twenty years, together with his companion, Père Lallamant, was burned alive. To these might be added the names of those Jesuits who were put to death by the Iroquois,—Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborerde, Gouppil, Constantin, and Liegeouis. "For bed," says Father Lallamant, in his *Relation de ce qui s'est dans le pays des Hurons*, 1640, c. 3, "we have nothing but a miserable piece of bark of a tree; for nourishment, a handful or two of corn, either roasted or soaked in water, which seldom satisfies our hunger; and after all, not venturing to perform even the ceremonies of our religion, without being considered as sorcerers." Their success among the natives, however, by no means equalled their exertions. Père Lallamant says: "With respect to adult persons, in good health, there is little apparent success; on the contrary, there have been nothing but storms and whirlwinds from that quarter."

Sebastian Ralle established himself, some time about the year 1670, at Norridgewock, where he continued more than forty years. He was accused, and perhaps not without justice, of exciting his praying Indians

against the English, whom he looked upon as the enemies not only of his king, but also of the Catholic religion. He was killed by the English, in 1724, at the foot of the cross which his own hands had planted. This Indian church was broken up, and its members either killed outright or dispersed.

In a letter written by Ralle to his nephew he gives the following account of his church, and his own labors: "All my converts repair to the church regularly twice every day; first, very early in the morning, to attend mass, and again in the evening, to assist in the prayers at sunset. As it is necessary to fix the imagination of savages, whose attention is easily distracted, I have composed prayers, calculated to inspire them with just sentiments of the august sacrifice of our altars: they chant, or at least recite them aloud, during mass. Besides preaching to them on Sundays and saints' days, I seldom let a working-day pass, without making a concise exhortation, for the purpose of inspiring them with horror at those vices to which they are most addicted, or to confirm them in the practise of some particular virtue." *Vide Lettres Edifiantes et Cur.*, Vol. VI. p. 127.

Page 15. *Pale priest!*

The character of Ralle has probably never been correctly delineated. By his brethren of the Romish Church, he has been nearly apotheosized. On the other hand, our Puritan historians have represented him as a demon in human form. He was undoubtedly sincere in his devotion to the interests of his church, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of advancing those interests. "The French," says the author of the History of Saco and Biddeford, "after the peace of 1713, secretly promised to supply the Indians with arms and ammunition, if they would renew hostilities. Their principal agent was the celebrated Ralle, the French Jesuit."—p. 215.

Page 16. *De Rouville.*

Hertel de Rouville was an active and unsparing enemy of the English. He was the leader of the combined French and Indian forces which destroyed Deerfield and massacred its inhabitants, in 1703. He

was afterwards killed in the attack upon Haverhill. Tradition says that, on examining his dead body, his head and face were found to be perfectly smooth, without the slightest appearance of hair or beard.

Page 17. *Cowesass?*

Cowesass?—*tawwhich wessaseen?* Are you afraid?—why fear you?

Page 20. THE BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

Winnepurkit, otherwise called George, Sachem of Saugus, married a daughter of Passaconaway, the great Pennacook chieftain, in 1662. The wedding took place at Pennacook (now Concord, N. H.), and the ceremonies closed with a great feast. According to the usages of the chiefs, Passaconaway ordered a select number of his men to accompany the newly-married couple to the dwelling of the husband, where in turn there was another great feast. Some time after, the wife of Winnepurkit, expressing a desire to visit her father's house, was permitted to go, accompanied by a brave escort of her husband's chief men. But when she wished to return, her father sent a messenger to Saugus, informing her husband, and asking him to come and take her away. He returned for an answer that he had escorted his wife to her father's house in a style that became a chief, and that now if she wished to return, her father must send her back in the same way. This Passaconaway refused to do, and it is said that here terminated the connection of his daughter with the Saugus chief.—*Vide Morton's New Canaan.*

Page 24. *The Bashaba.*

This was the name which the Indians of New England gave to two or three of their principal chiefs, to whom all their inferior sagamores acknowledged allegiance. Passaconaway seems to have been one of these chiefs. His residence was at Pennacook. (Mass. Hist. Coll., Vol. III. pp. 21, 22.) "He was regarded," says Hubbard, "as a great sorcerer, and his fame was widely spread. It was said of him that he could cause a green leaf to grow in winter, trees to dance, water to burn, &c. He was, undoubtedly, one of those shrewd and powerful men whose achievements are always regarded by a barbarous people as

the result of supernatural aid. The Indians gave to such the names of Powahs or Panisees."

"The Panisees are men of great courage and wisdom, and to these the Devil appears more familiarly than to others."—*Winslow's Relation.*

Page 26. *The household-god.*

"The Indians," says Roger Williams, "have a god whom they call Wetuomanit, who presides over the household."

Page 28. *The great stone vase.*

There are rocks in the river at the Falls of Amoskeag, in the cavities of which, tradition says, the Indians formerly stored and concealed their corn.

Page 30. *Aukeetamit.*

The Spring God.—*Vide Roger Williams's Key, &c.*

Page 33. *Mat wonck kunna-monee!*

"Mat wonck kunna-monee." We shall see thee or her no more.—*Vide Roger Williams's Key to the Indian Language.*

Page 33. *O mighty Sowanna!*

"The Great South West God."—*Vide Roger Williams's Observations, &c.*

Page 34. *The adventurer.*

The celebrated Captain Smith, after resigning the government of the Colony in Virginia, in his capacity of "Admiral of New England," made a careful survey of the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, in the summer of 1614.

Page 34. *The Smile of Heaven.*

Lake Winnipiseogee,—*The Smile of the Great Spirit*,—the source of one of the branches of the Merrimack.

Page 34. *The sweetest name in all his story.*

Captain Smith gave to the promontory, now called Cape Ann, the name of Tragabizanda, in memory of his young and beautiful mistress of that name, who, while he was a captive at Constantinople, like Desdemona, "loved him for the dangers he had passed."

Page 38. *THE NORSEMEN.*

Some three or four years since, a fragment of a statue, rudely chiselled from dark gray stone, was found in the town of Bradford, on the Merrimack. Its origin must be left entirely to conjecture. The

fact that the ancient Northmen visited New England, some centuries before the discoveries of Columbus, is now very generally admitted.

Page 46. *The proud Castilian.*

De Soto, in the sixteenth century, penetrated into the wilds of the new world in search of gold and the fountain of perpetual youth.

Page 53. TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. BAYOU. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, TOUSSAINT refused to join them until he had aided M. BAYOU and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period, until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'Enghien. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Page 56. *Dark Haytien!*

The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint! — thou most unhappy man of men!"

Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough

Within thy hearing, or thou liest now Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den; O miserable chieftain! — where and when Wilt thou find patience? — Yet, die not, do thou

Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow; Though fallen thyself, never to rise again, Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—

There's not a breathing of the common wind

That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.

Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Page 56. THE SLAVE-SHIP.

The French ship LE RODEUR, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out, — an obstinate disease of the eyes, — contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wineglass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several who were stopped in the attempt to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only one remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds for a claim

against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, Leon. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

Page 78. *And he—the basest of the base.*

The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

Page 90. YORKTOWN.

Dr. Thacher, surgeon in Scammel's regiment, in his description of the siege of Yorktown, says: "The labor on the Virginia plantations is performed altogether by a species of the human race cruelly wrested from their native country, and doomed to perpetual bondage, while their masters are manfully contending for freedom and the natural rights of man. Such is the inconsistency of human nature." Eighteen hundred slaves were found at Yorktown, after its surrender, and restored to their masters. Well was it said by Dr. Barnes, in his late work on Slavery: "No slave was any nearer his freedom after the surrender of Yorktown than when Patrick Henry first taught the notes of liberty to echo among the hills and vales of Virginia."

Page 98. THE CURSE OF THE CHARTER-BREAKERS.

The rights and liberties affirmed by MAGNA CHARTA were deemed of such importance, in the thirteenth century, that the Bishops, twice a year, with tapers burning, and in their pontifical robes, pronounced, in the presence of the king and the representatives of the estates of England, the greater excommunication against the in-

fringer of that instrument. The imposing ceremony took place in the great Hall of Westminster. A copy of the curse, as pronounced in 1253, declares that, "by the authority of Almighty God, and the blessed Apostles and Martyrs, and all the saints in heaven, all those who violate the English liberties, and secretly or openly, by deed, word, or counsel, do make statutes, or observe them being made, against said liberties, are accursed and sequestered from the company of heaven and the sacraments of the Holy Church."

WILLIAM PENN, in his admirable political pamphlet, "England's Present Interest considered," alluding to the curse of the Charter-breakers, says: "I am no Roman Catholic, and little value their other curses; yet I declare I would not for the world incur this curse, as every man deservedly doth, who offers violence to the fundamental freedom thereby repeated and confirmed."

Page 117. THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

"The manner in which the Waldenses and heretics disseminated their principles among the Catholic gentry, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry and disposed of some of their goods, they cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these,—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a Bible or Testament; and thereby many were deluded into heresy."—*R. Saccho.*

Page 136. CHALKLEY HALL.

Chalkley Hall, near Frankford, Pa., the residence of THOMAS CHALKLEY, an eminent minister of the Friends' denomination. He was one of the early settlers of the Colony, and his Journal, which was published in 1749, presents a quaint but beautiful picture of a life of unostentatious and simple goodness. He was the master of a merchant vessel, and, in his visits to the West Indies and Great Britain, omitted no opportunity to labor for the highest interests of his fellow-men. During a temporary residence in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1838, the quiet and beautiful

scenery around the ancient village of Frankford frequently attracted me from the heat and bustle of the city.

Page 140. *The great Augustine.*

August. Silioloq. cap. xxxi. "Interrogavi Terram," &c.

Page 142. *And beauty is its own excuse.*

For the idea of this line, I am indebted to Emerson, in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora,—

"If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

Page 153. BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus, in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Page 167. LUCY HOOPER.

Lucy Hooper died at Brooklyn, L. I., on the 1st of 8th mo., 1841, aged 24 years.

Page 168. CHANNING.

The last time I saw Dr. Channing was in the summer of 1841, when, in company with my English friend, Joseph Sturge, so well known for his philanthropic labors and liberal political opinions, I visited him in his summer residence in Rhode Island. In recalling the impressions of that visit, it can scarcely be necessary to say, that I have no reference to the peculiar religious opinions of a man whose life, beautifully and truly manifested above the atmosphere of sect, is now the world's common legacy.

Page 171. *Sibmah's vine.*

"O vine of Sibmah! I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer!"—*Jeremiah* xlvi. 32.

Page 175. TO MY FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS SISTER.

Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, the President of the British Complete Suffrage Association, died in the 6th month, 1845. She was the colleague, counsellor, and ever-ready helpmate of her brother in all his vast designs of beneficence. The Birmingham Pilot says of her: "Never, perhaps, were the active and passive virtues of the human character more harmoniously and beautifully blended than in this excellent woman."

Page 177. *The Smile of God.*

Winnipiseogee: "Smile of the Great Spirit."

Page 180. THE LEGEND OF ST. MARK.

This legend is the subject of a celebrated picture by Tintoretto, of which Mr. Rogers possesses the original sketch. The slave lies on the ground, amid a crowd of spectators, who look on, animated by all the various emotions of sympathy, rage, terror; a woman, in front, with a child in her arms, has always been admired for the life-like vivacity of her attitude and expression. The executioner holds up the broken implements; St. Mark, with a headlong movement, seems to rush down from heaven in haste to save his worshipper. The dramatic grouping in this picture is wonderful; the coloring, in its gorgeous depth and harmony, is, in Mr. Rogers's sketch, finer than in the picture.—*Mrs. Jamieson's Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, Vol. I. p. 121.

Page 181. THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE.

Pennant, in his "Voyage to the Hebrides," describes the holy well of Loch Maree, the waters of which were supposed to effect a miraculous cure of melancholy, trouble, and insanity.

Page 183. TO PIUS IX.

The writer of these lines is no enemy of Catholics. He has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of his Protestant brethren, by his strenuous endeavors to procure indemnity

fication for the owners of the convent destroyed near Boston. He defended the cause of the Irish patriots long before it had become popular in this country; and he was one of the first to urge the most liberal aid to the suffering and starving population of the Catholic island. The severity of his language finds its ample apology in the reluctant confession of one of the most eminent Romish priests, the eloquent and devoted Father Ventura.

Page 184. ELLIOTT.

Ebenezer Elliott, the intelligence of whose death has recently reached us, was, to the artisans of England, what Burns was to the peasantry of Scotland. His "Corn-law Rhymes" contributed not a little to that overwhelming tide of popular opinion and feeling which resulted in the repeal of the tax on bread. Well has the eloquent author of "The Reforms and Reformers of Great Britain" said of him, "Not corn-law repealers alone, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lay, for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day."

Page 186. THE CHRISTIAN TOURISTS.

The reader of the Biography of the late William Allen, the philanthropic associate of Clarkson and Romilly, cannot fail to admire his simple and beautiful record of a tour through Europe, in the years 1818 and 1819, in the company of his American friend, Stephen Grellett.

Page 194. *Thou 'mind'st me of a story told,
In rare Bernardin's leaves of gold.*

The incident here referred to is related in a note to Bernardin Henri Saint Pierre's *Etudes de la Nature*.

"We arrived at the habitation of the Hermits a little before they sat down to their table, and while they were still at church. J. J. Rousseau proposed to me to offer up our devotions. The hermits were reciting the Litanies of Providence, which are remarkably beautiful. After we had addressed our prayers to God, and the hermits were proceeding to the refectory, Rousseau said

to me, with his heart overflowing, 'At this moment I experience what is said in the gospel: *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.* There is here a feeling of peace and happiness which penetrates the soul.' I said, 'If Fenelon had lived, you would have been a Catholic.' He exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'O, if Fenelon were alive, I would struggle to get into his service, even as a lackey!'"

In my sketch of Saint Pierre, it will be seen that I have somewhat antedated the period of his old age. At that time he was not probably more than fifty. In describing him, I have by no means exaggerated his own history of his mental condition at the period of the story. In the fragmentary Sequel to his Studies of Nature, he thus speaks of himself: "The ingratitude of those of whom I had deserved kindness, unexpected family misfortunes, the total loss of my small patrimony through enterprises solely undertaken for the benefit of my country, the debts under which I lay oppressed, the blasting of all my hopes,—these combined calamities made dreadful inroads upon my health and reason . . . I found it impossible to continue in a room where there was company, especially if the doors were shut. I could not even cross an alley in a public garden, if several persons had got together in it. When alone, my malady subsided. I felt myself likewise at ease in places where I saw children only. At the sight of any one walking up to the place where I was, I felt my whole frame agitated, and retired. I often said to myself, 'My sole study has been to merit well of mankind; why do I fear them?'"

He attributes his improved health of mind and body to the counsels of his friend, J. J. Rousseau. "I renounced," says he, "my books. I threw my eyes upon the works of nature, which spake to all my senses a language which neither time nor nations have it in their power to alter. Thenceforth my histories and my journals were the herbage of the fields and meadows. My thoughts did not go forth painfully after them, as in the case of human systems; but their thoughts, under a thousand engaging forms,

quietly sought me. In these I studied, without effort, the laws of that Universal Wisdom which had surrounded me from the cradle, but on which heretofore I had bestowed little attention."

Speaking of Rousseau, he says: "I derived inexpressible satisfaction from his society. What I prized still more than his genius, was his probity. He was one of the few literary characters, tried in the furnace of affliction, to whom you could, with perfect security, confide your most secret thoughts. . . . Even when he deviated, and became the victim of himself or of others, he could forget his own misery in devotion to the welfare of mankind. He was uniformly the advocate of the miserable. There might be inscribed on his tomb these affecting words from that Book of which he carried always about him some select passages, during the last years of his life: *His sins, which are many, are forgiven, for he loved much.*"

Page 195. *Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed.*

Dr. Hooker, who accompanied Sir James Ross in his expedition of 1841, thus describes the appearance of that unknown land of frost and fire which was seen in latitude 77° south,—a stupendous chain of mountains, the whole mass of which, from its highest point to the ocean, was covered with everlasting snow and ice:—

"The water and the sky were both as blue, or rather more intensely blue, than I have ever seen them in the tropics, and all the coast was one mass of dazzlingly beautiful peaks of snow, which, when the sun approached the horizon, reflected the most brilliant tints of golden yellow and scarlet; and then, to see the dark cloud of smoke, tinged with flame, rising from the volcano in a perfect unbroken column, one side jet-black, the other giving back the colors of the sun, sometimes turning off at a right angle by some current of wind, and stretching many miles to leeward! This was a sight so surpassing everything that can be imagined, and so heightened by the consciousness that we had penetrated, under the guidance of our commander, into regions far beyond what was ever deemed practicable, that it

caused a feeling of awe to steal over us at the consideration of our own comparative insignificance and helplessness, and at the same time an indescribable feeling of the greatness of the Creator in the works of his hand."

Page 203. . . . *The first great triumph won*

In Freedom's name.

The election of Charles Sumner to the U.S. Senate "followed hard upon" the rendition of the fugitive Sims by the U.S. officials and the armed police of Boston.

Page 207. DERNE.

The storming of the city of Derne, in 1805, by General Eaton, at the head of nine Americans, forty Greeks, and a motley array of Turks and Arabs, was one of those feats of hardihood and daring which have in all ages attracted the admiration of the multitude. The higher and holier heroism of Christian self-denial and sacrifice, in the humble walks of private duty, is seldom so well appreciated.

Page 211. TO FREDRIKA BREMER.

It is proper to say that these lines are the joint impromptu of my sister and myself. They are inserted here as an expression of our admiration of the gifted stranger whom we have since learned to love as a friend.

Page 215. KATHLEFN.

This ballad was originally published in a prose work of the author's, as the song of a wandering Milesian schoolmaster.

In the seventeenth century, slavery in the New World was by no means confined to the natives of Africa. Political offenders and criminals were transported by the British government to the plantations of Barbadoes and Virginia, where they were sold like cattle in the market. Kidnapping of free and innocent white persons was practised to a considerable extent in the seaports of the United Kingdom.

Page 218. KOSSUTH.

It can scarcely be necessary to say that there are elements in the character and passages in the history of the great Hungarian statesman and orator, which necessarily command the admiration of those, even, who believe that no political revolu-

tion was ever worth the price of human blood.

Page 220. *Homilies from Oldbug hear.*

Dr. W—, author of "The Puritan," under the name of Jonathan Oldbug.

Page 236. WILLIAM FORSTER.

William Forster, of Norwich, England, died in East Tennessee, in the 1st month, 1854, while engaged in presenting to the governors of the States of this Union the address of his religious society on the evils of slavery. He was the relative and co-adjutor of the Buxtons, Gurneys, and Frys; and his whole life, extending almost to threescore and ten years, was a pure and beautiful example of Christian benevolence. He had travelled over Europe, and visited most of its sovereigns, to plead against the slave-trade and slavery; and had twice before made visits to this country, under impressions of religious duty.

Page 237. RANTOUL.

No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this: "He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive-Slave Law."

Page 252. SONGS OF SLAVES IN THE DESERT.

"Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, 10th March, 1846.—This evening the female slaves were unusually excited in singing, and I had the curiosity to ask my negro servant, Said, what they were singing about. As many of them were natives of his own country, he had no difficulty in translating the Mandara or Bornou language. I had often asked the Moors to translate their songs for me, but got no satisfactory account from them. Said at first said, 'O, they sing of *Rubee*' (God). 'What do you mean?' I replied impatiently. 'O, don't you know?' he continued, 'they asked God to give them their *Atka*' (certificate of freedom). I inquired, 'Is that all?' Said: 'No; they say, "Where are we going? The world is large. O God! Where are we going? O God!"' I inquired, 'What else?' Said: 'They remember their country, Bornou, and say, "Bornou was a pleasant country, full

of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable!"' 'Do they say anything else?' Said: 'No; they repeat these words over and over again, and add, "O God! give us our *Atka*, and let us return again to our dear home!"'

"I am not surprised I got little satisfaction when I asked the Moors about the songs of their slaves. Who will say that the above words are not a very appropriate song? What could have been more congenially adapted to their then woful condition? It is not to be wondered at that these poor bondwomen cheer up their hearts, in their long, lonely, and painful wanderings over the desert, with words and sentiments like these; but I have often observed that their fatigue and sufferings were too great for them to strike up this melancholy dirge, and many days their plaintive strains never broke over the silence of the desert."—*Richardson's Journal*.

Page 253. THE NEW EXODUS.

One of the latest and most interesting items of Eastern news is the statement that Slavery has been formally and totally abolished in Egypt.

Page 269. THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.

A letter from England, in the *Friends' Review*, says: "Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gunboats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."

Page 285. TELLING THE BEES.

A remarkable custom, brought from the Old Country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

Page 297. *O Beauty, old yet ever new!*

"Too late I loved Thee, O Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! And lo! Thou

wert within, and I abroad searching for thee.
Thou wert with me, but I was not with
Thee." — *August. Solilog.*, Book X.

Page 297. *Tides of everlasting Day.*

"And I saw that there was an Ocean of
Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of
Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of
Darkness: And in that I saw the infinite
Love of God." — *George Fox's Journal.*

Page 306. LE MARAIS DU CYNGE.

The massacre of unarmed and unoffending
men, in Southern Kansas, took place
near the Marais du Cygne of the French
voyageurs.

Page 321. THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

Read at the Friends' School Anniversary,
Providence, R. I., 6th mo.,
1860.

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